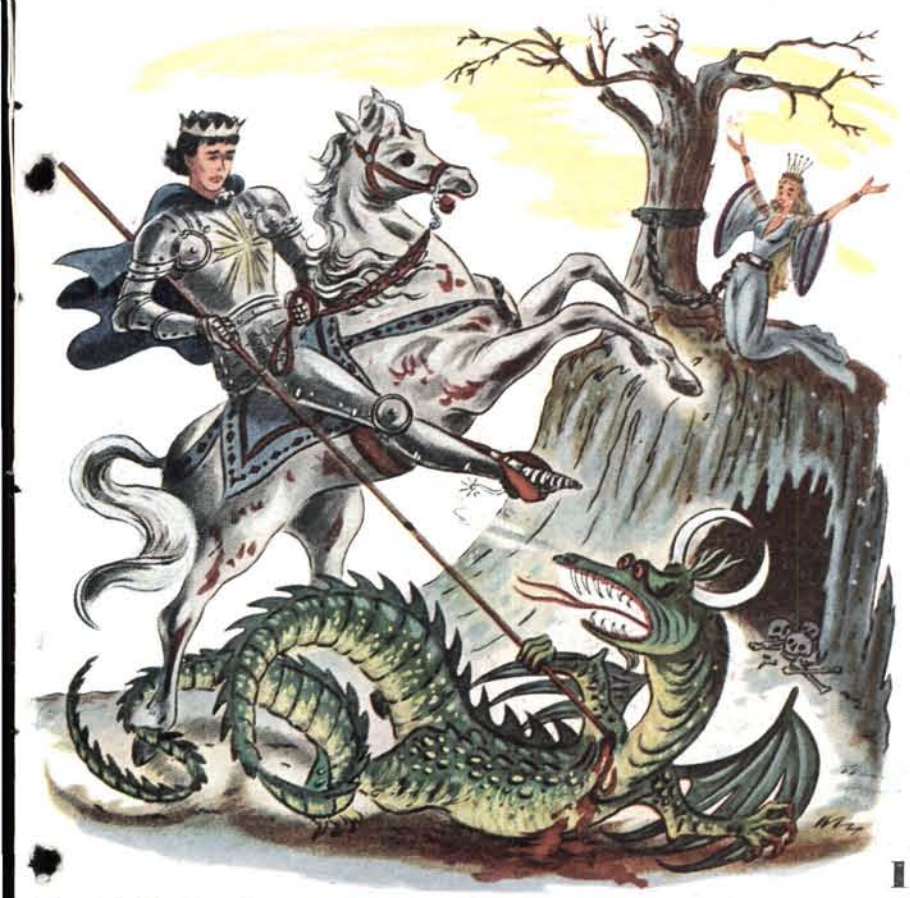
THE YOUNG MILLIONAIRES OF PHOENIX

Living Free: A New Book About Lions By Joy Adamson

THE SOUTH WILL CHANGE By Ralph McGill

The Saturday Evening POST

Sept. 30, 1961 20¢



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BUFFED, HAMMERED, STIPPLED, ETCHED, TINTED—stainless steel presents a variety of surface textures on this mural by Buell Mullen in a New York bank.

METAL MURAL!

New artwork dramatizes how stainless steel with Inco Nickel in it adds beauty indoors and out

Wherever you go, you're seeing Nickel Stainless Steel featured more and more as a part of architectural design.

A lustrous shine here. A bright sparkle there. A soft reflection of color some place else. Even giant murals of stainless steel!

It all began with the wonderful utility of stainless—its ease of cleaning and durability. Then architects and decorators began to see the beauty of it! The result is buildings and interiors like those shown here where quality stainless steel is used not only for its strength and long life, but for its irresistible gleaming good looks.

Inco has helped further the trend by making available to builders knowledge based upon thirty-five years of research and development in Nickel Stainless Steel.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK 5, N. Y. *© 1961, Inco*

If you would like a free booklet on stainless steel products for your home, write Inco, Dept. I-98. And look for the Stainless Steelmark... a sure mark of quality and value.

CURTAIN WALL GRID of Pittsburgh's Four Gateway Center Building is strong Nickel Stainless Steel. Service tower is sheathed in stainless steel for beauty, low upkeep.

NICKEL STAINLESS STEEL gives this modern stairway all the grace and beauty of a fine art form. With its great strength and striking beauty, Nickel Stainless Steel opens up for today's architects and engineers new possibilities for modern design achievement.

UNITED ENGINEERING CTR., New York City, achieves style effects with Nickel Stainless Steel mullions, column covers, window frames. Rainfall alone helps keep them bright.

INCO TRADE MARK **INCO NICKEL**

MAKES STAINLESS STEEL PERFORM BETTER, LONGER

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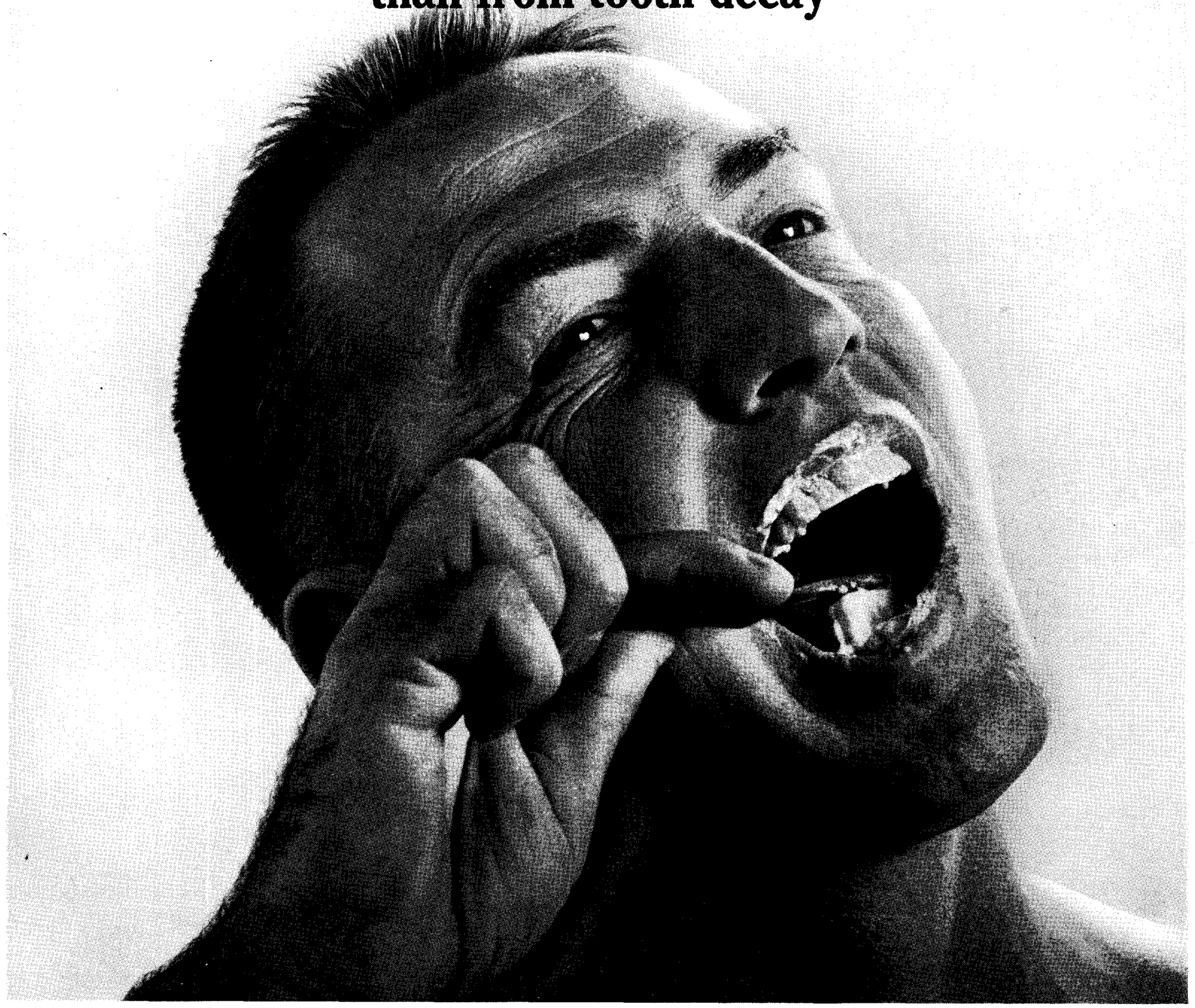
Dental authorities agree:
You can lose more teeth from gum troubles than from tooth decay



How brushing with new Ipana® helps you protect your gums as you protect your teeth

Don't just do half the job! Gum troubles are often caused by tartar that forms on teeth when soft film is not properly cleansed away. Dental statistics prove that it is gum troubles, not tooth decay, that cause most loss of teeth after age 14. So don't do just half the job. Protect your gums as you protect your teeth.

If you brush properly with new Ipana with hexachlorophene, you can help prevent gum trouble due to tartar before it starts. Ipana's film-removing agents help you brush away the soft film that naturally forms on teeth before it hardens into tartar that irritates and inflames gums.

Only your dentist or dental hygienist can remove tartar once it hardens. But proper brushing, according to Ipana directions, can help prevent tartar before it attacks gums.

A superior decay fighter, too! Laboratory tests prove that new Ipana kills more decay germs than any other leading tooth paste—even the leading fluoride tooth paste!

Every time you brush your teeth with new Ipana with hexachlorophene, you destroy decay germs by the millions. Laboratory tests have shown that other tooth pastes leave behind many more decay germs because they don't have Ipana's superior germ-killing power.

Proper cleansing of teeth with Ipana helps protect your gums as you protect your teeth. Get new Ipana!

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers

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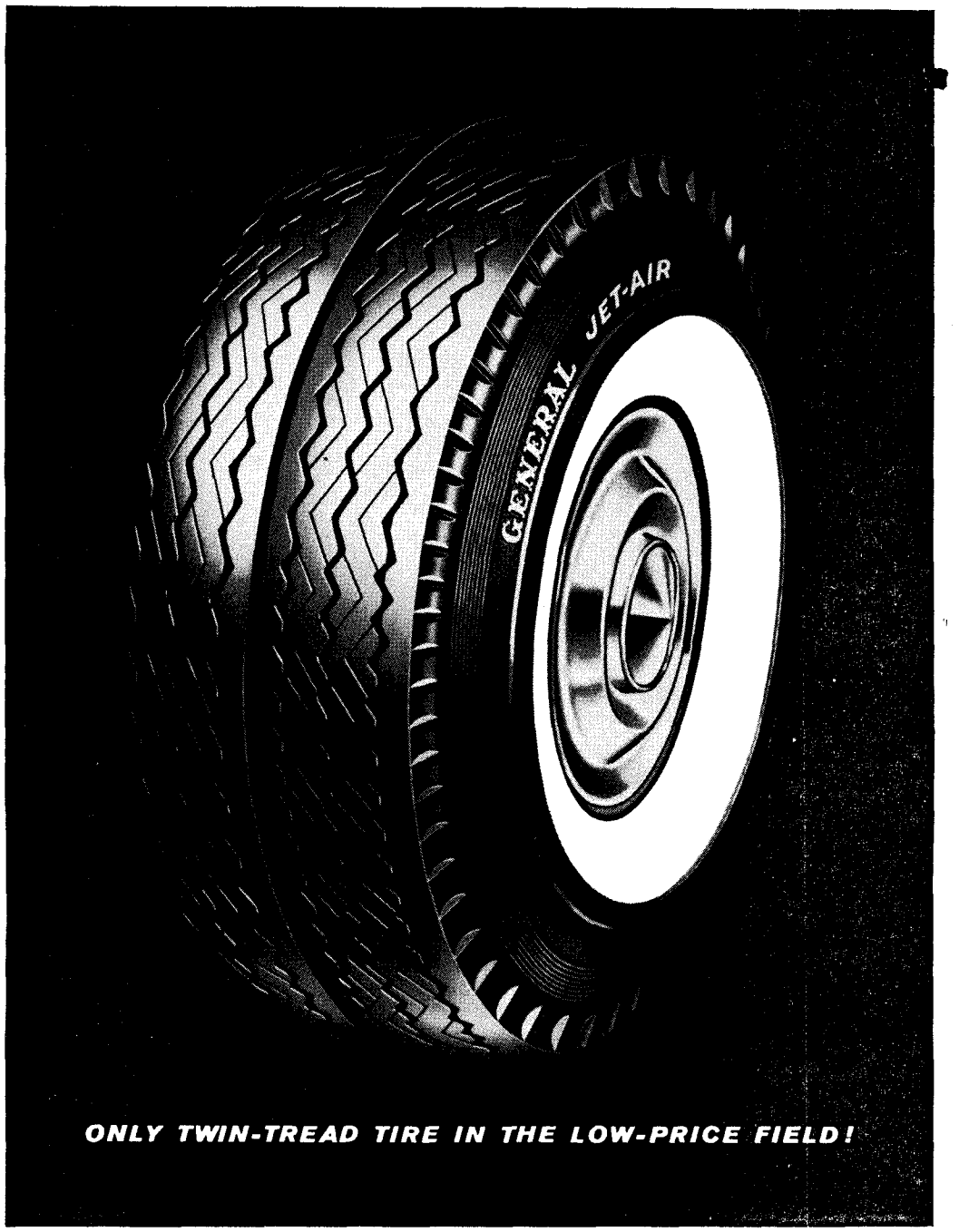
Huge new tire plant brings you the luxury of Premium Quality at a low, low price!

Only the new twin-tread General Jet-Air gives you premium quality at low prices. Compare it, feature for feature and dollar for dollar, with conventional tires. The luxury performance costs nothing extra. See it today at your General Tire Dealer.



ONLY TWIN-TREAD TIRE IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD!

THE NEW GENERAL JET-AIR

TWIN-TREADS
You get the extra traction of two treads, not one. Noticeably more stable, especially on curves.

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Nygen is the most indestructible tire material known—a real premium-tire safety feature.

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A chamois-soft, rhino-tough formula so superior it was awarded a U. S. patent.

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2 Against normal road hazards for the number of months specified.

Adjustments prorated on General's current prices at time of adjustment.

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World's foremost manufacturer of premium-quality passenger tires • more than 700 different types and sizes of truck, bus, farm and airplane tires • largest vinyl film and sheeting producer, Boltaflex and Tolex for furniture, car interiors, etc. • Aerojet-General, rocket fuels, satellite and missile components • RKO-General television and radio • Pennsylvania athletic goods • wrought iron and plastic pipe • plants in 15 countries.

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Elsa: Joy Adamson's enchanting book, Born Free, moved a New York Times reviewer to write, "One can only hope . . . that Mrs. Adamson will give us a further account of Elsa as a mother." Happily, Mrs. Adamson did just that. In our condensation of Elsa's Cubs: Living Free *(p. 84)* you will meet the youngsters of Elsa's pride (and joy)—Jespah, Little Elsa and Gopa.

Grau: The integration dilemma focuses on a lone Negro girl in The First Day of School *(p. 54)*, by Louisiana's Shirley Ann Grau, author of the controversial novel, The House on Coliseum Street.

On the Way Up: Joanie Sommers

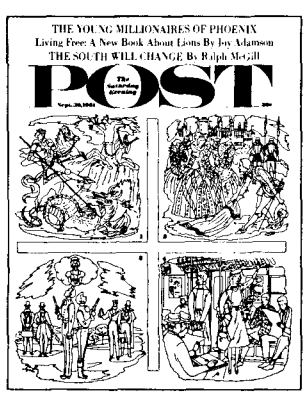
Phoenix: From Post Contributing Editor Harold H. Martin (Ralph McGill's fellow columnist on the Atlanta Constitution) comes a seven-page report *(p. 25)* on the flamboyant young moneymakers of Phoenix—illustrated in currency green and assorted other colors.

Saroyan: "I never wanted to live in Paris," William Saroyan writes us. "Fresno, San Francisco and New York were fine for me. But since I came to Paris I have been crazy about it. Why shouldn't I be? I don't know the language. I never know where I am and I can't read a map. Thus, half the time I might still be in Fresno, San Francisco or New York." On *p. 72*—voilà!—Saroyan's Paris Is the Place for You!

McGill: *"His steady voice of reason champions a new South."*
"He has given purpose and direction to the changing South."

So proclaimed a large university in the North (Harvard) and a small Baptist university in Georgia (Mercer) in awarding honorary doctorates of law this spring to Ralph Emerson McGill, author of this week's Speaking Out article—The South Will Change *(p. 13)*.

The Cover: Before the ladies in our audience get rhapsodic about the manners of history's heroes let's consider Saint George. Is there any evidence that George dismounted and offered the dragon's fair captive a seat on his charger? As for Sir Wally Raleigh—the mantle-in-the-mud incident is debated by historians, but it's a matter of record that Wally made ungentlemanly passes at one of the queen's maids of honor. Dueling is still with us—Suitor Slays Rival screams the headline—but it no longer is in good taste. Perhaps we should be glad that chivalry isn't what it used to be.


THE YOUNG MILLIONAIRES OF PHOENIX
Living Free: A New Book About Lions By Joy Adamson
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POST

Hijack! William L. Worden takes you barreling along the Alaska Highway in hot pursuit of a cool $650,000 in gold and an undetermined number of killers. A two-part thriller which never shifts out of high gear. *P. 32.*

Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

3—Joy Adamson; Don Ornitz. • 6—Frank Ross; Fabian Bachrach. • 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31—Slim Aarons. 32—S. Neil Fujita. • 34—Arthur Rickerby. • 35—Don Ornitz. • 36—Bill Bridges. • 37—Arthur Shay. • 39—Bob Towers. • 40, 41—Coby Whitmore. • 42, 43—Bob Goodman. • 44, 46—Ben Rose. • 54—John Falter. • 62, 63, 66, 67—John Bryson. • 72, 73—Herb Lubalin. • 84, 85, 88, 89, 90, 91—Joy Adamson. • 110, 111, 112, 113—Dalmas (Pix).

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A GREAT NEW EXCLUSIVE FROM BUICK

ADVANCED THRUST

. . . Moves power forward for arrow-straight going

What it is: A whole new concept from Buick engineering in engine mounting and front-end suspension design that moves the engine forward over the front wheels.

What it does: It's like moving the weight center of an arrow forward. Makes the arrow (and the Buick) travel truer and straighter. What's more, moving the engine forward makes the front-seat floor a whole lot flatter. Your steering is more positive and precise, too.

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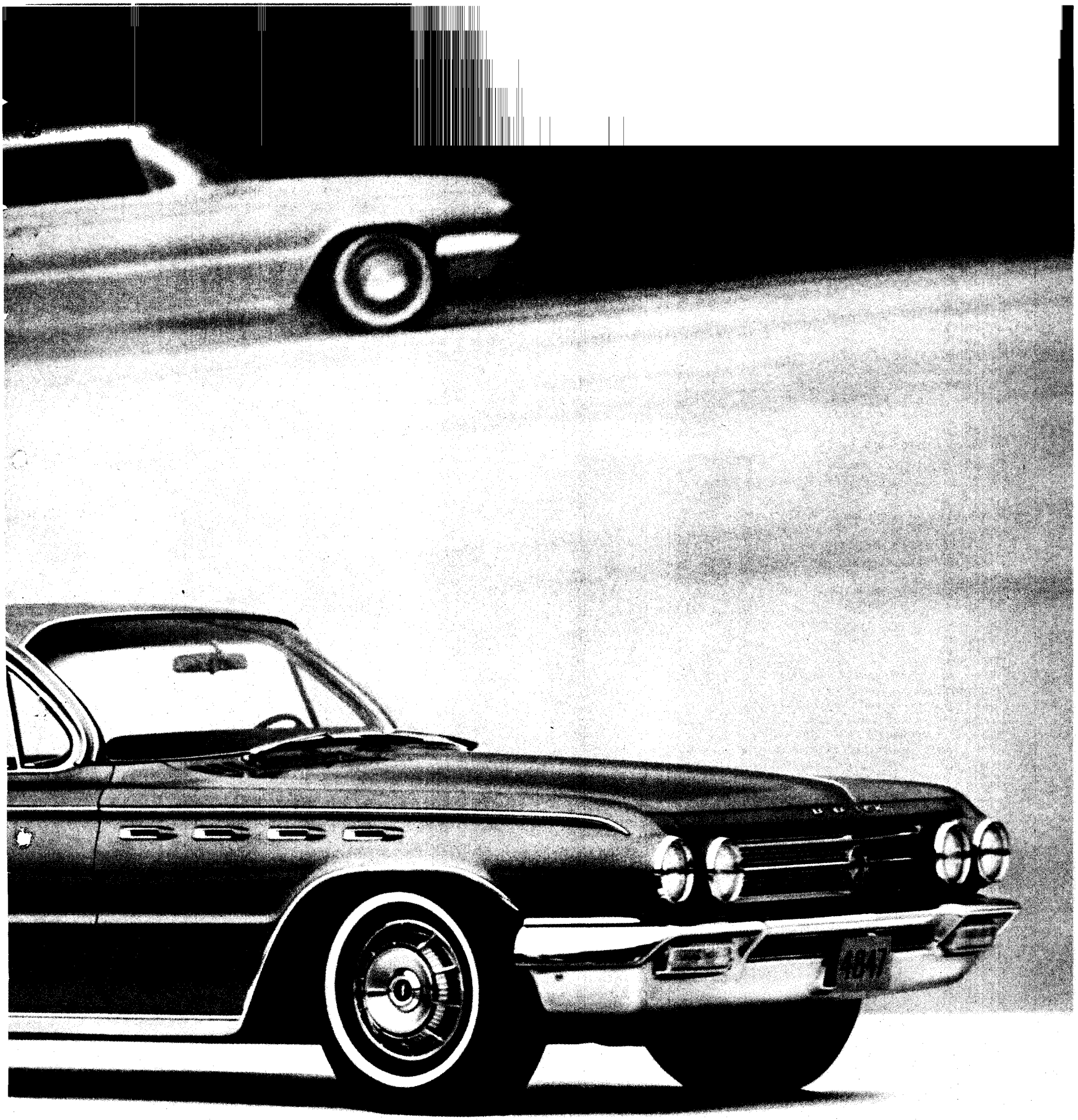

Why you'll love it: All your driving will be safer, smoother, more relaxed. Your Buick stays right on the course you set. Even heavy crosswinds don't faze it. Fighting the wheel is a thing of the past. And with the new, flatter floor, middle passengers find more room for knees, legs and feet. For the first time three can ride comfortably in the front seat. Going is surer on ice, snow and slippery pavement, too. Take the whole family along and try it at your Buick Dealer's.

Buick Motor Division, General Motors Corporation.

'62 BUICK

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LETTERS

THIS IS ART?

Dear Sirs:

If that childish, uncouth splashing Xanti Schawinsky does [HE'S GOT ARTISTIC DRIVE, Aug. 26] is considered by the authorities as great art, I am sincerely glad I'm ignorant. I am one of the unsophisticates who prefer Michelangelo and the classic school to second-rate paint smearers like Picasso and Schawinsky. I have been taught that art is a type of beauty. While beauty may be in the eye of the beholder, he'd have to be totally blind to see anything in those wretched things.

CANDACE MARTINEZ
Canoga Park, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

What kind of people have $8000 to throw away on trash? . . . The trouble with some people's artistic taste is obviously their lack of same. How Mr. Schawinsky must be laughing up his sleeve at the ease with which "a fool and his money are soon parted."

PATRICIA LIBBY
Portland, Maine

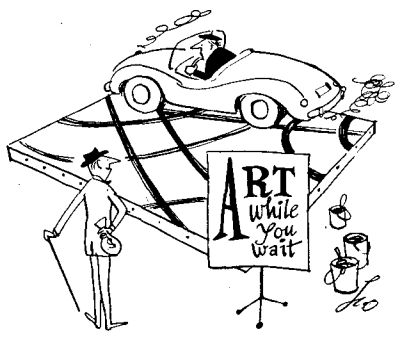
Dear Sirs:

Our son Richard, age four, has been bringing these masterpieces home from Tiny Tots for over a year. Until reading your article we didn't realize the true value of these paintings. If Mr. Schawinsky will tell us where he markets his work, we would appreciate it.

ELDON RUNGE
Santa Maria, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Those little sports cars may be hell to get in and out of, but they sure make



wonderful paint brushes! As regards his art, I think you're confusing "painting" with "design."

SALVATORE R. FOTI
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Gad and Egad! The art (?) of Xanti Schawinsky must make ordinary people wonder at that which goes on in the minds of such artists.

If I painted such stuff, my friends would say, "You are NUTS." If my friends painted such stuff, I would say, "You are NUTS." If an infant painted such stuff, his mother might say, "That is nice," because (1) the pastime would not be physically hazardous, and (2) while the child is thus occupied he is not in mother's hair.

This seems to fall in the class of other art which I have seen publicized. One artist smeared paint on a flat surface over which a nude slithered. Another, donning a football helmet and with tubes of paint in his hands, lunged at walls and squeezed the paint. I would be willing to listen . . . to an explanation of such art (?). Is there a rational explanation—something that the ordinary Joe might understand?

JULES BERTIN
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

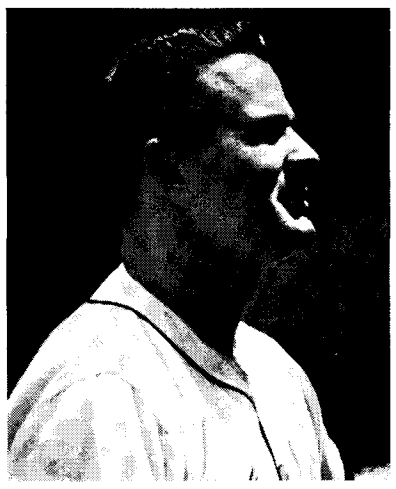
Some of Mr. Schawinsky's "paintings" would make lovely dress material!

BARBARA MANNING
Chambersburg, Pa.

GOOD-LOOKING ORIOLE

Dear Sirs:

Granted that your Mr. Olderman is a talented cartoonist [KEEPING POSTED, Aug. 26], how about a picture [below] of Jim Gentile? [HOT-TEMPERED ORIOLE, by Murray Olderman, Aug. 26]. Jim is



not only the best-looking Oriole, he is the best-looking major leaguer. And he's a darn good ball player. We Oriole fans think he's the greatest!

CORA E. KING
Baltimore, Md.

AT-HOME PEACE CORPS

Dear Sirs:

BIG PUSH IN SOVIET PROPAGANDA [by Eugene Burdick and William J. Lederer, Aug. 19] brings clearly to our minds the gap between the United States and the U.S.S.R. in yet another phase of the cold war. I like to think that this particular gap is due partially to the fact that most of us in the United States heartily detest such hypocrisy. We don't mind dropping a word of praise here and there, but to deliberately lay it on widespread for our own purposes is more than we can stand.

Hurray indeed for the United States Information Agency, but would it not prove more effective in developing a branch whose purpose would be to convince Americans themselves to "project the American image abroad"?

SHERRY C. GUAYASAMIN
North Collins, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

When the average American is approached about helping to counteract this propaganda, he generally shrugs it off by saying, "What can I do?"

One woman in Pittsburgh—Mrs. Herbert L. Coe—has an answer. Three years ago she started a magazine-sharing program, and now she and her co-workers have "senders" in more than forty states and "receivers" in thirty-four foreign countries. More information about the plan could be obtained from Mrs. Coe. I'm sure she would co-operate.

MRS. GEORGE JOHNSON
Clairton, Pa.

• *We called Mrs. Coe, and she wrote the letter below.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

In the last three years more than 15,000 families have joined me in sharing their used magazines direct with families in thirty-four countries overseas. Compared with our population, this is only a drop in the bucket; but if this could be multiplied a hundred times over, we could nullify the adverse "image" of us presented by the Communists, who drive it home continually with their literature.

One "receiver" in Kerala State, India, translated THE SILVER BUTTERFLY by Pearl Buck (*The Post*, May 14, 1960) into Malayalam so that his countrymen would read and learn about life in the Red Chinese communes. He wrote to me: "If it were not for your magazine-remailing program, things like these would never have been seen by us."

With a family paying for mailing just their own magazines, the cost is small—perhaps fifteen cents for mailing one magazine a month. Persons who already have correspondents overseas could ask if they or their friends want magazines. Names also can be obtained from fraternal workers, business contacts, exchange teachers and students, travelers and service clubs with membership in other countries.

However, anyone for whom the above-named sources are unavailable and who is in need of a name and instructions about how to send his magazines, or wants advice on how to start magazine-sharing projects in other localities, can obtain these by sending me a self-addressed and stamped envelope with a list of magazines available.

MRS. HERBERT L. COE
208 Oakcrest Lane
Pittsburgh 36, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The Post or any other good American magazine that reflects life in the United States can be an ambassador of good will. People abroad may be suspicious of publications issued by our State Department, but when they read magazines published by Americans for Americans they feel they are looking through a window into our country.

Several years ago, after a visit to the southwest part of Asia, where we found a distorted image of the U.S.A. and many beautiful magazines published in English by the Communists, my husband and I wrote to newspapers in Indonesia offering their readers contact with Americans who would send them their magazines after they read them. The response was amazing, and the project grew and grew. . . . Now we are flooded with foreign requests.

We need more magazine ambassadors of good will. It's so easy to express friendship this way. Just write to Magazines, Box 3196, Los Angeles 39, Calif. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a list of the magazines that can be sent. Sometimes there is a slight delay while we fit a person's magazines to a foreign request, but within a short time a name and address will be sent back and the "do-it-yourself information service" is begun.

MRS. HENRY MAYERS
Los Angeles, Calif.

• *Probably the original magazine-sharing organization is Magazines for Friendship, 35 South Raymond Avenue, Pasadena, Calif., which was discussed in a* Post *editorial* [BACK MAGAZINES CAN MAKE OVERSEAS FRIENDS FOR AMERICA, *April 21, 1956*]. *Started fifteen years ago by the late Prof. Albert Croissant at Occidental College in Los Angeles, this nationwide project now is headed by his widow, Mrs. Kathleen Croissant. If the magazine-sharing groups wind up with a shortage of foreign names, perhaps they can get an additional supply from the letter writer below.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

We have written to [the young man from India] whom you referred to us in regard to finding him a pen friend in the United States. Quite frankly. the number of requests from India is so large that the correspondence groups have trouble in serving them all. Most are written by young men in their early twenties who are competing with thousands of others the same age from more than 100 countries and territories. It is difficult to find enough Americans of this age group to go around.

Could you assist in letting young Americans know of the great desire for pen friends?

MRS. WILLIAM BARTON MARSH
Vice President, Letters Abroad
45 East 65th Street
New York 21, N.Y.

FLATTERING?

Dear Sirs:

Sure you are not holding out on us? I've never yet seen a "flattering" photo of former Vice President Nixon. Why didn't you show "it" in your THE FLATTERING CAMERA [by Evan Hill, Aug. 19]. . . . The Nixon portrait wherein Fabian Bachrach "counteracted the sneer, the jowls and the deep-set eyes with lighting and camera angles"—that I gotta see to believe.

H. E. ANDERSON
Newport, N.H.

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GOOD COFFEE IS LIKE FRIENDSHIP: RICH AND WARM AND STRONG

Coffee is the life of the party.
Nothing else comes close.
So make it extra-good every time: dark-rich and rewarding.
With a heaping tablespoon of coffee
for every friendly cup.

MAKE IT COFFEE. MAKE IT OFTEN. MAKE IT RIGHT.

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Ford introduces for 1962
two distinguished new series:
Galaxie & Galaxie/500

Enduring elegance: with the power

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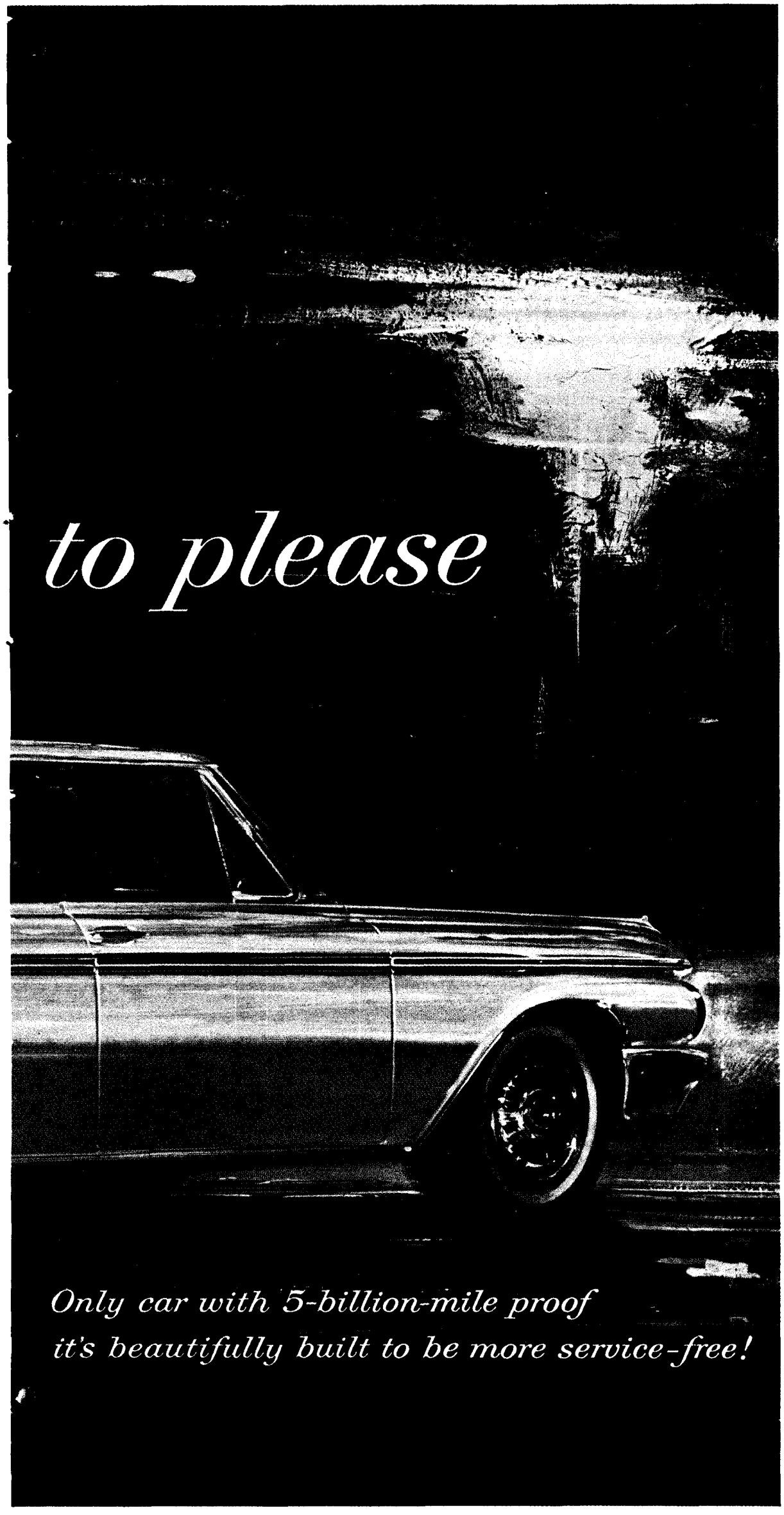


With Thunderbird styling... Thunderbird power... and quality craftsmanship that sets a new industry standard... the 1962 Ford Galaxies give you every essential feature of far costlier luxury cars

A brilliant variation on a theme by Thunderbird, the Galaxie look will endure as long as elegance is in fashion. The car beneath the look will last for reasons that are harder to see—but easy to appreciate.

The 1962 Galaxie establishes a new standard of automotive quality. You'll quickly notice its silent ride. By actual decibel comparison, the newest of Galaxies is 17% quieter than its distinguished predecessor—one of the quietest cars on the road. Galaxie says quality—and says it in a whisper.

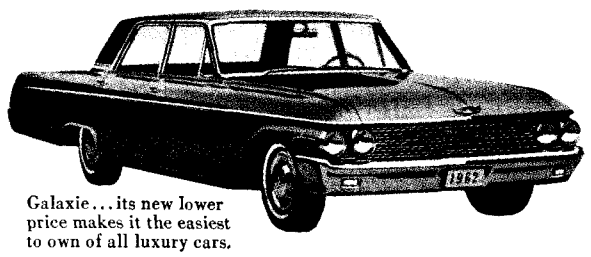
Silent as a secret, swift as a rumor, Galaxie has the Thunderbird's talent for travel . . . with a 390-cubic-inch Thunderbird V-8* to bring the horizons closer.

This is the car that's beautifully built to be more service-free—a fact now tested and proven by five-billion owner-driven miles. Routine service is reduced to a minimum—30,000 miles on many items, no more than twice a year or 6,000 miles on the rest.

You go 30,000 miles between major lubrications, 6,000 miles between oil changes and minor lubrications, two years or 30,000 miles without changing antifreeze. Brakes adjust themselves automatically. Special processing protects vital body parts against rust and corrosion.

We suggest you see and appraise the new Galaxie and Galaxie/500 (main picture) for yourself. We are confident you will agree: it's pointless to pay more—or settle for less. *Optional at extra cost

A PRODUCT OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY



Galaxie... its new lower price makes it the easiest to own of all luxury cars.

Galaxie by Ford

Its silence whispers quality

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News Item: 1 out of 4
new '62 cars rides on

U.S. ROYAL
Safety-800

Brand-new and better in every way

Now's the time to visit your dealer and see all the exciting new cars. And you'll learn why the Safety-800 is 1962's only all-new equipment tire.

You'll be amazed at the way this great new tire performs. *It lets every car do its very best.* The very first time you ride on it you'll sense a brand-new feel. And you'll understand why the all-new U.S. Royal Safety-800 is on 1 out of 4 new cars.

- **More Mileage** (22% more than competitive tires)
- **New "Anchored Tread"** (for a higher safety factor. Pressure-tempered sidewalls and body make a stronger tire for longer life)
- **Superior Skid Resistance** (thanks to deeper tread grooves and a unique tread design)
- **Quieter, Cooler at High Speeds** (with added safety "built in" to the "Low Profile" construction)
- **Increased Dependability** (made with new high-strength bonded cords—and guaranteed* for a full 2 years)

No other tire made, high or low-priced, offers this extraordinary combination of advantages and improvements. No other tire in its field rides as well, lasts as long as the U.S. Royal Safety-800—*only all-new tire at the '62 auto shows.* Specify them for your new car or see your U.S. Royal Dealer.

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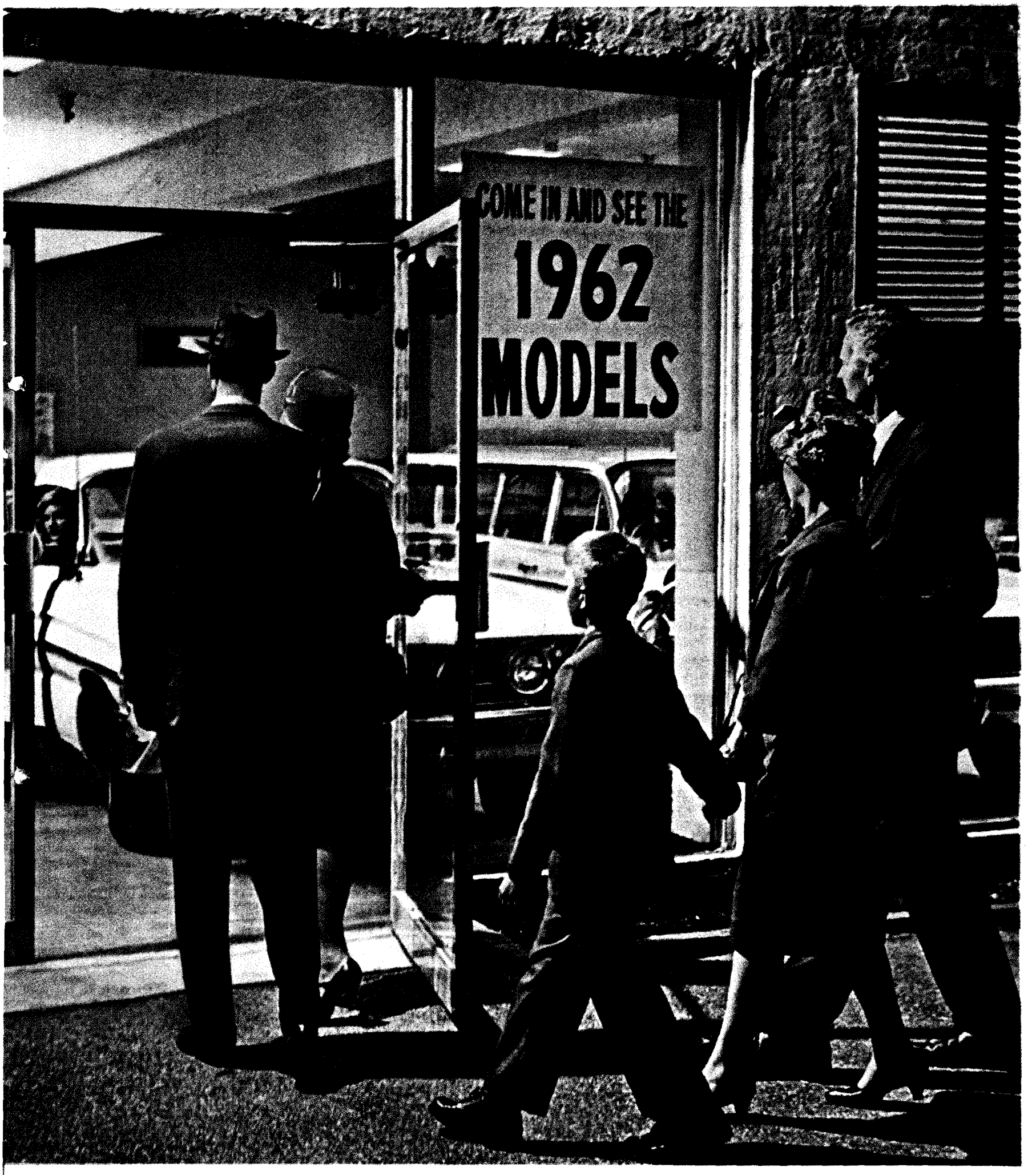

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What are the hard-headed facts about hiring the handicapped?

A severe curvature of the spine does not impair the efficiency of Stuart Macnider's work as Chief Engineer of Bell & Howell's Quality Assurance Department. Pictured here, left to right: William Dugan, Employers Mutuals' Safety Engineer, Mr. Waller and Mr. Macnider.

Leonard Goodson (right), a polio victim, is one of the more than 150 handicapped workers employed at Bell & Howell Photo Products Division.

This answer may surprise you...

Wausau Story

by **FLETCHER C. WALLER**

Vice President, Organization and Personnel, BELL & HOWELL COMPANY

"As individuals, we are free to give the handicapped the full measure of help we feel they so justly deserve. As businessmen, we have to think twice about it.

"A business cannot exist and employ people unless it produces a profit. Our competitive American system requires that every person hired must contribute fully to that joint profit-making goal.

"Then what about hiring the handicapped?

"At the Photo Products Division of Bell & Howell about 5% of our people are physically handicapped. But they are on our payroll because of their abilities, not their disabilities. They fill jobs they are qualified to do. They receive the full pay scale for their particular jobs because they carry their full share of the work. These people are assets to our company—productive, reliable and stable.

"What about accidents? Employers Mutuals of Wausau, our Workmen's Compensation insurance carrier here, has had fifty years of experience in accident prevention work. They report that handicapped individuals, when properly placed in their jobs, are less accident prone than other workers. Our experience confirms this. We know full well that accidents are caused by carelessness, not handicaps.

"These are the facts . . . facts that show why we believe in hiring the handicapped . . . and why there is a place for the handicapped worker at Bell & Howell."

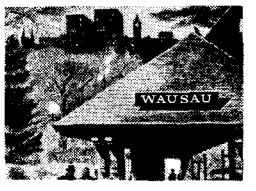
★ ★ ★

We share Mr. Waller's point of view on employing the handicapped. These are the facts as we know them through 50 years of intimate and continuous experience with the problem. Employers Mutuals of Wausau is one of the largest and most experienced underwriters in the field of Workmen's Compensation.

This year, Employers Mutuals produced the TV film, PROUD AND TALL, for the President's Committee on Employment of the Physically Handicapped. It is the story of the rehabilitation of a blinded worker and the preparations made by the employer-company for his rehiring. Requests for this film should be directed to your own state Governor's Committee on Employment of the Physically Handicapped.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

PIONEER UNDERWRITER OF WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION INSURANCE IN AMERICA



FOR 50 YEARS

"Good people to do business with"

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SPEAK!NG OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

In the long years of the Negro's discouragingly slow advance against his country's long-entrenched practices of segregation, the historically unique feature of this struggle has been largely unnoted. It is that the Negro, a distinct racial minority, was trying to become more American—not less. He was not, like some of the minorities of Europe, seeking to be set apart, to be recognized as a separate race with special privileges and status. He had already experienced being excluded from the national life, and he did not like it. He wanted to be accepted as a citizen, which the Constitution said he was, and to have the privileges accorded other citizens—no more, no less.

Nor was this all the story. Despite rejections and exploitations, often cunning, cruel and ruthless, the Negro stubbornly identified himself with America and its promise. He persisted in this, even though his denials often have been stupid and stultifying in coarseness and violence.

When the wars came in 1898, 1917, 1941, and later in Korea, he served as he was permitted. It was experiences of the Korean conflict which precipitated decision to integrate military services. Morale in the segregated units understandably was low. The all-Negro companies became an embarrassment as we emphasized our principles of democracy in the bloody campaign to stop Communist aggression. Jim Crow was cawing raucously and mockingly all the while.

At the conclusion of the Korean armistice, there were twenty-one American G.I.'s who refused exchange and announced they were indorsing Communism and going to Red China. Only three were Negroes. Studies of the twenty-one who stayed revealed some with backgrounds of inadequacies and educational lacks. Yet none of the white soldiers had case histories of discrimination and psychological pressures to match that of the average Negro G.I. It also is true that, despite a consistent campaign by the Communist Party to convince the Negro that Marxism is his most logical political faith, the percentage of Negroes so persuaded is smaller than that of white Americans who have embraced it.

In the face of the whole record it is ironic that the canons of conformity are so fixed, so sicklied o'er with the pale cast of myth and the hypocrisy and falsehood of a separate but equal status, that the Negro's effort to become more American is attacked by extremist opposition as an un-American, Communist plot.

Until very recent years the Negro's total identity was with America. But once African ambassadors began to be heard in the United Nations and political leaders of the new nations began to appear in world conferences, a great many Negroes, especially the more aggressively committed students, began to feel an identification with Africa and its emerging nationalisms. This was, in a sense, healthy. It can become dangerous only if the white-supremacy extremists are permitted to filibuster legitimate civil-rights bills in the Congress and if the states continue to deny the simple uncomplicated rights of equal citizenship.

The familiar rationalizations against doing what is, after all, a necessary and decent thing required by—in addition to the Constitution—the ethics of Judaism, Christianity and Western civilization long ago lost whatever dubious relevance they may have had. Yet they continue to be repeated by those whose emotional involvement prevents perspective. These irrelevancies are the essential ingredient of the White Citizens Councils' speeches and printed propaganda.

After the 1954 school decision, for example, one began to read statements by leaders of massive-defiance groups to the effect that "To admit Negro children to school would pull down the level of classroom performance. They aren't ready for it yet."

Now the irony of this rationalization was that it was, with some notable exceptions, true. What the rationalists did not realize they were doing was indicting the system of segregated education. It had been separate. It had never been equal. It had been callously, heartlessly maintained in a most unequal manner. The white schools of the South were much inferior to the national averages, but they were far better than those for Negroes. The major inequities are familiar. The amount spent per Negro student was substantially less than that per white student. Later years have seen most urban pay scales equalized, but not all are, and for many years Negro teachers have suffered serious discrimination in salaries.

In myriad other ways Negro children in the South were deprived of opportunity to participate in the race of life.

In a number of Southern states, as late as 1957, sums as low as two dollars or three dollars per pupil were being spent for libraries for white pupils while a few cents, or nothing at all, was being spent for Negro children.

For years after the development of school-bus transportation, 70 or 80 per cent of the white children of the Deep South states requiring such service were provided it. But in some states not more than 10 per cent of the Negro children were so served.

It was a common practice in a number of Southern states to supply Negro schools with used or outdated textbooks discarded by white students. Negro schools were more crowded and had more double sessions. Vocational training was rarely first class for either race.

Advanced training in medicine, dentistry, law, nursing, architecture, electrical, mechanical and textile engineering in Southern state institutions was open to Negro students only after court decisions began to crack a few doors.

Southern politicians and a dismaying number of businessmen have been heard to say that the Negro can't learn, that he is inherently incapable of achievement. For this to be said, in the face of the educational discrimination which historically has existed, reveals either an unworthy ignorance of the facts or a deliberate distortion of them.

School superintendents, psychologists, truancy supervisors and juvenile-court officers in the Eastern and Western states know the lacks of both white and Negro children who have come out of the average Southern school—especially those of rural areas. The level of work in many classrooms has been reduced. Desegregated schools are faced with the need to create remedial classes and to screen newcomers carefully to determine the grade for which they are prepared.

This background helps explain other things too—all very well known to sociologists and social caseworkers.

BY RALPH McGILL

THE SOUTH WILL CHANGE

Ralph McGill, Pulitzer prize-winning editorial writer, columnist and publisher of the Atlanta Constitution, *is so vigorous a foe of racial intolerance that he often has been a campaign issue in Georgia politics. A native Southerner—he was born on a farm in Tennessee—he also is opposed to "those who spell barbecue, Bar-B-Q."*

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Not the usual vague "see your friendly dealer soon" . . . but a specific challenge to compare your own car with the best Imperial we've ever built.

At a time to be arranged for your convenience, a dealer in your area will deliver a new 1962 Imperial to you. Not for a mere turn around the block . . . but for a thorough comparison-tour that you conduct all by yourself.

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and excitement, you must *drive* and *compare*.

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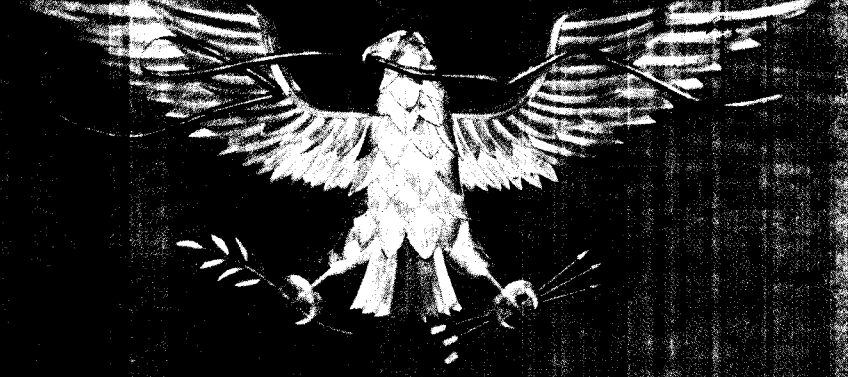
Even though our invitation may somehow miss you, an Imperial comparison-tour may easily be arranged by writing on your letterhead to: General Manager, Imperial Division, 12200 East Jefferson, Detroit, Michigan.



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SPEAKING OUT

The Negro children who had no access to libraries, whose classroom instruction was poor, who had little home incentive to go to school, who had to walk long distances, who had little or no access to vocational skills are the Negro adults of today—thousands of them in big-city slums, struggling in marginal jobs, or picking up what work they can find in unskilled capacities. And always there are the white products of the same system, the cruel cost of which, in human and dollar loss, daily becomes more apparent.

There is another rationalization which is an inevitable feature of the talks and writings of the prosegregationist politicians and apologists. It runs like this: "Let the Negro show some responsibility of citizenship before he is given the ballot. Let him prove himself ready to assume some of the burdens of civic life."

That this sort of nonsense should be written and spoken in heat and anger and received with applause by Klan-type mentalities is fantastic. It is even more preposterous than the arguments that the Negro is not capable of learning. After all, there were some schools. More often than not they were a disgrace to the flag that flew over them, but there were schools. But, in voting, there are to this day many rural areas where no Negro votes at all. There are others where a few are registered. And there are cities in at least four Southern states where the most-qualified Negro finds it extremely difficult to be registered. The depths of this deprivation lend eloquence to statistics. As late as midsummer of 1961 only 25 per cent of the Negroes in the Southern states who had reached voting age were registered to vote.

During the past summer, for example, civil-rights cases were filed by the United States Department of Justice in Clarke and Forrest counties, Mississippi. Clarke County, in the east-central area, had more than 50 per cent of her white citizens registered. A disputed total of not more than six of the 2988 eligible Negroes was on the registration books. In Forrest County, in southeast Mississippi, about half the 22,431 eligible whites were registered. Only twenty-five of the 7495 Negroes had been able to become qualified. There was, in the Justice Department files, a long record of attempted registrations that failed.

In filing suit Attorney General Robert Kennedy said, "Negroes in those two counties still are being deprived of the right to vote, the fundamental right of all American citizens. It is our responsibility under law to guarantee this right, and we will meet the responsibility . . ."

The reply of Mississippi's Gov. Ross Barnett will almost certainly be at least a footnote in the history of the time. "I don't understand why they want to interfere with local self-government," he said. "Local government is the thing that has made this country great."

It is not comforting to know that there are those who feel so alien to the United States and its principles that the fundamental rights of citizens have so little meaning.

This inability to vote has inevitable side effects. The Negro in the South has not been permitted to participate in community discussions about the problems of schools or of other civic affairs. It is only in the last few years that an occasional Negro has been elected to a school board in some of the larger cities.

Not only was the Negro barred from any opportunity to gain understanding of local government; he had to listen in public and on radio and television to demagogic speakers who tried to outdo one another in their pledges to keep the Nigger (or Nigra) in his place. Nor was this all. The Negro was confronted daily with a picture of government which plainly and officially, through state statutes and municipal ordinances, gave him an inferior position as a human being. It was not logical to expect him to acquire any competence or interest in civic responsibilities. Yet there are Southerners today who, in the face of the record, say that the Negro isn't ready to participate in government. Let him earn the right "by demonstrating his responsibility as a citizen," they say.

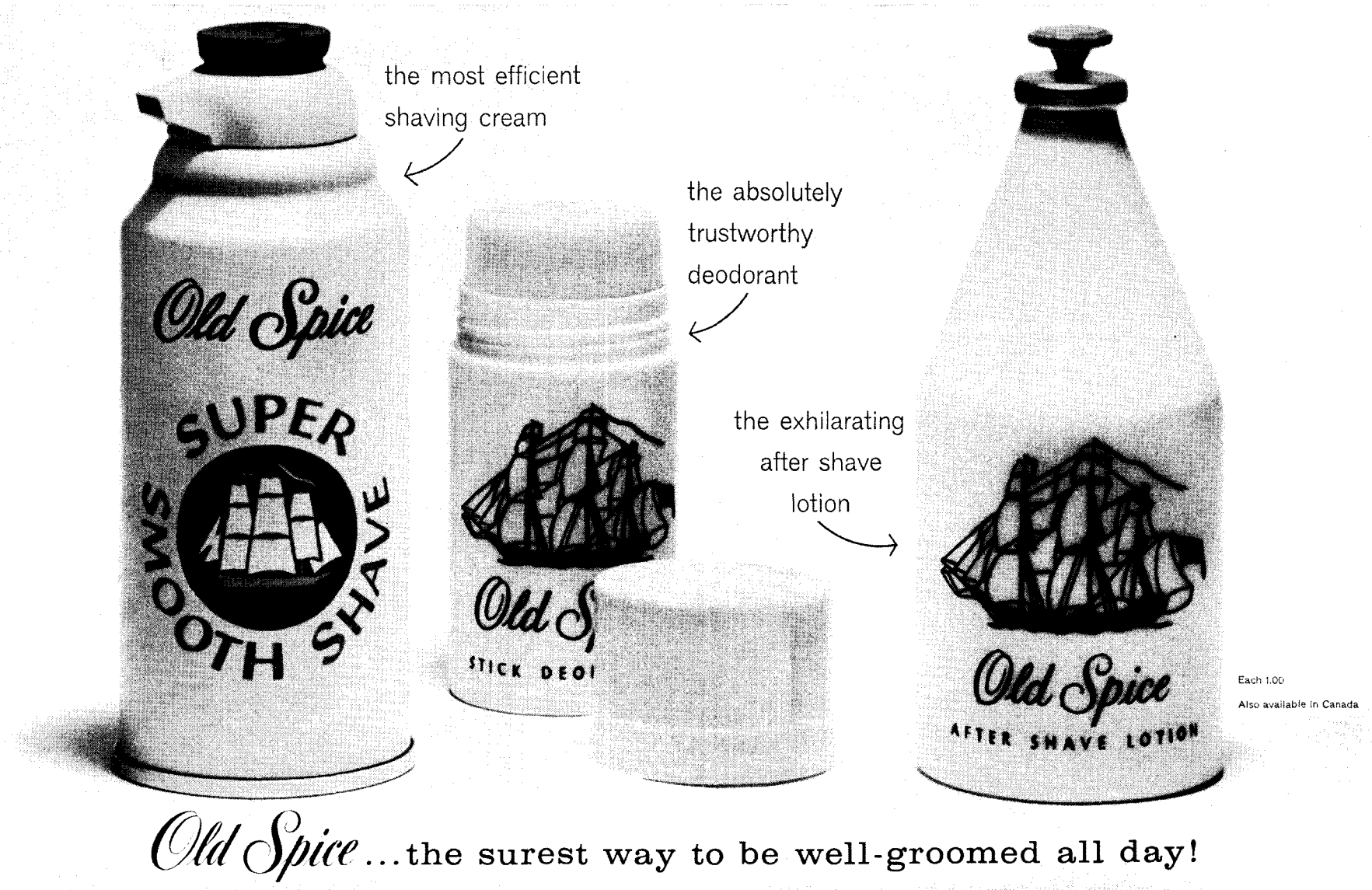
That all of this is a costly piece of business to us as a country is plain. The South will pay the heaviest price. But in these days when population is used to mobility, an illiterate, untrained white or Negro boy or girl from Alabama or Georgia can quickly become a hoodlum in Illinois or California, a social-welfare statistic in Philadelphia or Milwaukee. A national responsibility for an end to discriminations in the rights of citizens and for equitable public education is inescapable. We already have a problem of two generations, adult and young, which have filled the slums of our industrial cities.

Another oft-repeated argument against citizenship rights for the Negro is based on irrational intermarriage fears, stemming from God knows what Freudian experiences and guilts. This is a real puzzler.

Do those who use the argument mean to imply that, of the 180,000,000 Americans, only Southerners need segregation laws to protect them from such marriages? Questions like this bring only recriminations, some vile and violent, never a logical discussion.

A question automatically poses itself when morality, law and economics begin to make themselves felt.

What are our chances of avoiding a continuance of irrational processes? The answer is that the chances are good. There will be much resistance to desegregation and some of it will be violent. But there are new conditions. We are not, to be honest, having too much success changing the



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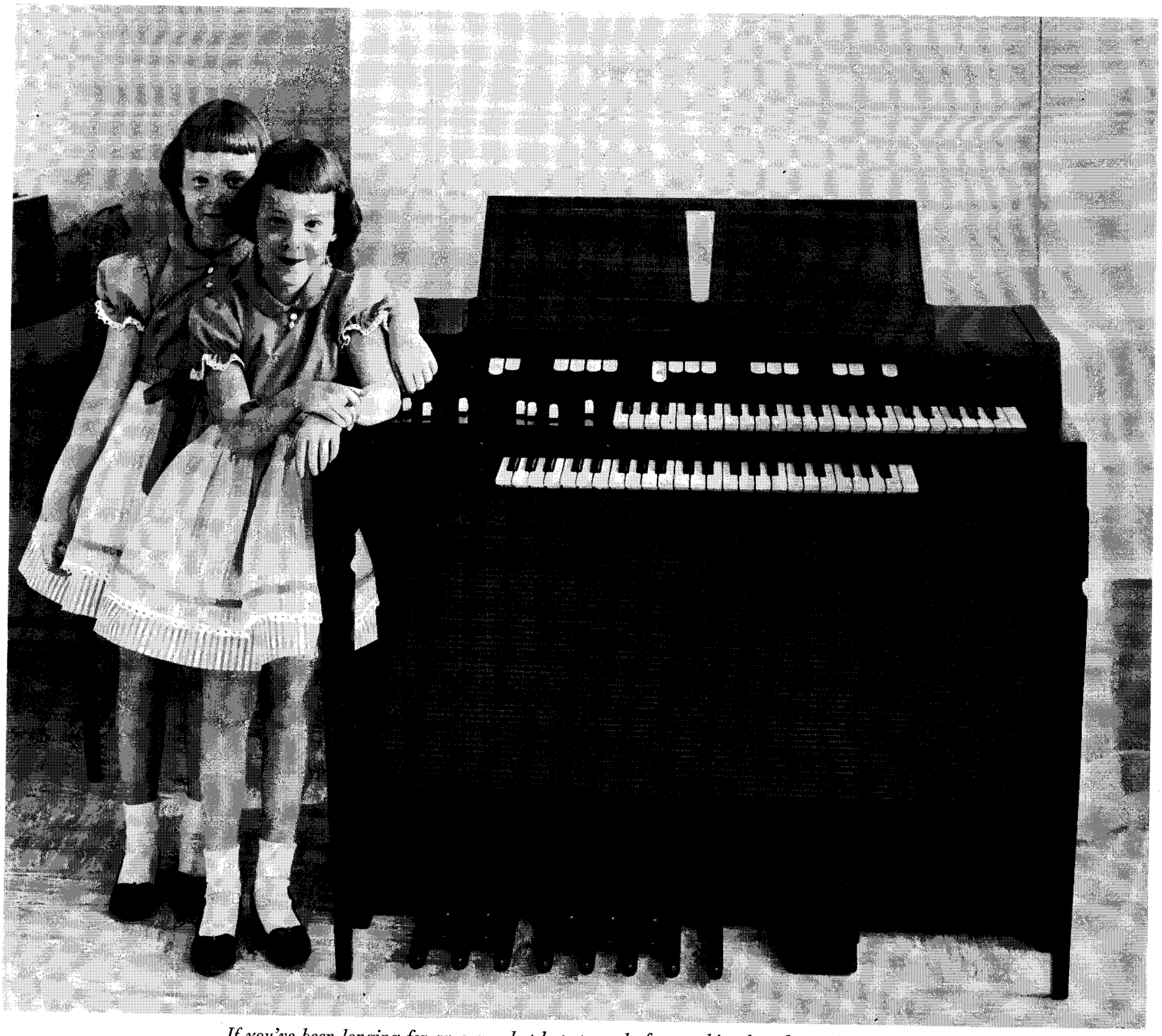

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Quite naturally, the new Allen-Bradley line of motor control is equally advanced in appearance. The new enclosures, designed by Brooks Stevens, have that "eye appeal" which will be a sales asset for any application.

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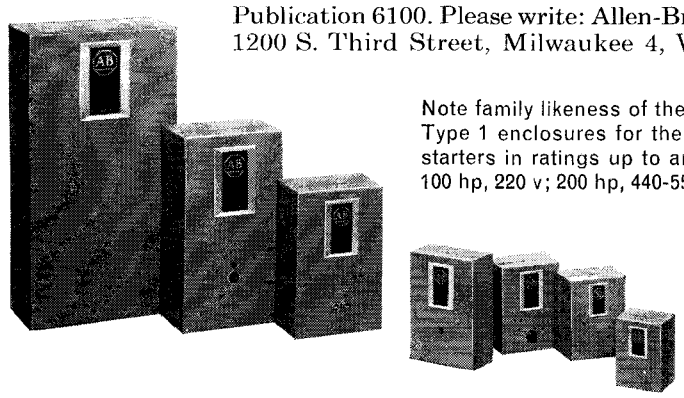

Note family likeness of the new NEMA Type 1 enclosures for the Bulletin 709 starters in ratings up to and including 100 hp, 220 v; 200 hp, 440-550 v.

ALLEN-BRADLEY

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Quality Motor Control

SPEAKING OUT

hearts and minds of men, as President Eisenhower suggested be done to solve the problem. But we are moving. Attorney General Kennedy saved the lives of perhaps a hundred or more persons by dispatching U.S. marshals to Montgomery, Alabama, where a Federal judge, native of the state, later severely reprimanded the police department for its failure to be on hand in enough numbers to cope with the mob during the Freedom Rider troubles. The Attorney General also made it plain that no community may support its own peculiar customs by attempts to maim or kill other citizens. The people of Alabama already are beginning to be grateful to the attorney general for saving their state from an even more shocking excess in lawlessness. In time they may thank him publicly.

There are no evidences of wholesale integration, but this has not been the objective. Negro leadership has sought to make the Negro a citizen in the full sense of the word. Whatever integration takes place in the private sectors of life is for persons privately to determine. But if we begin with a date as late as May, 1954, when the school decision was published, we can see how vast has been the change in the legal status of the Negro.

Laws and courts have declared and defined the Negro's equal citizenship.

What the nation is just beginning to understand is that the Negro's efforts at citizenship now are being officially opposed only by those who are defying law, or clinging to contradictory state laws which have been declared unconstitutional.

That desegregation will for some time be a process confined largely to the urban complexes of the South, and the nation, is plain. The rural areas have not yet been affected directly, although all feel the heat of change. But these eddies of semifeudal ruralism are dying. Their people are leaving to go to the cities—where resolvement will be had.

The businessmen of most Southern cities now understand that they cannot have lawlessness, violence and closed or crippled schools—and progress. They already are looking with questioning eyes at the blatant White Citizens Councils' leadership and at the bull-like antics of police staffs which have been party to violence.

So, as 1961 moves toward the exit, it can be said that the status of desegregation now is at the point where all who oppose it are in defiance or technical evasion of law. And room for evasive maneuver is about used up.

A lot of persons, mostly in trade, are not really concerned with the principles involved. But they are increasingly interested in a climate of law and order in which business and community life may flourish.

But while this force is most influential, it cannot be said that the moral influence is absent. All Southerners, save the most obtuse and insensitive, have long carried a private weight of guilt about the inequities of segregation. This weight now tilts many over to the side of justice and humanity.

Prejudice, bigotry and defiance remain. But this is still a nation which understands it must live by law. It is no longer lawful to deprive any citizen of his rights to vote and to attend the public schools, parks, auditoriums and concerts. The sit-ins and the freedom riders spotlighted economic injustice.

The excitement and challenge of the Negro's determined drive to become more American increasingly outweigh the forces which seek to influence him to abandon his identity as an American. The Black Muslims represent a religion alien to the American traditions. Christianity and the Bible have more appeal than Mohammed and the Koran. In addition, the Muslims propose a number of ghetto states. Only the most despairing and neurotic are likely to be attracted by such principles. Nor is there any sign that Communism is becoming more persuasive.

Dr. Martin Luther King, the student sit-in leaders, the Freedom Riders, the intelligent and able leaders of the N.A.A.C.P., the Urban League and other organizations joined in common cause might well be called the abolitionist force of 1960–61. They are giving the South and the nation a new image of the Negro. And, perhaps even more important, they have made it possible for the Southern Negro to change his own image. In time the South, which has been deceived by its local political leadership into damning and fearing the N.A.A.C.P. and Martin Luther King, will come to appreciate the beneficial Americanism of this leadership. They will come to see, as some already do, that Doctor King and the N.A.A.C.P. acted always from a basis of law, not violence or defiance of law. This could not be said of all the White Citizens Councils, the Klans and the zoolike lesser organizations which sprang up to incite lawlessness. Had the Negro leadership also used violence, instead of passive resistance and the processes of law, the results would have been dreadful.

Nothing in the South is left unchanged by the changes which are occurring. And for the overwhelming majority of Negroes there is a pioneering determination to become more American, not less. The Negro also will always be a part of the South. Millions feel themselves Southerners as well as Americans. And as growing numbers of white Southerners learn to appreciate the new image of the Negro as a citizen, the South will accept him as such.

Day-by-day opposition to the Negro's rights to equal citizenship finds itself more and more in the position of opposing the law and the Constitution. Tactics of delay and defiance cannot long sustain themselves, particularly in the urban communities, where the total of qualified Negro voters grows larger and larger. The depressed rural defiance will, in good time, fall of its own weight. The end is not yet in sight—but it is there. THE END

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Chevrolet introduces three separate and complete lines of cars for 1962—***basically different in size, design and personality.*** They are pictured and described in detail on the following pages with an explanation of ***why*** we built them, ***how*** we built them and ***for whom*** we built them. We feel sure there's one made especially for you. And, because they're all built by Chevrolet, ***you*** can feel sure—whichever one you choose—it will bring you lasting satisfaction and solid worth.

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It's built for people who want all the ***room, refinement*** and ***riding comfort*** found in much more expensive cars. The '62 Chevrolet—with a road-gentling ***Jet-smooth ride.*** A new choice of V8 skedaddle. Beauty that stays beautiful—right down to new front fender underskirts for extra rust resistance. Read on and see if ***this*** is the Chevrolet for you.

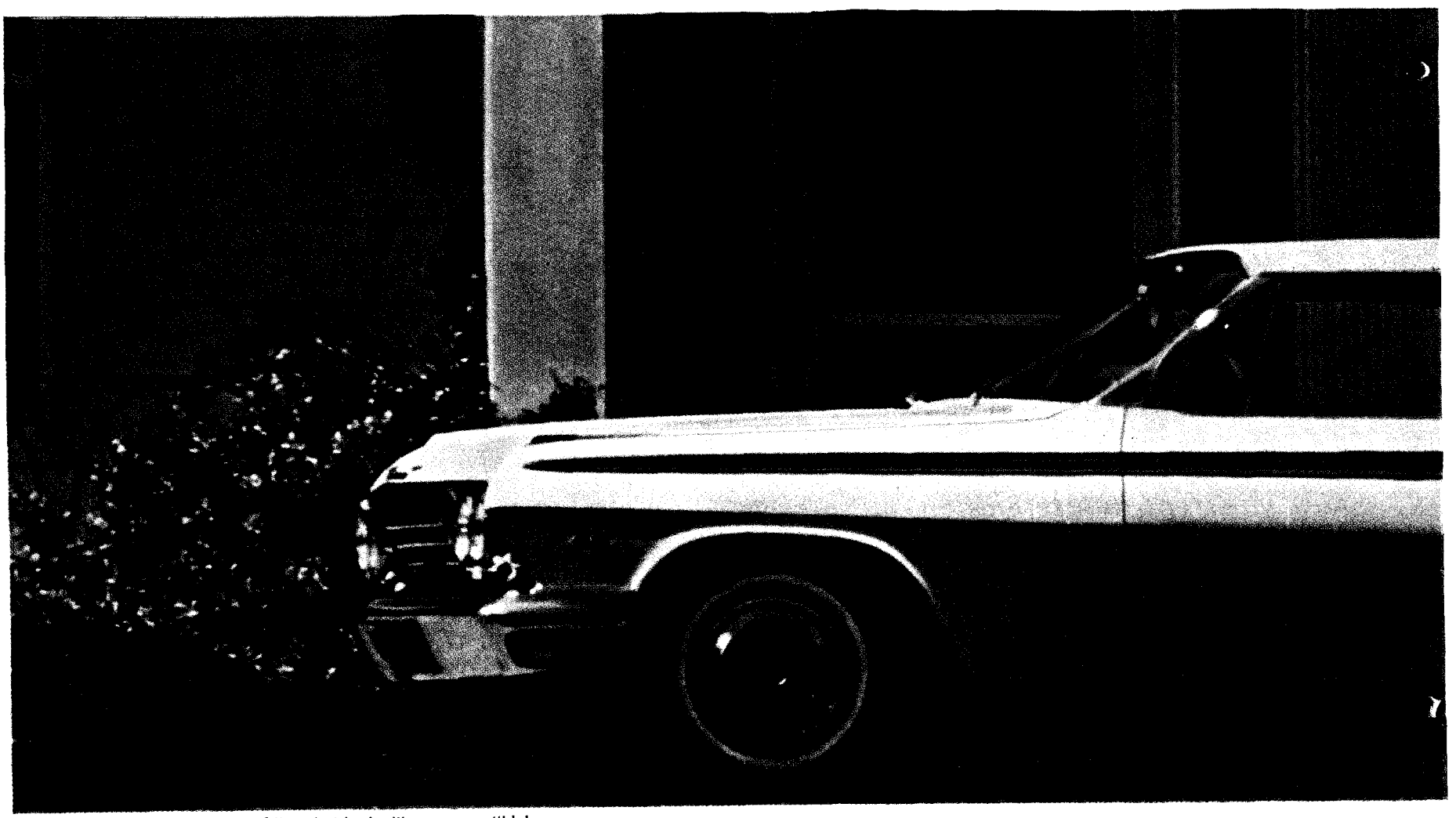
Whatever you want in your next new car, you're almost sure to find Chevrolet's been thinking right along with you.

Pick out any one of the fresh-minted models and check it over with a beady eye for detail. Where are you going to find anything to beat the clean-etched elegance of that Body by Fisher craftsmanship? Or the spacious comfort of those posh new interiors? And, you'll be happy to know, this is beauty that's built for keeps—right down to new steel front fender underskirts that provide extra protection against slush, stones and corrosion.

But, before you do any deciding, there's one thing you've got to do—and that's sample this Jet-smooth '62 Chevrolet on the move.

Those trigger-quick reflexes you'll feel (there are 16 power teams to choose from) are potent proof of Chevrolet engineers' determination to please the most demanding driving foot. You can have a standard 135-hp Hi-Thrift 235 Six or 170-hp Turbo-Fire 283 V8 (both ready to do special things on regular gas) or any one of four optional at extra cost V8's all the way to a hair-raising 409-cubic-inch powerhouse with 409 hp. All engines have new longer lived mufflers.

But perhaps the most persuasive of all this new Chevrolet's charms is that ever-lovin' Jet-smooth ride—with a Full Coil spring coddling you at every wheel and more than 700 cushioning filters hushing up road chatter and vibration. Talk about comfort. Man, this one's got it. Even the heater and defroster come as standard equipment this year. Have a chat with your dealer—and a tour of the car that brings you everything but a high price.



Impala Sport Coupe—with a roof line that looks like a convertible's.

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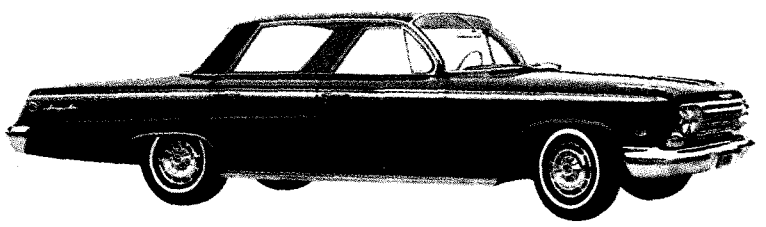
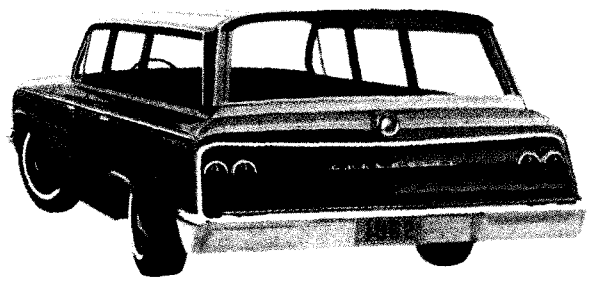
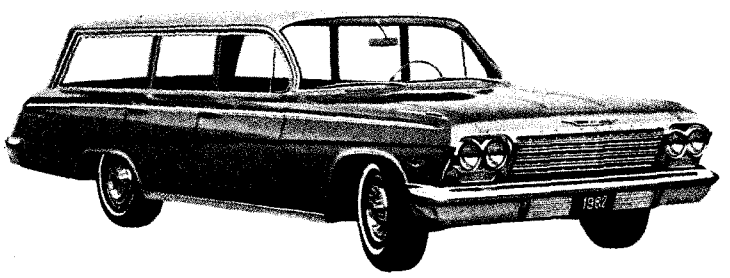


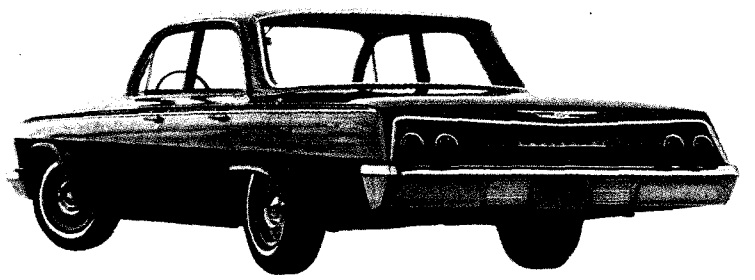
Impala Sport Sedan—with the clean-etched beauty and spacious comfort of Body by Fisher.



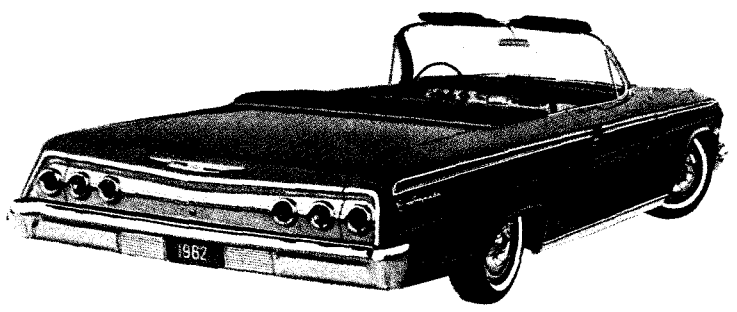
Bel Air 6-Passenger Station Wagon—with up to a whopping 97.5 cubic feet of cargo area.



Impala 6-Passenger Station Wagon—who could ask for a classier cargo carrier than this?

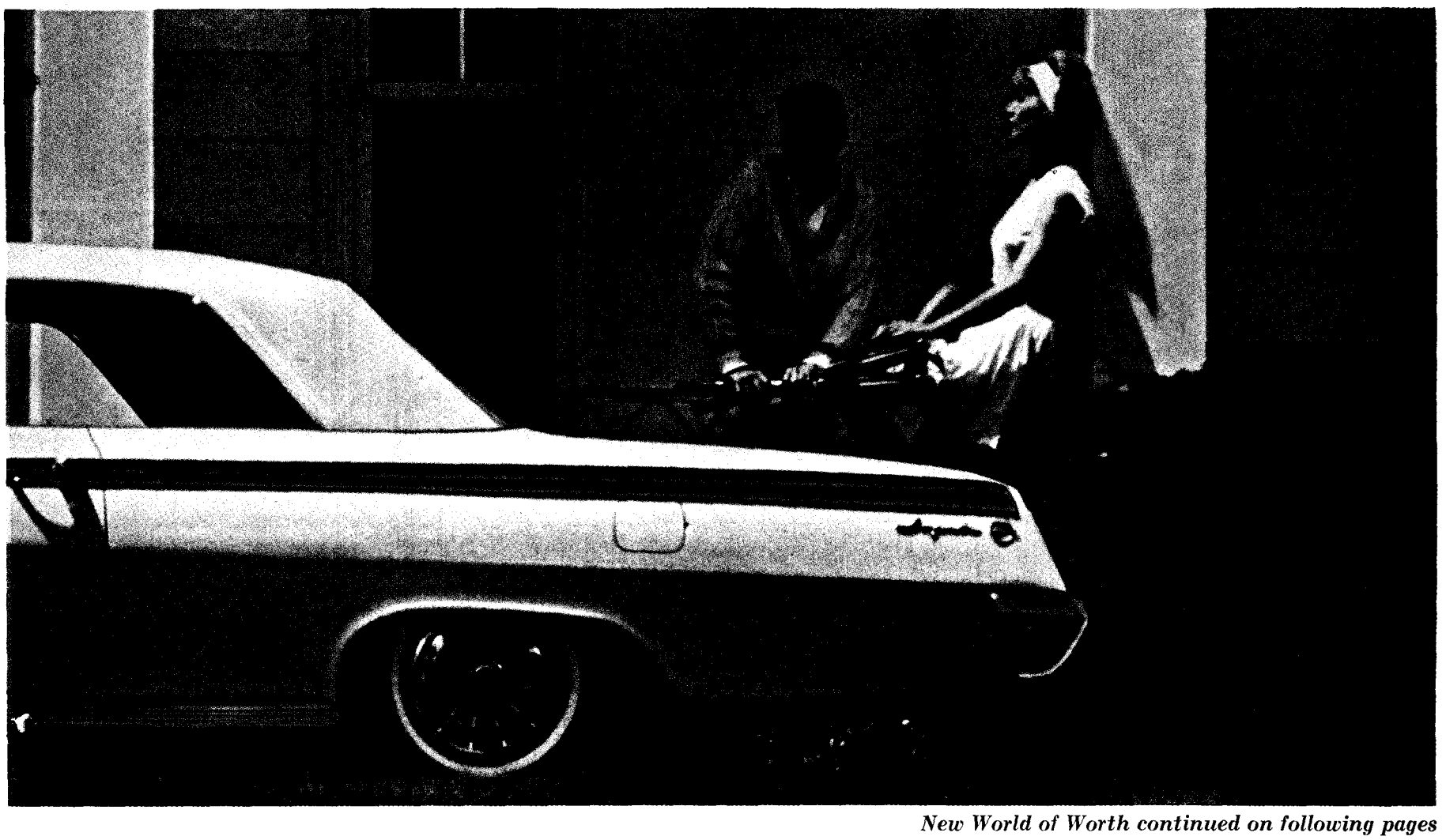


Bel Air 4-Door Sedan—all '62 Chevrolet sedans bring you this classic slim-roof look.



Impala Convertible—fresh-as-a-breeze styling extends back to new aluminum taillight cove.

Biscayne 2-Door Sedan—this (would you believe it?) is the thriftiest full-size Chevrolet.



New World of Worth continued on following pages

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The Thrift Car in Chevrolet's New World of Worth

CHEVROLET

new Chevy II

Built for people who want modern basic transportation in its finest fashion!

Here is a ***totally new line of cars*** built with sturdy simplicity that saves you money in service and maintenance. Steadfast dependability . . . you know you can count on ***that*** from all the Chevrolet family. Uncompromising economy (from a frugal 4- or satiny 6-cylinder engine). This is what you should know to decide whether the new-size Chevy II is for you.

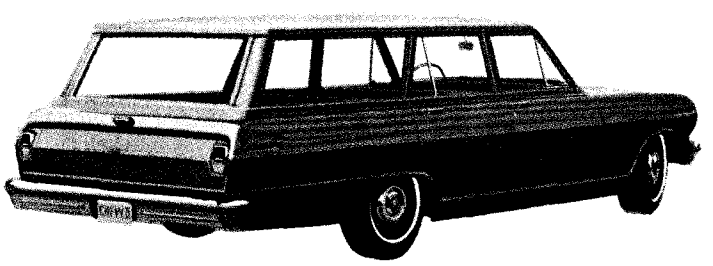
It's sensibility at its Sunday best. This new Chevy II has all the solid, time-tested virtues you've come to expect from Chevrolet—plus some surprises you've never seen on any car before.

There's a full line of new-size models (including the soon-to-be-available station wagons, hardtop and convertible), each built a new way to save on upkeep. All major front-end sections, including fenders, are of bolt-on design for easy replacement in case of damage. And every Chevy II rides on tough, durable—but ever-so-gentle—Mono-Plate rear springs that flex as a single unit, eliminating the squeaks and squawks of old-fashioned multi-leaf springs.

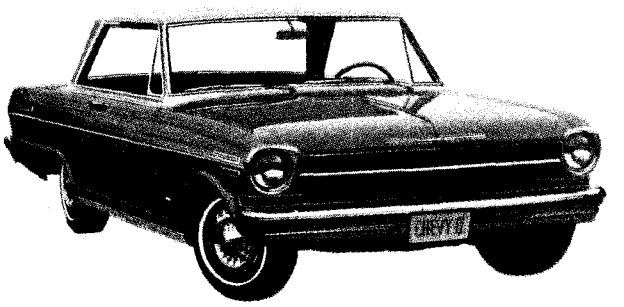
Beneath Chevy II's fresh-shaped bonnet two plucky engines are available—a thrifty 90-hp 4 or a sprightly 120-hp 6—designed with the dependability that has always been Chevrolet's special stock in trade. Both are built with easy-to-service simplicity (run on regular gas, of course—and darn little of it!), yet offer refinements usually reserved for much more pretentious power plants.

Simply built and sensibly sized as this Chevy II is, it's amazingly generous with room. All sedans and 2-seat wagons (thanks to Body by Fisher finesse) tote six well-fed adults and just about anything they want to take along in the way of baggage. Beginning to sound like the car you've wanted all along? Wait'll your dealer gives you the low-down on price. That's one of the most pleasant surprises of all!

Chevy II 300 4-Door Sedan—all the II's have standard-equipment heater and defroster.



Chevy II 100 4-Door Station Wagon—available with a full range of power assists, optional at extra cost.



Chevy II Nova 400 Sport Coupe—and you can have it with bucket seats if you like, optional at extra cost.

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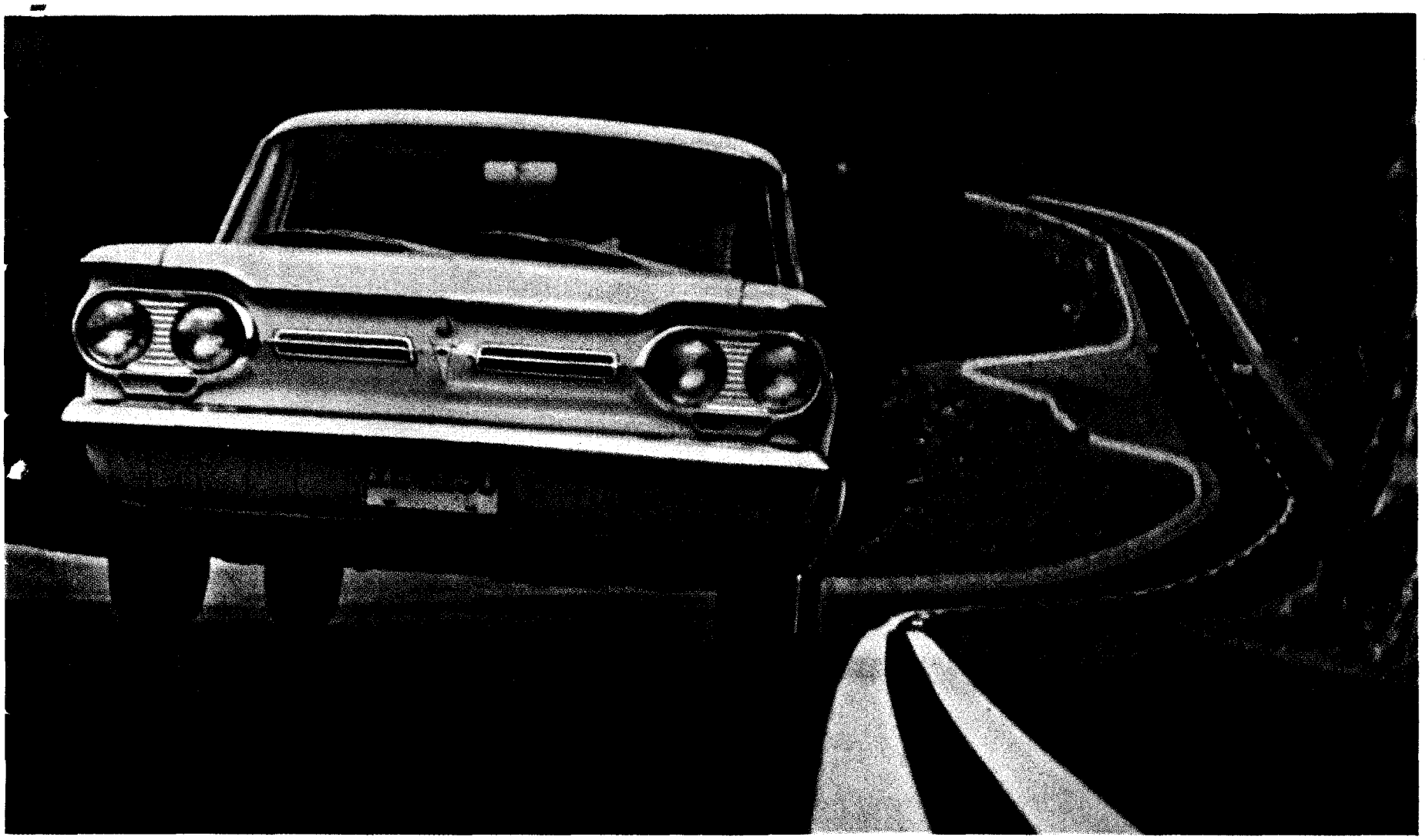
The Sporty Car in Chevrolet's New World of Worth



CHEVROLET

'62 Corvair

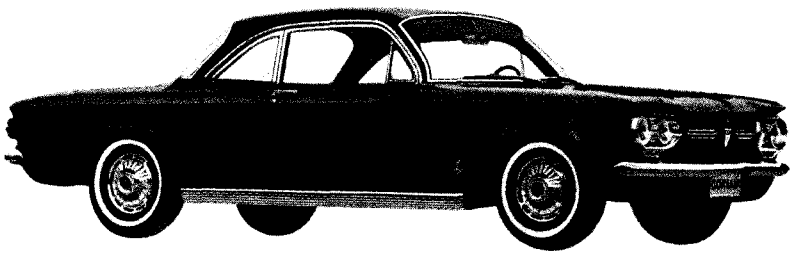
Built for budget-minded people who go for sports car driving

Here, with ***saucier styling, tasteful new interiors*** and ***bigger new brakes,*** is the latest version of the car that proved itself in the fiercest rally competition going. If you like a car that goes with extra gusto—and the reflexes of a hummingbird—then read on and see why you and this new Corvair ought to become closer friends.

You'll like what we changed—and what we *didn't* change—about this new '62 Corvair.

We've spruced up the interiors, sparked up the styling and included a whole bundle of goodies (a cigaret lighter, front door armrests, dual sunshades, an automatic choke—even a forced-air heater and defroster!) as standard equipment in all sedans, coupes and station wagons. You also get bigger, more efficient brakes that team up with Corvair's renowned rear-engine traction to give you just about the surest-footed car that ever latched onto a road.

Which brings us to the things we haven't changed a bit. Corvair's quicksilver steering. Its jigsaw agility on corners. Its gutty air-cooled engine. Its supple, even-keel ride. But why waste time with words when you could be down at your dealer's driving one right now!... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



Corvair Monza

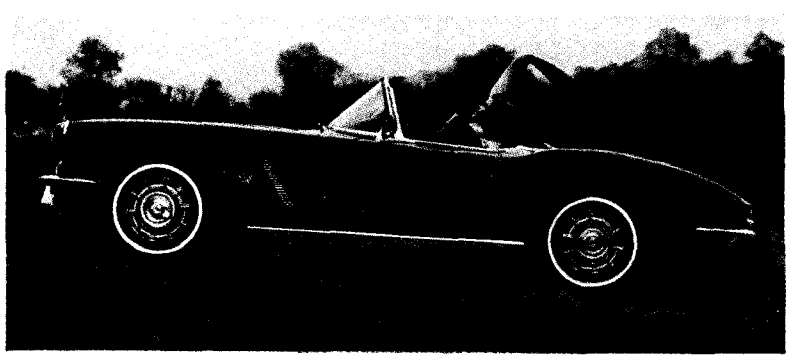
This is the one that started the bucket seat brigade. But it's what happens *after* you sit down behind the wheel of this Monza Club Coupe that the other makes can't match.

★ ★

'62 CORVETTE

New go—for the goingest car in America!

Dramatic styling refinements and a smooth new 327-cubic-inch V8 make this the swingingest, breath-takingest Corvette yet. See America's only true sports car at your dealer's. He's got just the one to convert you to a full-fledged wind-in-the-face sports car enthusiast.



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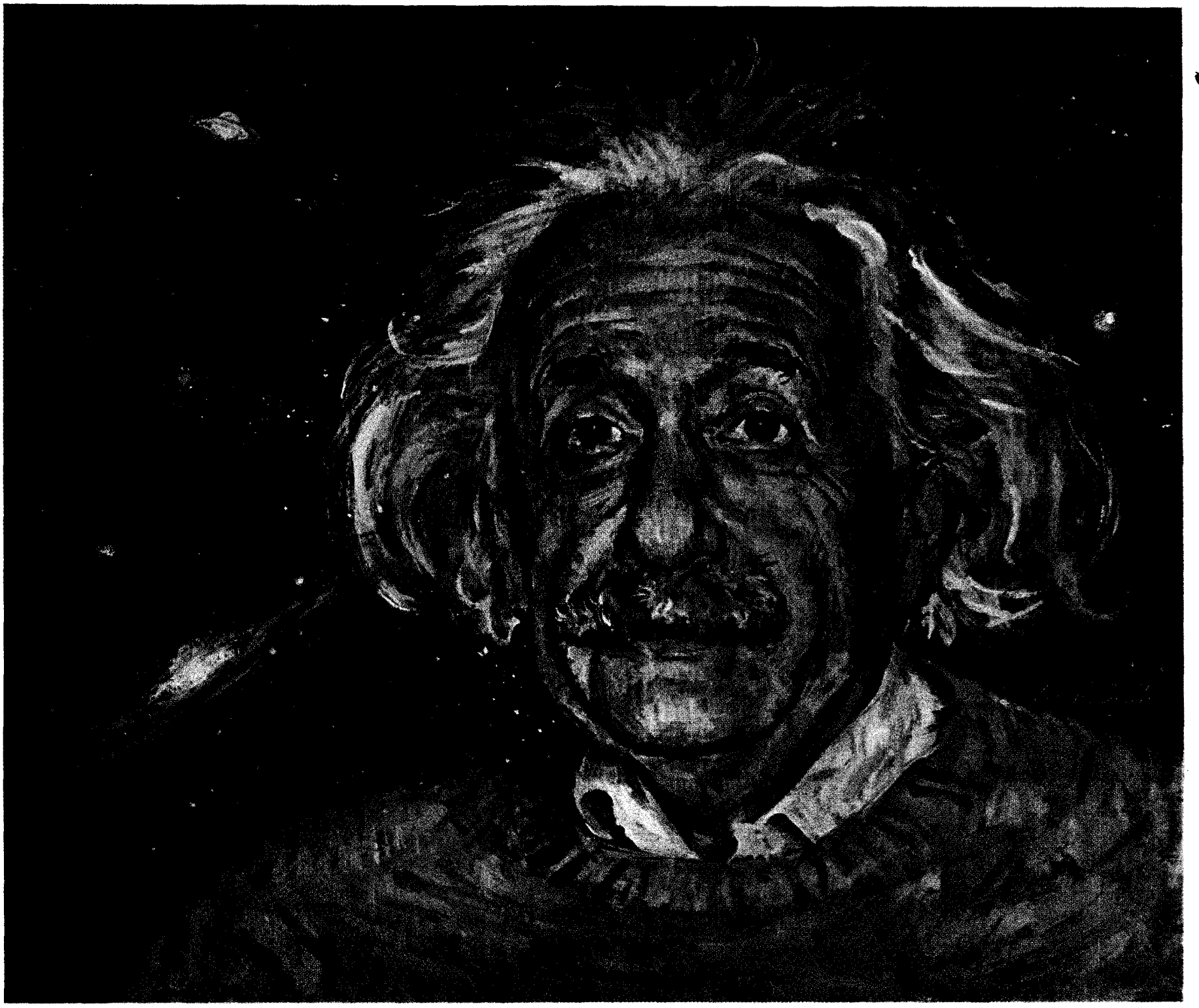
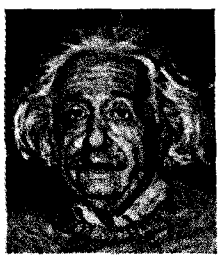


He showed us the promise of a new age...



A. Einstein.

LIKE SO MANY OTHERS, Albert Einstein came to America to find freedom of thought and inquiry. And here his genius was fulfilled. Here he pursued his explorations into the nature of the universe. And here his $E = mc^2$ opened up the marvels of the atomic age.

Working on the farthest frontiers of human knowledge, Einstein looked into eternity with the soul of a mystic. For problems solved he was humbly grateful: "You see, God always takes the simplest way."

He was a mild, pipe-smoking kind of man, who spoke softly, as if in awe of the wonders that had been revealed to him. "The professor" was never so happy as when he was working in his study, with pencil and paper his only tools.

It was the dream of Albert Einstein's life to bring into a single pattern all the miracles of the universe, from the tiniest atom to the greatest galaxy. This he attempted in great leaps of creative imagination. One was the concept of relativity in space-time, all worked out in a kind of sublime mathematical poetry.

When twenty eminent scientists were asked to name the all-time immortals in the field of science, Einstein's name appeared on every list. In the centuries to come, when most of today's records have been erased from the tablet of time, the name of Einstein will shine out still—a beacon light for all who seek and strive on the threshold of the unknown.

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

THE NEW MILLIONAIRES OF PHOENIX

Penniless and fiercely ambitious young men swarm into this sun-baked city with just one aim: Money.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Every evening just at sunset a prominent citizen of Phoenix, Arizona, makes his way to the Kiva Club, a pleasant, glass-enclosed hideaway on top of the Westward Ho Hotel. There he sheds his coat and drapes himself in a high-necked jacket of blue velvet. Around his neck he hangs a strand of silver beads from which dangles a large, fierce-looking bird, fashioned of turquoise and hammered silver. At his waist he cinches a heavy belt, also of silver, curiously wrought. Thus attired like a Hopi medicine man getting ready to pray for rain, he proceeds to his evening's labor, which consists of greeting strangers and telling them—if they care to listen—how it has come to pass that Phoenix has grown so fast in the past dozen years, and in the process has produced so heavy a crop of young millionaires.

The citizen who draws this duty every evening is a member of the Thunderbirds, a group of young "Phoenicians" who take turns dressing in jacket and beads to play host to visitors, and to tell them about Phoenix's picturesque past, its thriving present and the fabulous prospects

The rags-to-riches boys in the Arizona desert where they hit pay dirt. From left are promoter Jim Paul; builder John Hall; land speculator Lee Ackerman; banker Jim Patrick, a nonmillionaire who helped make the moneymen by granting them loans during the lean years; manufacturer Bill Garland; mortgage broker A. B. Robbs Jr.; builders David Murdock and John Long.

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that face the city and the dusty desert valley in which it lies. The Kiva is a private club, run by the Thunderbirds, to which prominent visitors are invited so that they can peer from a great height upon the valley and see for themselves the wonders that have been accomplished there.

The story the Thunderbirds tell goes something like this: Long before London and Paris had ever risen beside the Thames and Seine, an ancient people called the Hohokam lived beside the narrow Salt River that trickled thinly past the site where Phoenix now stands. They built an amazing system of dams and ditches to water their corn and cotton fields. For reasons that puzzle anthropologists they disappeared, and for 500 years or so the wide Salt River valley—now known as the Valley of the Sun—was inhabited by a few thirsty tribes who chased lizards for a living and knew little of irrigation. Finally the Spaniards came up from Mexico, but, finding only cacti and sand, they soon went away.

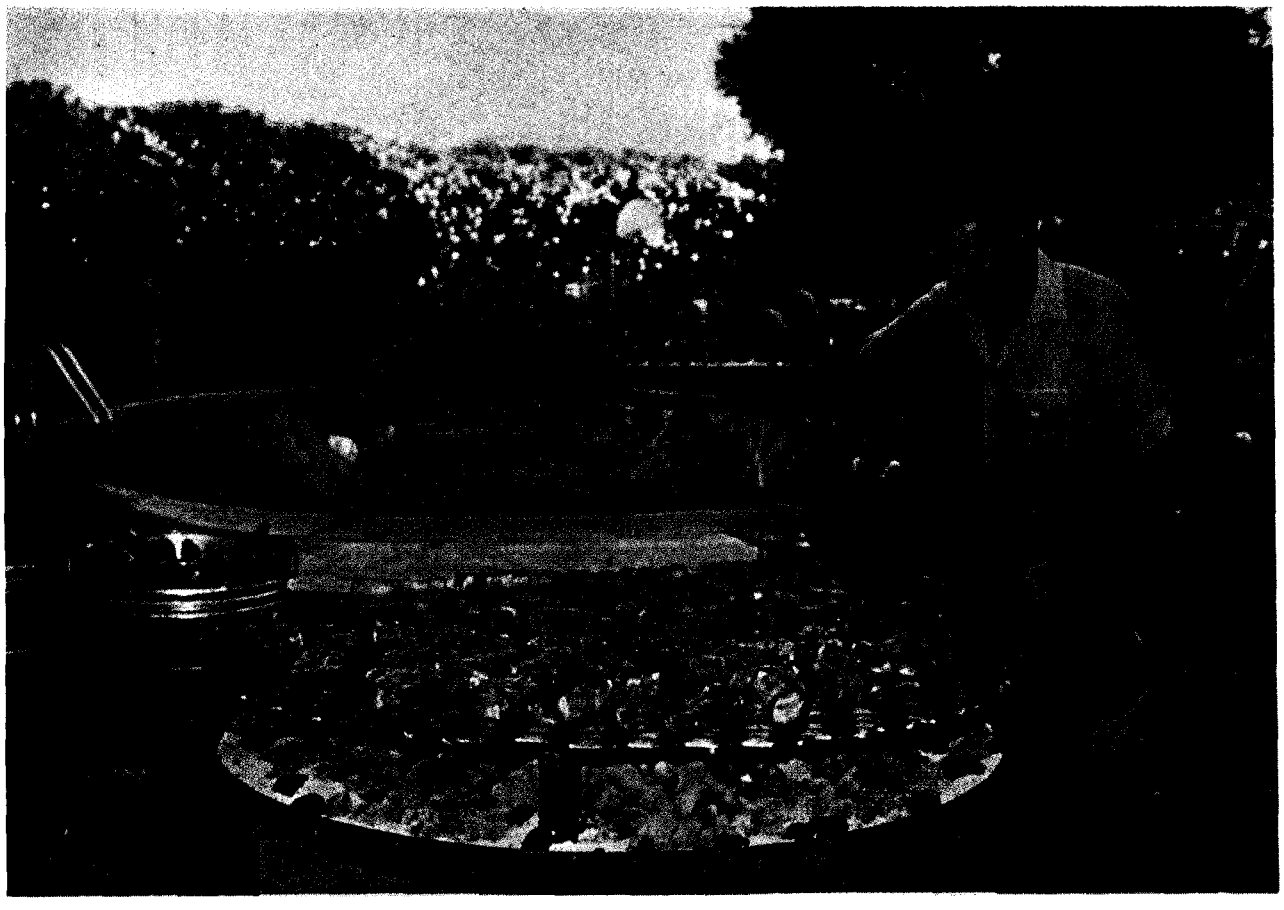
After them came the covered wagons, bound for California. They crossed the bone-dry land as quickly as their oxen could plod. Then the United States Cavalry came, and in 1864 a citizen named John Y. T. Smith arrived to cut wild hay along the Salt River to feed the cavalry horses. Within a few years other settlers were clearing out the rubble that filled the prehistoric irrigation ditches, water flowed in to turn the desert green with grass and crops, and Phoenix was again a place of human habitation. A bibulous Englishman named Darrel Duppa was stirred to eloquence by this miracle. To a bewhiskered audience he delivered an oration pointing out that from the ashes of the ancient civilization a great metropolis was arising, like the phoenix of Greek mythology, which every 500 years set its own nest afire and rose, reborn, from the flames. His hearers didn't understand what he was talking about, but if their community had to have a name, Mr. Duppa's "Feenix" seemed as good as any.

For the first forty years or so, Phoenix seemed destined to perish in its nest, either of drowning or of thirst. Spring floods washed away the earth dams the settlers built. In summer the river ran nearly dry. But in 1911, in the high hills northeast of Phoenix, Roosevelt Dam—first of the great Western reclamation projects—began to impound and control the waters of the Salt. Broad canals and a network of ditches carried water to the rich soil of the valley, and beyond the city spread orange groves and cotton, corn and alfalfa fields that looked like squares of emerald silk laid smoothly upon the desert floor.

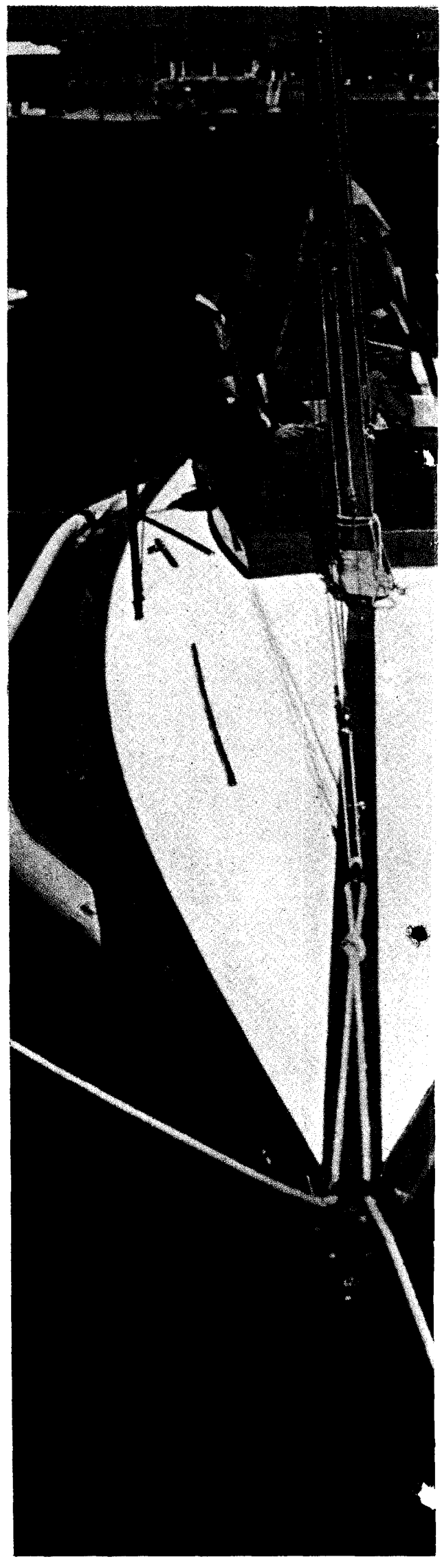
It was not until World War II, however, and the years thereafter, that Phoenix began to flap her wings and soar. In 1940 the town had a population of 65,000. Today it is pushing half a million, and 2500 new people are moving into the city or its nearer suburbs every month. The green fields are disappearing under the sun-reflecting roof tops of 80,000 new houses, and 290 light industries that give off no smoke or smell are producing more than $275,000,000 worth of goods a year.

Phoenix had long been accustomed to the arrival of strangers from afar. For generations Americans suffering from sundry ailments of the muscular and respiratory systems had been coming to Arizona, seeking surcease from their aches and sniffles under the blazing desert sun. Along with them had come the seekers of quietness and peace, the very rich who had made their money and wished now to enjoy it in mansions that sat like eagles' nests atop the sun-baked mesas.

The migration that began just after the war was something different, for the people who came were neither sick nor rich. They were young and strong and broke and restless, and fired with the same westering spirit that had sent the covered wagons across the plains a hundred years ago. The population explosion back East and in the Midwest saw cities expanding until their borders merged, but the people who came to Phoenix were not moving in little frog-hops from a city apartment to a house in the suburbs. They were moving across a continent, tearing up old deep-grown



The good life in Phoenix. Bill Garland mushroomed 40,000 borrowed dollars into a $3,000,000-a-year steel-fabricating business.



Red-shirted A. B. Robbs Jr. can afford yachting because he quit a $40-a-week insurance job to ride the boom.

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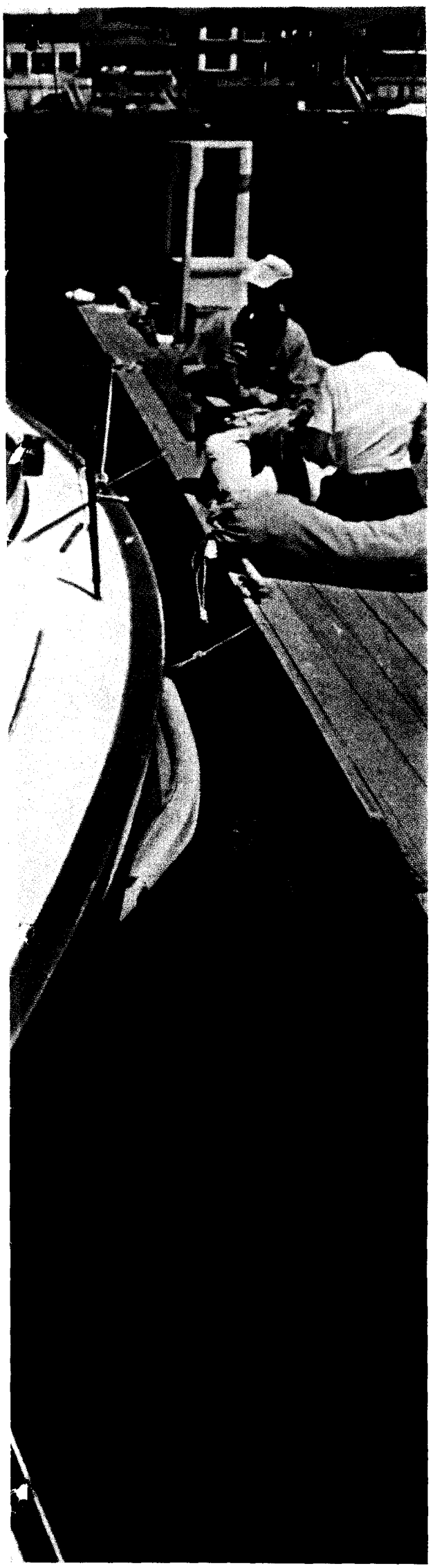


Photographs by Slim Aarons

roots, abandoning the social and economic patterns of the older settled areas to make a new life for themselves under a bigger, brighter sky, in a vast empty land where it didn't matter who a man's family was, or how much money he had, or what school he'd gone to—or whether he'd gone to school at all.

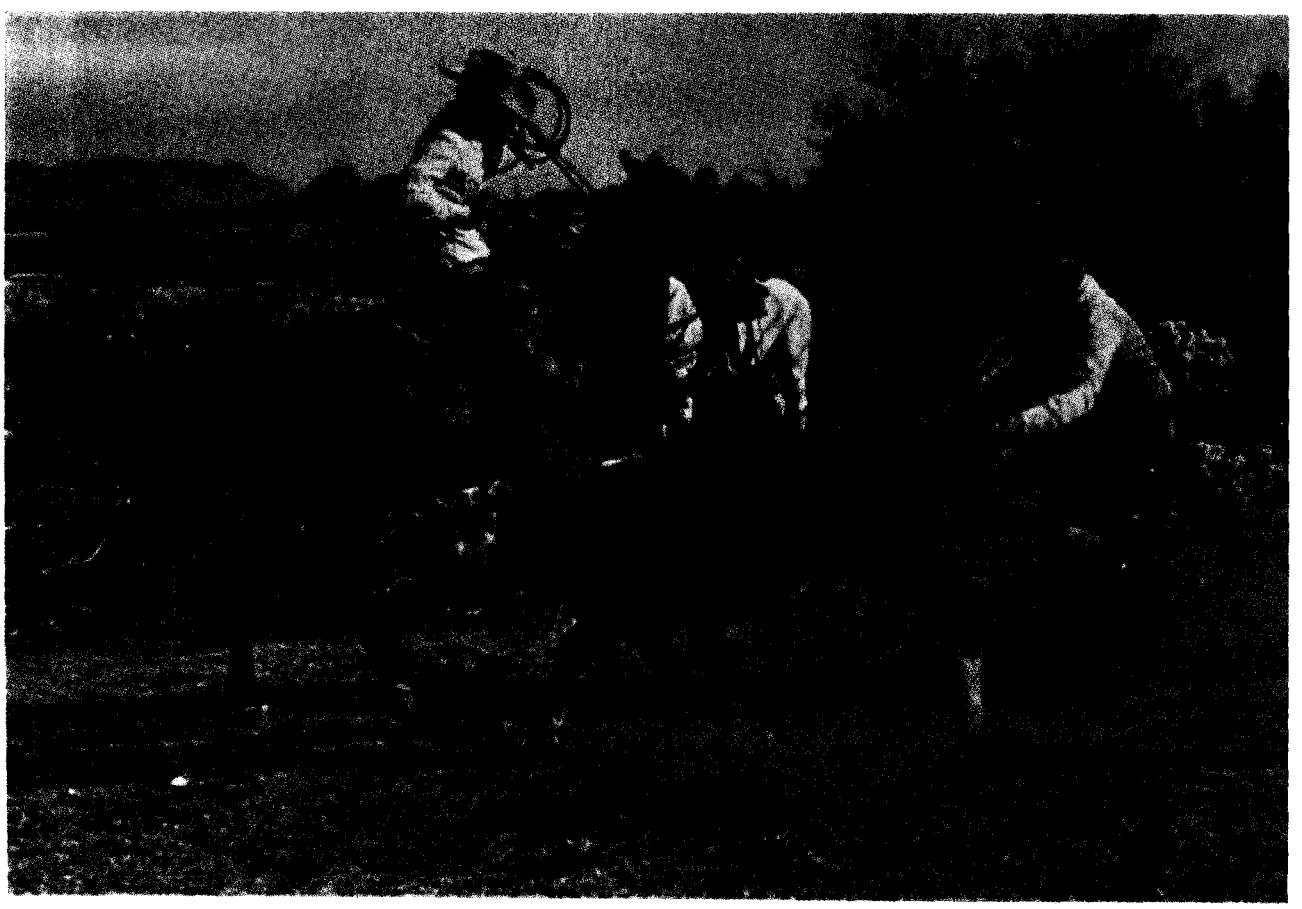
"They came out here to make tradition, not to live under it," says James E. Patrick, executive vice president of the Valley National Bank, who himself was an immigrant from Indiana.

While making tradition some of them also managed to make large sums of money, and in so doing they left their mark on the town. Above the flat valley towers the twenty-story, six-million-dollar Guaranty Bank Building, the handiwork of builder David H. Murdock, aged thirty-eight, a onetime gas pumper, salesman and short-order cook. Around the city in all directions sprawl the mushrooming suburbs, built by Messrs. John Long, Ralph Staggs, and John Hall, all of whom not so many years ago were toiling in the hot sun as journeymen carpenters. On winding streets that curve around a golf course lies the country-clublike Sun City, a haven for elderly retired folk, built by Jake Jacobson, hard-driving construction boss for the Del E. Webb Construction Company—who had to borrow ten dollars to buy the gas that brought him to Phoenix. Beyond the great hump of Camelback Mountain sits a sumptuous waterhole called Mountain Shadows, a fabulous spa set down in the middle of the desert by an ebullient promoter named Jim Paul, who got his financial start converting abandoned streetcars into wartime housing. Less spectacular to the eye, but as productive of great wealth, is the steel fabricating plant where Bill Garland, a bomber pilot during the war, is growing hugely rich manufacturing a new type of cotton-harvesting machine, and the fine new factory where a sobersided young Mormon named Jay Wright, who started off as a sixty-five-dollar-a-month appliance salesman, now builds $15,000,000 worth of air conditioners every year.

Prospering equally with the builders and manufacturers are the land speculators and the money men. Lee Ackerman, thirty-nine, a wartime transport pilot and onetime newspaper reporter, made his millions buying and selling desert land—and then spent a great deal of it in an unsuccessful race for governor. A. B. (Bob) Robbs Jr., slim and crewcut, came out of the Navy to join his father in a small insurance business that netted him about forty dollars a week. He switched to mortgage brokering and started riding the upward surge in FHA loans. Today he has $300,000,000 in mortgage money on his books, a net worth of around $3,000,000, and a sixty-six-foot sailing yacht—berthed at San Diego—which he races to Honolulu and Bermuda.

Other men with equal brains, ambition and energy, though prevented by the nature of their jobs from taking the risks that might have made them vastly rich, have also had great impact on the town. Jim Patrick, the banker, served as guide, counselor and financial backer to most of the hard-driving young millionaires until their need for long-term financing grew larger than his bank could handle. Walter Lucking, forty-seven, president of the Arizona Public Service Company, has spent $140,000,000 in the past five years, and plans to spend $320,000,000 more by 1966, to keep his company abreast of the valley's sprawling growth. Sam Mardian, a migrant from California, was prospering greatly in the building-supply business until the civic bug bit him. He now is mayor under a reform government determined to keep the town as John Gunther once described it—"the cleanest city in the United States."

The case histories of the young millionaires reveal some curious similarities. Most of them came from somewhere else. None of them, when they arrived, had any resources except their wits. Only two of them had a college education, and some of the most successful had not bothered to finish high school. More than half of them failed, or came near to failure, in their first business



Jim Paul (right) tails down a steer for branding at "Bronco," his 20,000-acre ranch. Paul owns controlling interest in three other spreads in Arizona. His hobby is racing quarterhorses.

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Harvard graduate Lee Ackerman prefers politics to buying and selling land, but thus far he's had better luck at making money than winning citizens' votes.

Walter Lucking, president of the Arizona Public Service Company, has backed the state's businessmen to the tune of $140,000,000 in the past five years.

ventures, and some more financially stable citizen of Phoenix had to pick them up, dust them off and set them on their feet again.

The most spectacular of them all and by far the most articulate is David Murdock, who does not seek to conceal the fact that his one ambition is to be the biggest builder in the country. A slender, tightly wound young man with a voice like the bugling of a bull elk, he is so impatient to move on toward this goal that he sometimes claws at the doors of automatic elevators, trying to make them open faster.

"I can't control my energy," says Mr. Murdock, pacing the floor of his handsomely decorated office on the top floor of his Guaranty Bank Building. "I can't sit still or stand still. Something is boiling in me all the time."

The impatience to get ahead began to boil in Murdock at an early age. Born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1923, the son of a traveling salesman, he moved successively to Detroit, and to Fostoria and Wayne, Ohio, where he quit school in the tenth grade to go to work in a filling station. Wiping windshields and checking tires seemed to him to be a menial type of work, so he quit again to take a job in an aircraft factory in Detroit, hoping thus to avoid the attention of his draft board.

He was called up anyway, and served out the war in the States, spending most of his time as a gunnery instructor at an air field near Boise, Idaho, where the deep snows in the winter convinced him that, once the war was over, he would immediately seek a warmer climate. Holding to this resolution, he set out for California as soon as he was discharged. His ambition was to become an automobile salesman, but dealers in those days didn't need salesmen; they needed cars. He then headed east, found himself snowbound in Prescott, Arizona, and turned south to escape the chill. Ninety miles away he rolled out of the snowclad hill country into the hot, dry desert north of Phoenix.

It looked like Paradise, he recalls—"that fabulous sun, that clean blue sky. Those palm trees and orange groves and everything green." Strangely enough, he didn't stay. Restless, he drifted into Texas, where he got a job selling surplus war materials. As soon as he had made a thousand dollars, he headed for Mexico, where he spent it all. He then moved back to Detroit, arriving there with six cents in his pocket.

The time had come for him to put into practice what he considers the world's noblest art— persuading people to do what you want them to do. He first sold a loan company on the idea of lending him $1800 to buy a restaurant owned by an ex-G.I. buddy, who was willing to part with a hole-in-the-wall eatery for $3800. He then persuaded the restaurant owner to take a note for the remaining $2000. By day he cooked, an art at which he had no previous experience. By night he painted the place and scrubbed the floors. The restaurant began to make a little money, and emboldened by this success, he next sold himself to Miss Lillie Ann Lamarca, a college graduate with a master's degree in biology, who was running a beauty parlor that also was doing well.

It was not long before Mr. Murdock had persuaded his bride that they should sell their businesses and start out anew in a warmer land. After they had sold everything they owned and paid their debts, there was enough left over for a down payment on a car and house trailer, plus a few dollars in cash. They headed first for Florida, found it raining there, and moved on to Texas,

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where it was raining even harder. They set out then for Arizona, and once again the green oasis of Phoenix worked its spell on Murdock.

This was late 1947, and the building boom in Phoenix was just beginning. Murdock, his wits sharpened by vicissitudes, was smart enough to sense that others who felt as he did about the place soon would be coming in by thousands. Since somebody must build houses for them, it might as well be he.

His only handicap was the fact that he knew nothing of building houses, he had no land and he had no money. His salesmanship, however, was equal to the challenge. He found a real-estate dealer with lots to sell who would wait for payment until houses were built on them and sold. He found a contractor who needed work, and he managed to borrow enough money from Bob Robbs, who was just starting in the mortgage-brokerage business, to start three small $6000 houses.

All went well until his contractor partner, who was having domestic difficulties, suddenly left town, leaving the houses half finished and Murdock, in his phrase, "broke and owing," with unpaid carpenters threatening him with labor liens and worried materials dealers chasing him with unpaid bills.

"I had enough trouble for a thousand men," he recalls. "But I remembered a poem I read once as a kid—*Invictus*, by a guy named Henley. 'Out of the night that covers me, black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be for my unconquerable soul.'"

The unconquerable Mr. Murdock put on a clean shirt and went down to the Valley National Bank, which came through with the loan that saved him. He finished the houses, sold them, paid his debts, borrowed more money and kept on building. He progressed from small, cheap houses to large and expensive houses, to duplexes, to apartments. Soon he discovered that building for others was a slow way to get rich, for income from such enterprises was eaten up by taxes.

With Mr. Robbs digging up Eastern capital to finance him, he started building small office buildings, moved on to larger office buildings and finally to the multimillion-dollar redevelopment of whole downtown blocks. By building and retaining ownership he found sound leases would provide a steady income over a period of years, depreciation allowances blunted the tax bite and when he needed a large chunk of cash, the proceeds of a sale were subject only to the tax on capital gains. He now looks on the builders of mass housing as being slightly touched in the head.

Since teetering briefly on the brink of insolvency fifteen years ago, Mr. Murdock has built nineteen office buildings in Phoenix. In the process he has had to borrow some $20,000,000, but this fact does not disturb him, for his gross income from leases is now running about $4,500,000 a year.

This, he says confidently, is only the beginning. Not long ago, from the $400,000 Cloud Club on top of his bank building, he looked out over the city and outlined his plans for the future.

"I see in my mind's eye exactly what I'm going to do here," he said. "I see a lot of beautiful new hotels, new office buildings with big companies as tenants who have never been here before. People may say that all Murdock is interested in is making money. That's not true. I'm interested in creating things, for creativity is the life of the world. You see my buildings. They are making

Cocky, relentless David Murdock and his $6,000,000 Guaranty Bank Building, a milestone in his progress from drifter to big-time builder.

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me rich. But they are making the city bigger, stronger, richer too."

Once he has shaped Phoenix into the city of his dreams, Mr. Murdock, who is already building in California and New Mexico, intends to extend his operations to other states. "I am going to be the biggest real-estate operating company in the United States," he says, "the biggest sole proprietorship. There are lots of big companies, but they are owned by skeentillion stockholders. I'm a loner. I can't run with the crowd. I want to build an empire like J. Paul Getty, the oil man, built. I'll do it too. Ten years from now I'll be worth a hundred million dollars. Does that make me sound like an egotistical ass? I don't mean it that way. It's just something I've got to do."

In contrast to the driving and driven Mr. Murdock is quiet, slow-talking John Long, who was dragged almost reluctantly into the career that has made him rich. Born on a farm on the outskirts of Phoenix, Long struggled through high school in the outlying community of Glendale, where his outstanding achievement was to fall in love with a fellow student named Mary Tolmachoff, a farmer's daughter of Russian descent.

When Long left at twenty-one to serve four years in the Air Force, Phoenix was what it had been since his boyhood—a quiet farming community living comfortably on cattle, cotton, grain and vegetables. He came home to find the town caught up in a frenzy of construction. The forty-acre family farm had been sold—for $1000 an acre—and his father and his older brother were busy building houses for returning G.I.'s. He set up a small landscaping business, married Mary, and finding the $10,000 homes his father was building too costly, he and Mary set out to build their own.

He owned a hammer and $250 in cash. He borrowed a saw and a T-square from his father and $7000 from the Valley National Bank. With Mary toiling beside him he set to work. Neither of them knew anything about construction, and it was six months before the job was done. Before the house was finished, anxious home seekers were coming by, asking if it was for sale and getting a quick brushoff from Mary. Finally they got an offer of $8500. They had sunk $4200 in the house, not counting their labor, and to Long this profit of $4300 looked like pretty good pay for six months' work. He promised Mary that if she would consent to sell, he'd start another house for her immediately. The second house went the same way. So did a third, and a fourth. By now he was hiring carpenters and building faster, and Mary had graduated to keeping books and hauling materials in a truck.

They built fifteen houses before they finally managed to keep one for themselves. They still live in it. It cost $9000 when finished, and they have spent at least that much adding to it to take care of the arrival of three children.

Since these beginnings Long has built and sold more than 15,000 houses in Phoenix. "I think the secret of whatever success I've had," he says, "is due to the fact that every house I built, I built as good as if I was going to live in it myself. People like to deal with a builder on the job. They like to see the bones of a house as it is going up. I sold many a house right on the job, filling out the sales contract on the fender of my pickup truck."

Long is now building sixteen houses a day with a working force of nearly 800 men and a payroll of more than a third of a million dollars a month. Like most of the other young millionaires, he has known his bad moments. In 1950 he had contracted to build sixty houses at $7400 each, which included a profit for him of around $250 a house. The Korean War came along and sent materials prices soaring, wiping out any prospect of a profit. He couldn't renege on the contracts, and he couldn't afford to take the loss. He was driven, therefore, to work out the mass-building procedures which have since proved so successful. Instead of building each house as a separate unit on the site in the traditional way, he set up jigs on which large sections of framing could be nailed together at a central point and hauled to the job on trucks, and he began to prefabricate all his cabinet work. This first crude venture into automation cut his construction costs to the point where he could still turn out a good house at the $7400 price and have a profit left.

Long's houses now cost from $9400 to $15,000. His profits, though, still range from $250 to $500 per house, as they did when he was building $6000 and $7400 houses. He, like Murdock, is well aware that the builder who must take his profits as ordinary income is working, in the main, for the tax collector. So in the new community of Maryvale, which he built, where 50,000 people need groceries, gasoline and clothes, he has put up shopping centers and commercial buildings to serve them. He retains ownership, and leases the buildings for a rental plus a percentage of the gross.

Long's next project is the construction of 1600 apartment units on an eighty-acre plot in the center of the Maryvale development, to rent to old folks for sixty-five to ninety-five dollars a month. The 50,000 people who live in Maryvale have come from all over the country to work in the huge plants run by Motorola, AiResearch, G.E., Goodyear, and Sperry-Phoenix. Nearly all of them have parents who live far away and now are nearing retirement age. He feels that many of these oldsters would like to come to Phoenix, to live near, but not with, their children and their grandchildren.

When the $12,000,000 apartment project is finished it will bring the value of Long's building enterprises in Phoenix to nearly $190,000,000. Out of all this activity, Long himself has emerged with a net worth of some $5,000,000. He does not look, nor act, like a man who commands so much wealth, and he is probably the only millionaire in Phoenix who drives a car that is not air-conditioned.

"I'm out on the jobs a lot," he says, "for I try to stay as close to the workmen as I can. If I showed up in an air-conditioned car, I can hear them now: 'Look at that s.o.b.—sitting there like a polar bear on a cake of ice, and me sweating out here in the hot sun.'"

Long's success has been emulated, though in somewhat lesser degree, by two other youthful builders who started on a shoestring and are now well past their first million. Ralph Staggs, thirty-eight, son and grandson of Phoenix carpenters, quit school after the eighth grade to go to work for his father, digging foundations and mixing mortar for fifty cents a day. He came out of the Navy in 1945 with $800. Today, if he had any idea of retiring—which he hasn't—he probably could sell out for $3,000,000. John Hall, thirty-six, had never built anything more complicated than a hog feeder on his father's Missouri farm when he came out to Arizona to let the hot, dry climate heal a lung that had been damaged by pneumonia. He is now building more than 1000 houses a year and is in glowing health both physically and financially.

Long, Hall, Murdock, Staggs: all have one thing in common—a complete obsession with their jobs. Lee Ackerman, on the other hand, is of a divided mind. He finds it pleasant that his land operations have resulted in a net worth of some $1,500,000, but his main ambition is to be governor of Arizona. A graduate of Harvard with a degree in political science, he came to Phoenix after the war as pilot for a planeload of junketing New England governors. He sensed what Murdock did—that here was a town just beginning to boom. His political sense also told him that Arizona was a place where a personable man could go far in politics.

Beginning as a newspaper reporter, he switched to advertising, ran for the legislature and won, and got out of the advertising business. He then went to dealing in land, a profession in which a reasonably prudent speculator could easily make a fortune as prices soared from $500 or $1000 to as much as $10,000 an acre. Once he had laid enough away to provide for his family, he dived into politics again as Democratic candidate for governor in 1960, and took a severe licking from a Lincolnesque Republican named Paul Fannin. He went back to buying land, but his ambition to be governor is still undimmed.

Although most of these men have made their millions in a few swirling years of great activity, big loose-walking Bill Garland, a onetime Californian who piloted B-17's during the war and was shot down over Czechoslovakia, seems destined to make his even faster. Garland's small steel-fabricating plant, founded in 1952 on a $40,000 grubstake from a friend, was rocking along in 1960, doing a gross business of about $3,000,000 a year building water tanks and highway culverts, when a man named Bill Rood showed up at Garland's office with a machine that would pick up cotton that rain, wind or picking machines had knocked onto the ground. He had been to four big farm-machinery manufacturers, Rood said, and they all had turned him down, even though his first handmade machine had picked up $19,000 worth of cotton in 246 hours. Garland agreed to build twenty-five machines at $4500 each. Before the year was out, he had built 361. This year he is building 1000 to sell for $5,250,000, and has bought half of Rood's patent rights for $12,000,000, to be paid out of royalties as the machines are sold.

Less widely known but more spectacularly successful than all the rest of Phoenix's younger millionaires is tall, raw-boned Lavergne C. (Jake) Jacobson, now forty-eight, who arrived in Phoenix in 1938, broke, hungry and looking for a job. He persuaded a small contractor named Del Webb to hire him as a timekeeper at twenty-five dollars a week. The war came on and Webb's expanding firm became a multimillion-dollar business, building airfields and cantonments. Jacobson, who had never finished high school, was his chief estimator. In 1945 Webb took him in as a partner. Today, as vice president and general manager, he bosses huge construction projects—missile bases, hotels and subdivisions—from California to Florida. His 900,000 shares of the company stock are worth around $8,500,000, and other assets bring his net worth to about $14,000,000.

A modest man, he sees nothing remarkable in what he and the others have done.

"We just happened to be in the right place at the right time," he says. "Plus the fact that most of us didn't have much education. That made us think and work about three times harder than anybody else."

THE END

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Jim Paul at Mountain Shadows, the swanky spa he built in the desert. The two blondes are guests at the resort. Paul, a rugged, genial man, is perhaps the most colorful of Arizona's golden boys.

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HIJACK

The interior of the cab was normal–except for dried blood. This stained the right side of the driver's seat and more was puddled ... black and hard now... on the cab f

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In the north-country morning, birds complained that there had been no real dark all night and thus for them no sleep. A stray dog, napping in the early-summer sun, awoke to snap at a buzzing fly, then staggered resentfully toward the shade of the lonely Canadian customs station at Snag, raising small dust clouds with his dragging toenails. No vehicles moved on the Alaska Highway; but from the log station, inspectors Halloran and Rath followed Mike Orem toward a parked tractor-and-trailer, bright green except for the name, COLVIN-ALASKA, in white on its side. Johnny Gill lifted his head from the big diesel, waved, then dived into the machinery again as Orem unlatched a rear door to the trailer. Halloran swung up into the van behind Orem, glanced at a lashed-down airplane engine, then at packing cases stowed farther forward.

"Afraid I'll have to ask you to open them, lad," he said. "It's the regulation—and a bit of curiosity as well. I've spent a dozen years in the Yukon without seeing even one bar of gold."

Orem said, "I know what you mean." With a claw bar he pried against the sides of two cases and in turn each came away, the nails squealing.

ON THE ALASKA [illegible]

He said, "There they are—forty-two little lovelies. We stowed them so you could take a count without a lot of shifting. The things weigh thirty pounds apiece."

Curiously the customs officer opened paper wrappings covering the ends of the stacked gold bars—bars looking more like loaves of bread than anything valuable. He thumped one with a forefinger. "Well," he said, "the wife would whine if I kept one on the sideboard, and they're too heavy for doorstops. Still, if you just happen to have a spare ——"

Orem laughed. "I'll keep you in mind," he said. "The boss wouldn't mind. He's only been trying to get this business away from the airlines for two years. He'd truly love to have the first shipment come up short."

They jumped down from the trailer, and Halloran attached customs seals to both the rear and side doors. Johnny Gill came back from the tractor, wiping grease from his hands. He said, "Are we set?"

Orem pulled on driving gauntlets. "I'll take her for a while."

"Then I'll get some sleep." Gill reversed his course, climbed the left step of the tractor, entered the narrow door of the sleeper bunk and shut it behind him with finality. Orem climbed into the driver's seat as the two customs officers headed back toward the station.

Rath said, "What's the routing on that gold shipment?"

Glancing at a copy of the manifest, Halloran said, "From a smelter near Fairbanks to the U.S. mint—value, $643,000."

"With two not-quite-dry kids in charge of it! You just hope nothing happens until they get past the next 1500 miles and over the States border to Seattle. If something does, we'll be making official reports for the rest of our lives."

Behind them the tractor's big engine growled as Orem turned it up, snap-shifting through the first of the multiple gears. From the immediate cloud of dust a long blast of his air whistle came back in farewell.

In the log shack which served as Mounted Police headquarters in Fort Brucker, Bruce Colvin faced the constable. A red-faced man with huge hands still roughened from last winter's cold, Constable McGregor carefully maintained the not-quite-friendly, not-exactly-unfriendly, closed and uncommunicative expression common to police officers faced with unpleasant situations they hope later to understand. So protected by official attitude, he also listened to the insensate muttering of his radio and an equally insistent buzz from a clot of flies on the screen door. Only when both paused did he speak. He said, "For a man driving from Seattle, you got here fast."

Colvin glanced outside at a dust-daubed sedan, a nice little car which never would be quite the same again. He said, "I was halfway up here when I got the report you'd found our rig. Those drivers were supposed to check in twice a day. I started north when their call was twelve hours overdue."

"Understandable," McGregor admitted. "Can't just see a chap sitting around and waiting for $640,000 in gold to turn up again. It must have meant quite a bit to you."

Colvin clamped down on a surge of impatience, recognizing the constable's need to fish for a little information. He said, "It did. So do the men on that rig. They're youngsters from my home town."

The constable's quick glance flicked at Colvin and away again, as if he were afraid sympathy might show. "Not sure it'll do any good," he said, "but you'd like to see the truck?"

Colvin said, "I would."

McGregor's station wagon was dirty and the shock absorbers were practically useless, but his hands were steady on the wheel and his accelerator foot ignored the washboard of the graveled road. They spun in the wide right-of-way and bored north on the highway, dust billowing from the wheels and a fine cloud of it seeping in around the edges of the closed doors. Dust obscured the distant Saint Elias peaks to the west and soiled the green of scrub timber by the roadside. In the rear of the car a pair of handcuffs and an invalid litter rattled impartially.

The constable said, "It's bad this time of year—no rain. P[illegible]'re not going far." Delicately he negotiated an s curve without [illegible]ng. "Perhaps you should know: I cover 150 miles on this high[illegible]y to make it both ways in a day when I can. But I don't look up every side road every day." Almost reluctantly he slowed, wheeling the wagon into a single track at right angles to the highway. There were no guideposts. "I check this one more often than most," he said. "There's a hot spring up in the hills, where people camp. Have to watch them for fires and such. But I hadn't been in here in two days when I found your rig." He swung right once more, into a track even narrower. A few birches leaning nearly together above it showed bark scratches, but Colvin could see nothing unusual until a stocky Indian with a shotgun in the crook of one arm suddenly appeared in front of them. The constable stopped; and the Indian raised his free hand in a half salute. As they stepped out of the car, McGregor said, "Good morning, Joe. Anything doing?"

Joe said, "Couple of high-school kids. They was at the spring and smelled my cook fire. Nice fellas, but I run them off like you told me. O.K.?"

McGregor said, "Right. This is Mr. Colvin, Joe, the truck-line owner." He led the way around a bend in the track. Beyond it, a big green trailer and tractor blocked the track, the whole rig canted half into a ditch, one rear door open with the broken customs seal still hanging from the lock. McGregor said, "Whoever drove it in here wasn't worrying about getting an eighteen-wheeler out again. You can go on up."

Colvin vaulted up on the van floor and picked his way around the airplane engine. In the front of the van the packing cases still remained, but their pried-off tops lay beside them. At Colvin's elbow McGregor said, "Easier that way, I suppose. They could carry out a bar at a time. Were they insured?"

Sharp pain twisted Colvin's stomach, and in front of his eyes were the grinning faces of a pair of small-town youngsters, waving their brand-new truckers' licenses and mouthing their curious dream: "What we want to do, Mr. Colvin, is to drive the Alaska run for you—that's what we want to do more than anything."

"The gold's insured," Colvin said, "but insurance doesn't mean much to a couple of families."

They threaded their way to the rear and jumped down. As if reciting, McGregor said, "She's just as I found her yesterday afternoon. No telling when she was driven in, but the tracks must have been twelve hours old, and the engine was cool." He paused. "Imagine you'd like to have the equipment released, but we can't do it just yet. Will that inconvenience you?"

Colvin shrugged. "Not too much. We've notified the freight consignees of a delay, and a spare rig will take over the northbound run."

McGregor said, "I've never really understood your operation."

"Fast meat-and-vegetable run," Colvin said. "A reefer rig leaves Seattle every Thursday night, due in Fairbanks Monday morning. If the two drivers are lucky, they get some rest in Fairbanks, then head south again. This stuff"—he indicated the lashed-down freight—"is just pickup, anything we can get for a back load. The gold was the best profit item we've ever had."

He pushed brush aside to walk around the trailer, climbing the short ladder to the right-hand running board on the tractor. The interior of the cab was normal, except for dried blood. This stained the right side of the driver's seat, and more was puddled—black and hard now—on the cab floor. Wordlessly Colvin pushed

Continued on Page 104

BY WILLIAM L. WORDEN

DESIGN BY S. NEIL FUJITA

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ARTHUR RICKERBY

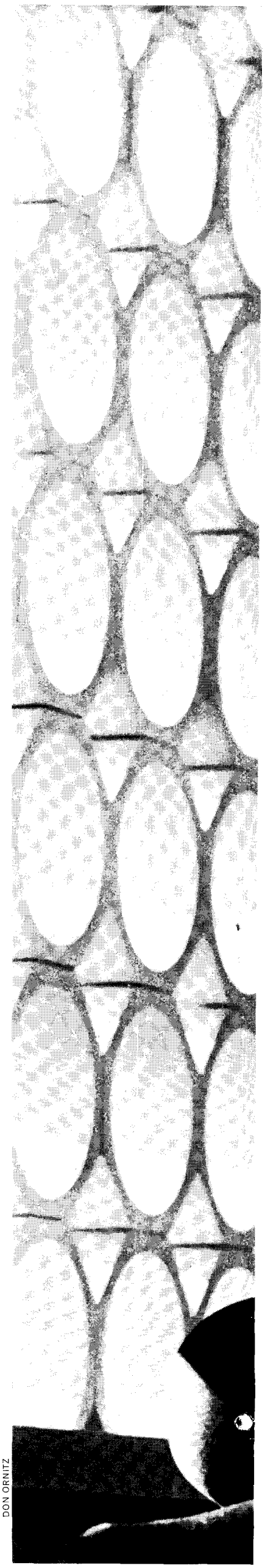
People on the way Up

Harry Goldie, Space Shipwright

Perched in the middle of one of the nation's most important space programs—Project Dyna-Soar—is Harry Goldie, 35. He is a senior project engineer for the Boeing Company, the contractor in charge of integrating the Dyna-Soar program for the Air Force—designing, building and launching a rocket-boosted glider which can be blasted into orbit, then flown back to earth. An outspoken and tough boss ("I've fought with more people than anybody else in the company," he says), Goldie encourages dissent and hot debate among his 1750-member teain. "When a man gets mad," he explains, "he'll work twice as hard to prove he's right and I'm wrong." Goldie went to Boeing in 1949, won his first advancement in two weeks, after asking to be taken off a dull drafting job. About advancement, Goldie has a theory: "The way to get ahead is to remember the valuable experiences, the mistakes and the things you've done right." And Goldie's memory is stropped sharp.

Joanie Sommers, Toothsome Thrush

Green-eyed and twenty, Joanie Sommers is a pop singer with perspective. Though about to make real money—she is booked through February in top night spots—she owns no car, still rides the bus and won't splurge on new furniture for her new apartment. "I can't have everything at once," she says. Joanie learned thrift the hard way. She grew up in a poor section of Buffalo, N.Y.; when she was nine, her parents divorced, and while her mother worked, Joanie washed and cooked for the younger children. Later her mother remarried and the family moved to a trailer camp near Los Angeles. Singing with school bands led Joanie to a job singing in a resort, which led to a contract with a record company. (Best-selling record: *One Boy*.) She loves to improvise her way off a melody and back again. She can't stand rock 'n' roll, doesn't drink or smoke, uses little make-up. She has appeared on TV with Jack Paar, Bobby Darin and Pat Boone and is now on tour with a company headed by comedian Mort Sahl. Says Sahl: "Joanie isn't a mouseketeer—she isn't trying to pass as a cute kid. She gets out and competes with the experienced singers. She could be a real heavyweight."



DON ORNITZ

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BILL BRIDGES

People on the way Up

Jack Zajac, Master Painter-Sculptor

Having knocked encrusted plaster from his powerful, sensitive hands, Jack Zajac plays a Hungarian dance in his Claremont, California, studio to unwind after tense hours of forming a figure of Christ. At 31, ex-steelworker Zajac has won international acclaim for his painting and sculpture. Son of an immigrant laborer from Hungary, Jack was painting at 5. At 16 he took over support of his widowed mother, later built her a house with his own hands. In 1950, when Zajac was studying art at Scripps College, a Los Angeles dealer discovered his paintings; prizes and grants soon followed. Much of his work—mainly sculpture now—is on the Passion theme, portraying man's capacity for both bestiality and great love. Fishing enthusiast and prodigious worker, Jack divides his time between Rome and Claremont, where he is building a house for his wife, herself a competent painter, and 3½-year-old son. "This brilliant young artist," writes a critic, "has entered the path from early maturity to certain greatness."

Regina Vilutis, Bewitching Bacteriologist

Knee-deep in the muddy waters of an Indiana river, petite, 19-year-old Regina Vilutis zealously draws countless bacteriological samples for a research project. The wading and long hours of lab analysis are all part of Regina's hard-won National Science Foundation grant for bacteriological study at Purdue University's Calumet Center in Hammond, Ind. Bewitching as well as bright, Regina reigned as the Center's Prom Queen last winter. Her life has not always been placid and gay. She was an infant in Lithuania when her family fled Communist deportations to Siberia. They slept in a railroad depot for six months, wandered across Nazi Germany during World War II and finally emigrated to America in 1949. Beneath rust-colored clouds from East Chicago steel mills and factories, Regina attended parochial schools, went on to Chicago's St. Xavier College, transferred to the Calumet Center and discovered her true love—biology. Regina devours American novels (but secretly admits Dostoevski is her favorite), adores Mozart and dancing, cooks Lithuanian dishes at home. Next she'll study for her master's degree in bacteriology. Marriage? It's not in her plans—yet. Says Regina, "I enjoy dating around."

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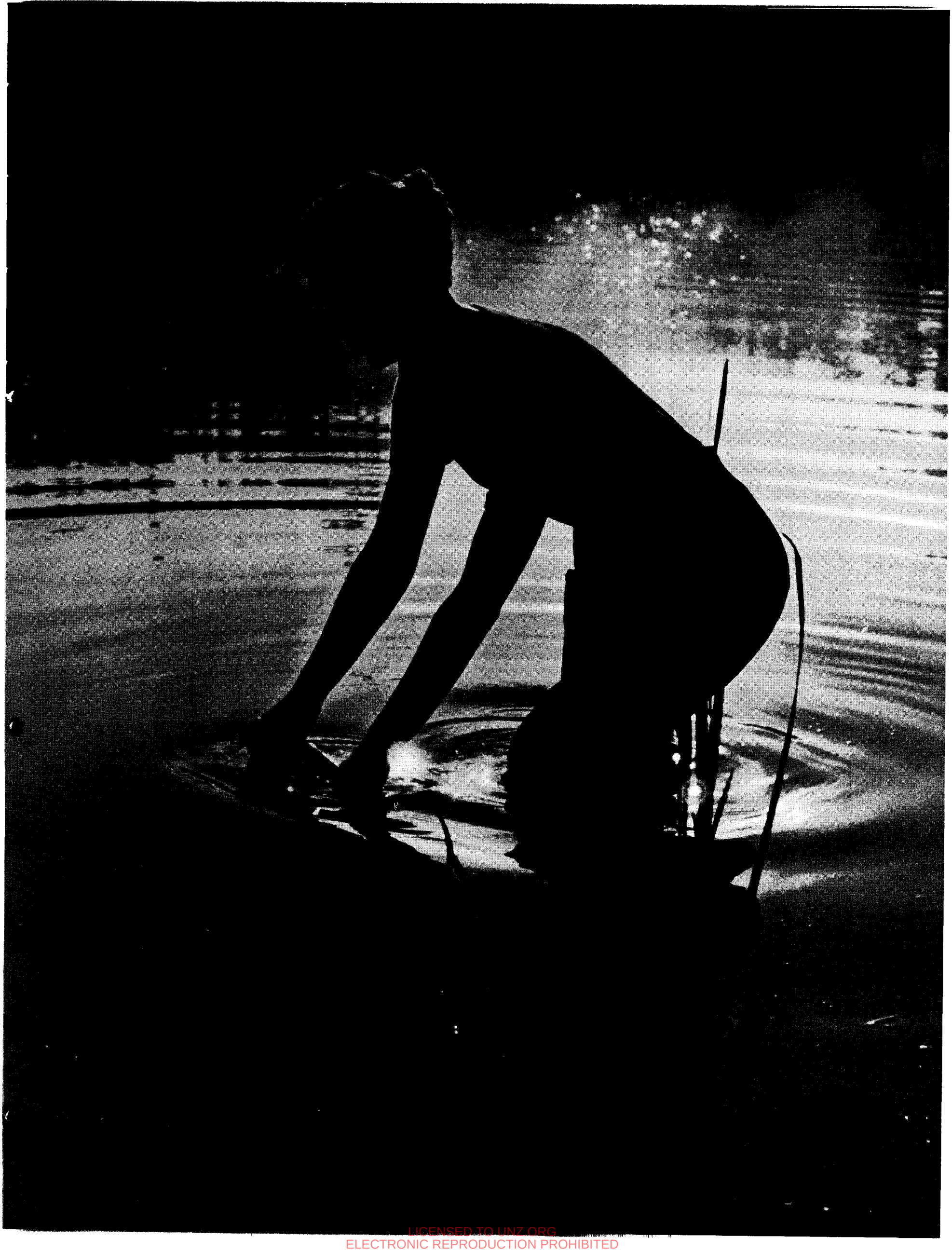

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RFI: INVISIBLE KILLER?

Does Radio Frequency Interference—today's electronic clutter of the air-waves—cause those mysterious plane crashes, missile failures and communications blackouts?

By RICHARD HAITCH

On the docks at the Oakland Army Terminal in California the eerie, invisible "force" had stabbed once more. The giant steel unloading cranes seemed haunted with electrical current, and crews were being shocked and painfully burned. The stevedores had been unloading ammunition ships; now they laid down their equipment and refused to work. For too long they had moved gingerly, trying to outmaneuver the peril.

Investigators diagnosed the Oakland mystery as another attack by an increasingly active foe called Radio Frequency Interference—or RFI. Anyone who owns a television set has probably been bothered by RFI; it can split the TV image into fragments or obscure it with flickering bands or specks of light. For the viewer the interference is merely annoying. But RFI at its worst imperils human life and property. It blocks communications. It regularly holds up the launching of some United States missiles and has caused others to malfunction temporarily in flight. It has made the nation's military defense system and attack potential a frightening gamble. Some electronics specialists are convinced that unless Radio Frequency Interference is reduced drastically, the country must someday consider dictatorial control by the Federal Government of all electrical energy. For RFI is the result of energy that all types of electrical devices spew into the air; it is an emission of electrical energy from one device strong enough to upset the operation of another.

At the Oakland Terminal, for example, investigators found that the steel unloading cranes were acting as antennas, picking up transmissions from daytime radio station KSAY, whose transmitter is a half mile away. The cranes in turn threw off an electric current that burned the crews. This electronic freak has defied remedy, and the Army has been forced to unload its ammunition and other supplies at night, when the station is off the air. At last reports the Army was suing for a permanent solution to the problem—a court-ordered change of KSAY's power or a change in the location of its transmitter.

Stories about RFI often crop up in newspapers, mainly as amusing, offbeat occurrences. The radio-controlled garage doors of a Greenwich, Connecticut, doctor open inexplicably during the night, and the papers report that he is troubled with electronic "spooks." But the real peril in RFI seldom makes news.

In the not-so-distant days of Edison's first electric light and Marconi's first wireless set, there was no problem of Radio Frequency Interference. RFI arose as the output of electrical devices soared to fill human demands for more and more mechanization, greater and greater comfort. Millions of devices now clutter the air with their electrical emissions. A partial list would include about 2,000,000 radio transmitters in the United States alone, the thousands of public and private TV transmitters, the millions of receivers, plus medical and business machines, radars, fluorescent lights and any number of household appliances. It would be impossible to inventory all the potential sources of RFI.

If the waves of energy put out by all the electric and electronic devices in the world could be observed in the air as moving strands of wire, we would find ourselves enmeshed in an amazing jungle of contorted metal. If by some legerdemain we could separate the wires and trace them to their origins, we would see that they vary in shape and length—some fat, some thin, some many thousands of miles long, others as short as five or ten feet—or even inches. The wires would be extremely active, undulating out from their points of origin and darting hither and yon like nervous reptiles, seeking entry to any other electrical devices attuned to their size.

The diabolic thing about RFI is that the interfering equipment can range from the most potently complex to the simplest and smallest. Emissions from a radio station in Spain early this year hampered the tracking of a U.S. satellite before the offending signals were pinpointed and eliminated through the co-operation of the Spanish government. At Minneapolis, worn contacts in an electronic-doorbell system in a private home let current shoot out into the airways briefly every four minutes. For a day and a night it was impossible for Wold Chamberlain Field, a half mile away, to maintain clear radio contact with approaching and departing airliners. And in New Orleans a neighbor's "wireless baby sitter" snarled broadcasting reception up to four miles away.

One should not infer that these are extreme illustrations of RFI. The record of cases grows fatter every day, and such random examples as these are part of it:

■ A fly, activating an electric fly-killing device in a restaurant at Logan Airport, Boston, caused the near crash of an Air National Guard plane. Investigation disclosed that the fly killer had broadcast a signal that cut into landing instructions radioed to the plane.

■ Another near accident was recorded at a Detroit airport when an arc welder blotted out vital portions of a call from an approaching aircraft.

■ When interference plagued radio messages sent by the fire department at East Palestine, Ohio, the offending signal was traced to a radio beacon in Bristol, England. The Kentucky State Police, on the other hand, found its emergency radio communications in a flood area being broken up by a signal from a Government radio station in Alaska.

■ Radiations from an electronic heater in a furniture factory in Martinsville, Virginia, simultaneously disrupted communications at two widely separated points—the Mackay Radio and Telegraph Company in New York City and a secret Federal radio station in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Case after case could be cited. So numerous are they that the Field Engineering and Monitoring Bureau of the Federal Communications Commission, the U.S. agency charged with tracking down RFI, handles only the more serious complaints. The problems of thousands upon thousands of citizens—poor television reception, for example—are generally viewed as not sufficiently grave to merit attention.

To track RFI, the FCC maintains a network of eighteen long-range radio detection stations, as well as mobile and hand detection units in thirty-one field offices. The network enables the agency to take bearings on far-reaching interference as it is refracted from the ionosphere. Two or more bearings are plotted on a map in Washington, D.C., and the intersection of the bearings indicates the general area of RFI. With further bearings, taken and plotted in antenna-equipped cars, local investigators narrow the search still more, until finally, with the aid of listening devices, they can close in on offenders.

When human life is at stake the FCC steps in quickly, and remarkably efficiently for its limited staff, once the hazard has been brought to its attention. The Government, for example, has warned pilots not to rely on certain air-navigation aids in the vicinity of some major cities. It has banned the use of portable FM radios by passengers in all airliners.

After the mid-air collision of two airliners over New York City last December, the Civil Aeronautics Board began investigating the possibility that RFI had made it impossible for the jetliner in the disaster to obtain an accurate radio-navigation bearing, and thus caused it to stray from its assigned path. Shortly after the investigation started, the FCC enforcement chief in New York, acting under new, sweeping powers conferred by the commission, ordered five factories in the metropolitan area to halt at once the operation of electronic equipment that was radiating excessively on frequencies used *Continued on Page 68*

RFI can hamper vital military equipment, such as this giant radio transmitter used to bounce signals off satellites.

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MOTHER IS A MOVIE QUEEN

THE FILM SIREN ACCEPTED A STARRING ROLE ON BROADWAY— EVEN THOUGH SHE KNEW SHE'D BE A FLOP... BY LOUIS PAUL

Mr. Al York, whose specialty was interviewing famous personalities, was completing an interview with Miss Lora Tremaine, one of Hollywood's most glamorous movie stars. Usually these interviews took place in the lady's boudoir. In this instance Miss Tremaine was seated primly in her library. "And so we can say," remarked Al as the tape recorder continued unraveling its reel, "that you've definitely decided to appear in a Broadway play this fall."

"Yes, darling. And I'm terrified. I've never done anything like *New Blood* before."

"Just one more shot. Would you, ah, relax your limbs, Miss Tremaine?" said the photographer.

"No leg pictures. Please. This is a dignified play, boys. Why do you think I insisted on being interviewed in my library? Only this morning my daughter Lily said, 'Mamma, it's time you gave up those awful sex roles and became a real actress.'" She firmly pressed the stop button of the tape recorder. "That's not all she said. She said, 'Mamma, someday they're going to nominate your bosom for an Academy Award, and that's the day I'll die of shame.'"

"And how old is Lily?" asked the interviewer.

Lora smiled wryly. "Now that's a sneaky question." Seen this close up the star was every bit as alluring as the camera made her. She somehow managed to radiate a sort of illicit charm that was as

Continued on Page 79

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Illustrated By Coby Whitmore

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THE Face OF AMERICA

HAWAIIAN INFERNO

Pele, the fire goddess of Hawaii, is in a rage. Blasted from the deep, flames spurt high into the sky, and rivers of incandescent rock push through weirdly patterned furrows. The scene of this chaos is Kilauea, a crater near the southern shore of Hawaii Island. Fifty thousand visitors gaped at this week-long spectacular. Then Pele simmered down and Kilauea sputtered out. Photographs by Bob Goodman

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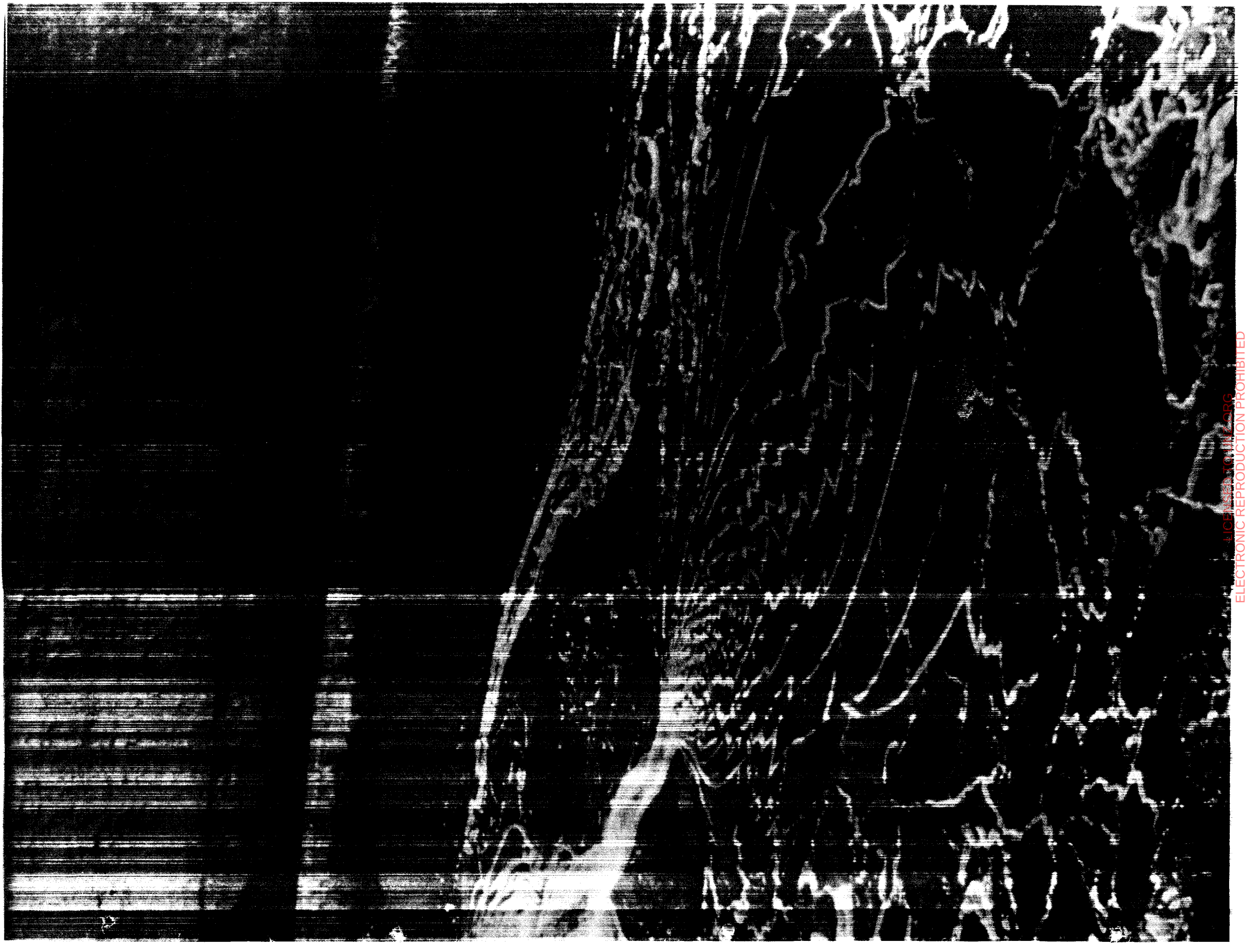

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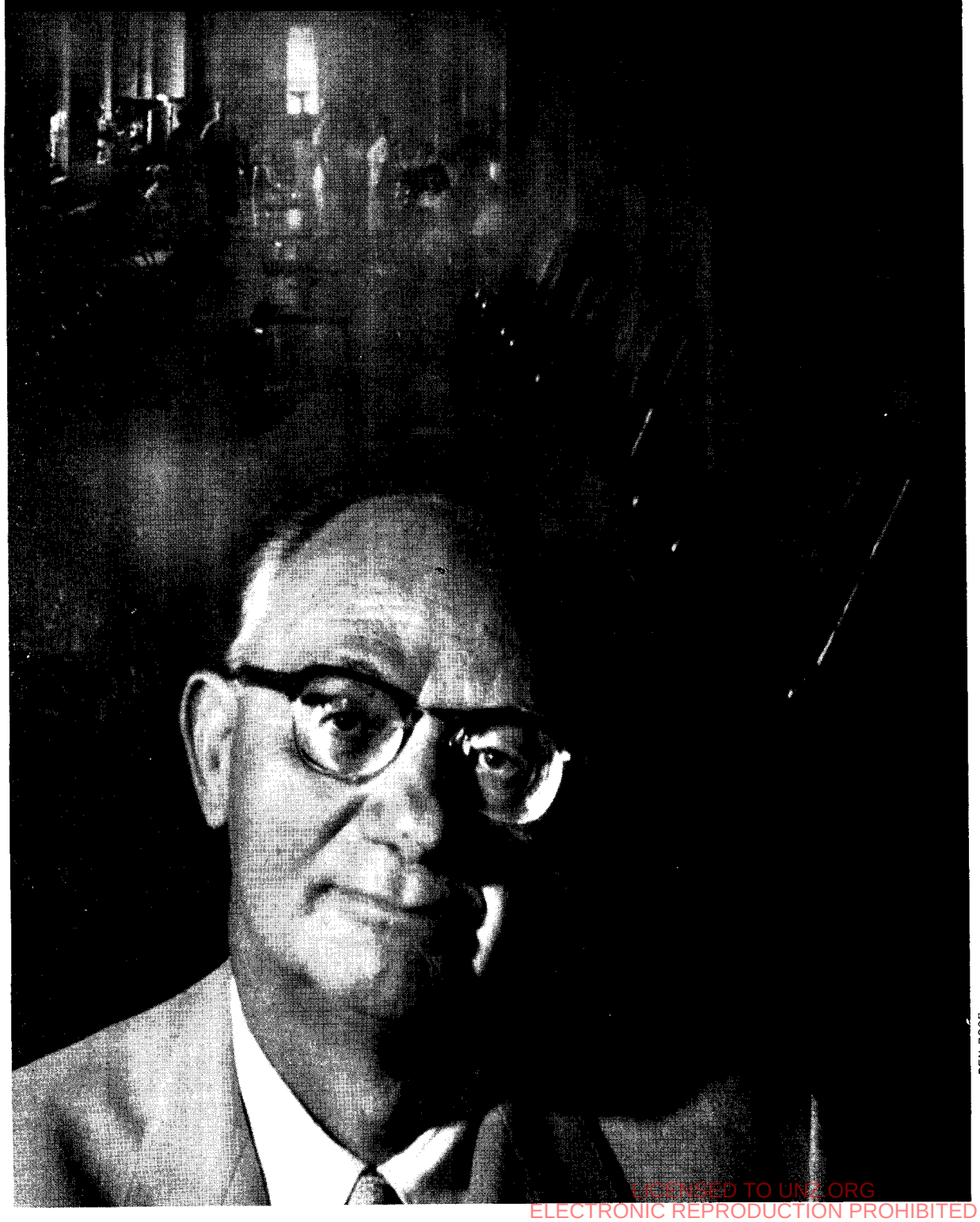
WHAT MENTAL PATIENTS TEACH ME

The superintendent of a metropolitan asylum tells of the surprising way in which the mentally ill help us all.



BEN ROSE

Left: Author Sielke in Byberry (Pennsylvania) Hospital.

By DR. EUGENE L. SIELKE
as told to Anne Selby

The first time I saw him he was standing stark naked in a corner of a hospital ward, rigid as concrete. I was a medical student, and he was the first psychotic patient my professor had assigned me to examine. All I had to help me was a manual of instruction.

The book was no help, but the patient was; for he was the first to show me what the mentally ill have to teach us. I did exactly what the book said—I talked to him, then I talked some more. Nothing made any difference. There was no response, not the slightest flicker of understanding in those staring eyes.

I returned to my professor to tell him of my failure. He explained that the patient was a "catatonic"—caught in that strange state where every muscle is locked in rigidity. "Go back," he said, "and try everything in the book—and anything else you can think of. He's your patient, and he will be for six months."

So I checked the book again. There was a notation that the shock of a pinprick was sometimes helpful in relaxing the muscles. I got a pin and was ready to experiment when an excited attendant grabbed my arm.

"What do you think you're doing?" he said. "Be careful with that man. He clouted an attendant on the head with a bucket this morning and just about killed him."

I put my pin away, but as it turned out, the patient wouldn't have bashed me even if I had stuck him with it. He knew more about my job than I did, as I discovered when he came out of his catatonic fit. He told me he remembered all about the pinprick business.

"Doc, I wouldn't have hurt you," he said. "I knew you were just a student trying to learn something."

"But what about the bucket business?" I asked him.

"I stiffen up like a board sometimes," he said. "And some of the attendants act like I got no more feeling than a piece of wood. They come in to mop up the ward and drag their bucket across my feet or bang it against my legs. You know how it is, doc, when you get to the point where you can't take something any more. That's what happened to me; I couldn't take it any more. So I reached down and grabbed the bucket and hit the guy."

That was the beginning of what the mentally ill have taught me. Even in their most advanced stages, many mental patients are acutely aware of what is taking place around them. My first patient didn't fake those catatonic spells—they were real. But even when he was gripped in that terrible immobility, he knew exactly what was going on. It is thirty-five years since I saw him. I have never forgotten him.

I have lived my adult life, directly or indirectly, with more than 40,000 mentally ill patients. I have worked in three hospitals that care for them. Since 1946 I have been superintendent of the biggest state hospital in Pennsylvania—the Philadelphia State Hospital, commonly called Byberry.

Twenty years ago, when there was widespread revulsion over the way our country

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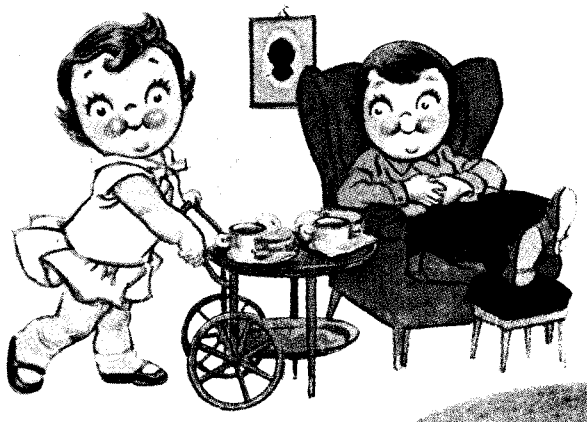

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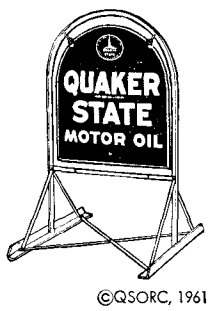

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A mental ward: Its patients have a warning for normal people.

treated the mentally ill, Byberry was held up as one of the nation's worst examples of the "snake pit." We're no longer called that. Today we have 6400 patients—too many for one hospital—but we know our problems and we try to meet them.

The visitor to any state hospital has one reaction: depression. Indeed, it is depressing to see 6400 people taken out of the mainstream of life and cloistered in a community called "madness." But what is madness? In most cases it is simply an exaggeration of traits found in all human nature. If you would learn about human nature, examine its exaggerations; they have much to teach us.

You may know of people who have bought so much on the installment plan that they are over their ears in debt—and they still go on buying. Do they hope that they'll win money in a prize contest, or that a distant relative will die and leave them a fortune? A woman in our hospital may have something to teach these people about their fantasy—in simple terms, a belief that the day of reckoning is far distant. This woman came to us after a spending spree had shown how sick she was. She had a fondness for supermarkets. Once she filled four or five carts with, among other things, four roasts of beef, a couple of cases of soup, four more of imported delicacies and a dozen bottles of Worcestershire sauce. And when the large bill came, she airily announced, "I'm the queen of England; charge it." Hers was a world of constant fantasy; she could not see the consequence of an act. But she was only degrees away from those who risk financial ruin by consistent overspending.

In our hospital there is another woman very much like that supermarket "queen." When I make my daily rounds of the wards, I often find her scrubbing a floor, a task for which patients volunteer. She'll say, "I'm George Sand, you know, just here to study the squalor of this place so I can write my next book about it." She lives in two worlds—one, the not-so-pleasant world of a patient in a state mental hospital; the other, a lovely fantasy in which she is a great novelist.

But what does this lonely dreamer in Byberry have to do with you and me? Well, we all have our daydreams. Perhaps we long to be rich or famous—or just to put aside our responsibilities for a while. Then reality crowds in and we pack away our fantasies, saving them for a day at the seashore, and go back to our jobs. Yet we all know so-called normal people who are forever daydreaming, at their jobs or at home. Invited to a party, they'd rather stay home—just to be alone, just to meditate. They're not mixers, they'll say. For some this is fine. For others—well, is our would-be George Sand the logical consequence?

In one way that woman is lucky. She has only one dream world. What about those with a thousand? Have you ever known a man who was hobby-happy? I have. Today he's a tinsmith: tomorrow he'll be an expert in wood carving. He is a man of many moods. He can be gay and gallant—delighting a roomful of friends with amusing talks of his latest gadget for his basement workshop. But a few hours later his wife and kids had better give him a wide berth when he comes up from that workshop, convinced that he had spent a small fortune for a gadget that was just no good.

In our hospital we have a man I'll call Joe. In the jargon of psychiatry he's a manic-depressive; he has a tremendous span of moods. Joe is in Byberry because he had been involved in too many things in the community, committing himself to more work than anyone could produce in a lifetime. Then came despair and an attempt at suicide.

Some days when I see Joe he'll be terribly busy, full of plans for a better system of serving food or fixing flower beds or improving the central heating plant. On those days he is happy, and his life is euphoric. But he isn't always like that.

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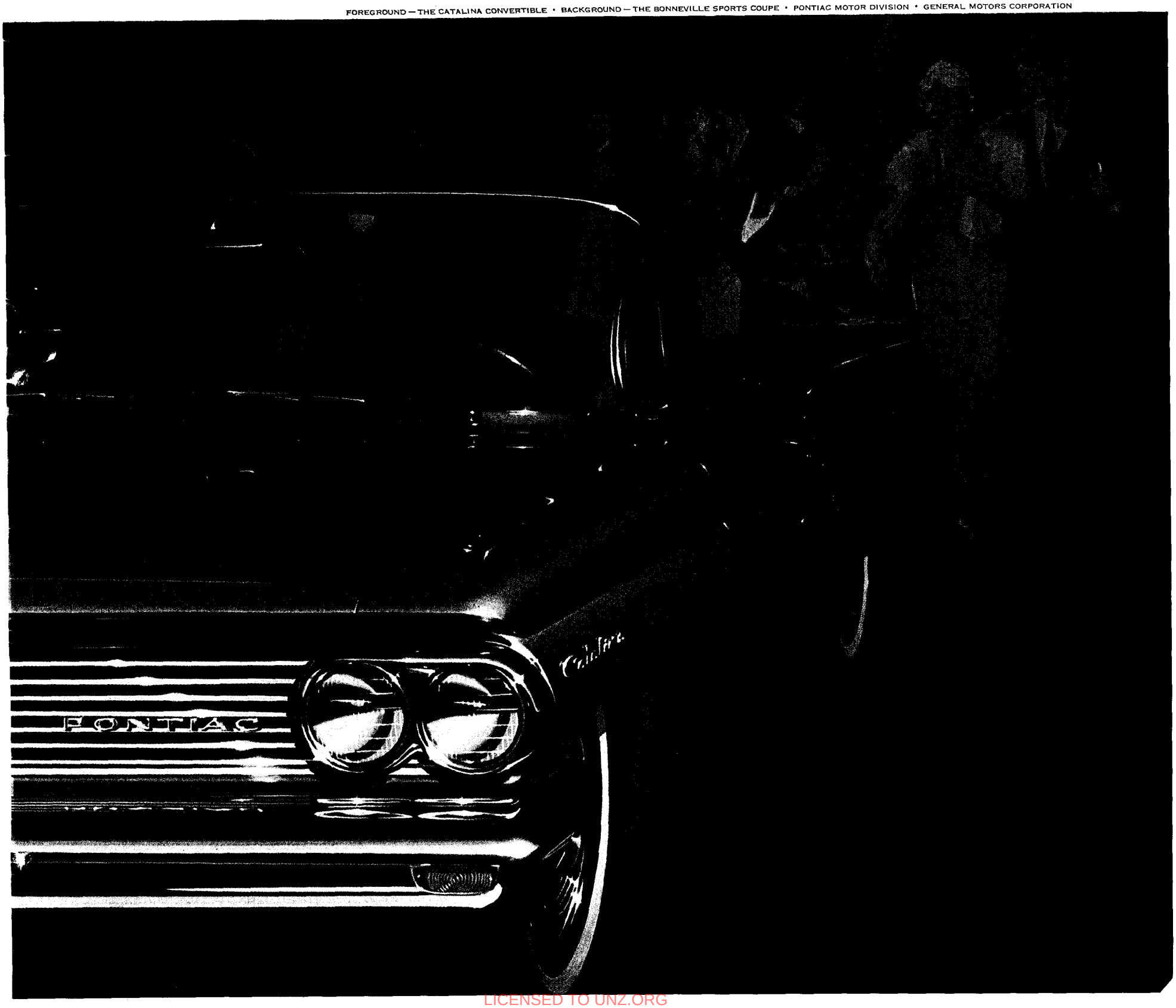

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Some days he has moods of deep and dreadful despair, and if he speaks to me at all, it's only to say, "Doc, I'm no good. I can't do anything right. All the people here hate me, and the attendants are against me." When he feels that way, nothing you can say will help him.

Obviously few of the overactive, over-involved people in the world will end up like Joe. But it's a good idea to stop and think a little before we tackle too many things at one time. I try to. And when I do that, I remember a real lesson thousands of patients have taught me: Don't worry about things that may never happen.

For people who've hit fifty, that lesson is important, particularly, I think, for women. We've all known women of that age who are just plain scared. Maybe you have a neighbor living up the street from your house. She can't have babies any more, and all the children she has had are grown and gone. One son has moved to a city 600 miles away; her daughter is in Japan with a soldier husband; her other son is married and lives in another part of town. When her husband comes home from work, he's too tired to talk to her—or so she thinks. But then she'll see him chatting with a younger woman, a neighbor. She'll watch, without saying a word to him. One morning she'll peep through the curtains and see him stopping on his way to work to speak again to the same woman while she's waiting to put her children on the school bus.

The wife broods, sits around thinking about getting old, becomes jealous, and starts complaining that her children are too busy to come to see her. She says her husband doesn't love her any more. She accuses him of chasing after younger women. Chances are he doesn't know where she got the notion, and he suggests she buy a new hat or a dress "to perk her up." If she's smart, she'll do just that—and perhaps join a club or do volunteer work at a hospital.

I know a grandmother who took up water skiing when she was in her fifties, and she's good at it. I try to remember her when I see some of the women who came to Byberry when they were the same age as she. Most of them we can help—convince them that being fifty is something women have been going through since the days of Eve. Those we cannot reach are tragic. They sit alone, in silence, for hour after hour plucking at their sleeves. Occasionally they'll moan their often repeated refrain: "I'm no good to anyone any more. Oh, God, why don't you take me?" The technical term for their disorder is "involutional melancholia." It's like a raging cancer of the mind, and horrible to see.

Sometimes men suffer from the same illness. It usually comes when they're well past fifty, but it starts with the same runaway fears. They suspect wives of running around with younger men, stopping to meet them in some neighborhood taproom on the way home from the bridge club. Wives do sometimes cheat, as husbands may do, but infidelity is rare when two people have lived all their adult years together. In almost every case I've ever seen, the suspicions were unfounded. So don't look for trouble where none exists.

Still there are people who are envious and too suspicious. Take the office gossip—the male gossip in particular. He's got it in for every bright young fellow who comes to the company. Does the new man work ten hours a day? That's not the reason he's getting ahead. No, sir, he has an aunt who owns stock in the business. Others in the office can tell him to lay off, explaining that the new guy is just an eager beaver, that he's nice to everyone in the firm, including the cleaning woman.

The gossip will scoff. "Just wait," he says, "that boy is kidding you chumps along; he'll look for your weaknesses, so he can take advantage of you." Sometimes you wish that men and women like these would save the time they waste in envy and spend it doing their jobs.

Perhaps they would if they could see certain patients in Byberry, men and women whose lives have been so seared with envy and suspicion that they have locked themselves in a chamber so seclusive that they can't talk to members of their own families. I often wish that I might have seen them, talked to them, years before they came here. No suspicion, no distrust should grow so bitter as those cases I see in our hospital.

Consider the man we'll call Sam. He's been in Byberry about six months. He is suspicious of the nurses in his ward and despises the attendants. One day Sam came to my office with a complaint. I saw him, of course. I see every patient who wants to complain. Sometimes it helps them to know they can "have it out with the boss"—I always hope it will. Sam grumbled about everything. Doctors, nurses, attendants and patients were included. I listened. Then I tried to explain that all we wanted to do at Byberry was help him. He shook his fist in my face and cursed me, his eyes flaming with fury. For Sam didn't want help or friendship or interest. Life had buffeted Sam, and the last thing he wanted to believe was that any-

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one felt kindly toward him. He wanted to build a wall of rage between us. With the Sams of our hospital, time and talk are the only cures. There are no stethoscopes that sound the human mind, no X ray to photograph human thoughts.

When Sam suddenly left us that day, I found myself wishing he had stayed longer. Working with patients is the job I trained for. I don't get much of it any more. When Sam was gone, I was back with my pyramid of paperwork, the forms to be made out in triplicate and sent to Harrisburg, our state capital.

It probably sounds as if I'm sometimes frustrated. I am. But here again the mentally ill can teach us. I've learned to put those frustrations away for a day at the beach, and get to work on the things that can be done. By the time a person gets the chance to take a day off, something good will have happened. Just be sure you do take that day in the sun and the sand. Perhaps you have known people who feel too important, too busy in their jobs to take more than a quick break for a smoke. They're mighty serious about it all. Every task done by a subordinate must be checked out—even sometimes redone, and for no real reason. They feel that the work will be completed correctly only if they do it themselves. Why? Because, as they are quick to tell you, it's impossible to trust most people today to do a good job. They think they are better than most.

Sometimes they are, but they should remember it's a good idea to relax and not take life too seriously. Among our patients at Byberry we number some paranoids. What marks a paranoid? They are stifled not only by the suspicion that all psychotics bring to a mental hospital but by their conviction that they are superior to all other people. These are among the most difficult patients to help. They have removed themselves to a world in which only they know what is right. In their eyes the doctor who spends hours talking to them and trying to get them to talk to him is stupid. The nurses who want only to work toward their cure are beneath contempt; the ward attendants, unspeakable.

Usually the paranoids are without fear as we understand it. I remember Jane, who was a patient at Byberry a few years ago. She wanted nothing to do with anyone at the hospital. And yet, when a small fire broke out in the ward, it was Jane who stamped it out with sneakered feet. Jane was not afraid; she considered herself superior to flames. And she had only disdain for the doctor when he dressed her burns and congratulated her for acting so quickly and bravely. Jane had but one terror, and that one she had buried deep. It was the terror of coming back to the world of reality.

We seldom find a patient at Byberry who still knows fear. When we do, we're excited, for the cure is already in sight. It is normal to be afraid. Certainly fear can be carried too far; the neurotic often does just that. He often emphasizes his fears. But the neurotic is still with you and me, living in the same world.

When I read of a new scheme for "conquering your fears," or see a TV show on "living without tensions," I get a little discouraged. Fears and feelings are personal. A wife's fears may differ widely from those of a husband; a son's from his father's. The span of normal fears, like the span of normal behavior, is broad indeed. I have known people who are afraid of walking along dark streets at midnight. I have known also those who are scared of sunlit stretches of sand at noon. Both have their reasons. It can be blinding dark at midnight and blinding light at noon. And who of us hasn't read in his newspaper about thugs on the streets at night and sunstroke on the beaches by day?

So let's face our fears; they're normal, and usually they're right. Isn't it better to know fear than to go so far beyond reality that you ignore the horizon of horror and exist in a world free of fear, where there are no dangers?

To deny fear is to deny self. If there is any single overriding lesson that the mentally ill have taught me, it is this: If we want to live in a sane community, we can never fool ourselves, no matter how cunning we are in fooling others. There is always a small voice which tells us exactly what we are doing. Ask yourself about yourself—and if you don't say you can be a knucklehead, then watch out.

The truth is that you and I—and my patients—can all be knuckleheads, capable of foolishness almost beyond understanding. The difference is that you and I know and accept our failings. And the Lord has indeed blessed him who has the power to laugh at himself. Humor is the leavening of life, enhancing our joys and moderating our sorrows.

In a mental hospital there is little humor. Laughter, yes; but this is not the laughter that comes from a soul at peace with the world. In Byberry we see ridicule, which is bitter; what we seldom see is the gentleness of humor. I submit, the mentally ill have much to teach us. THE END

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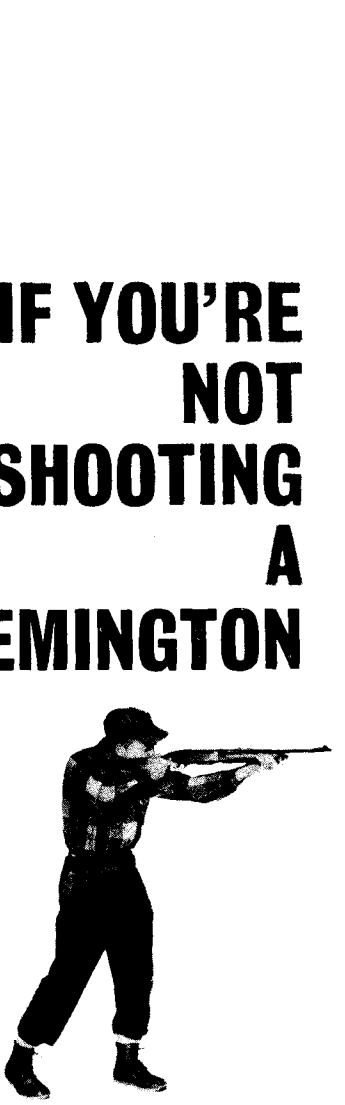

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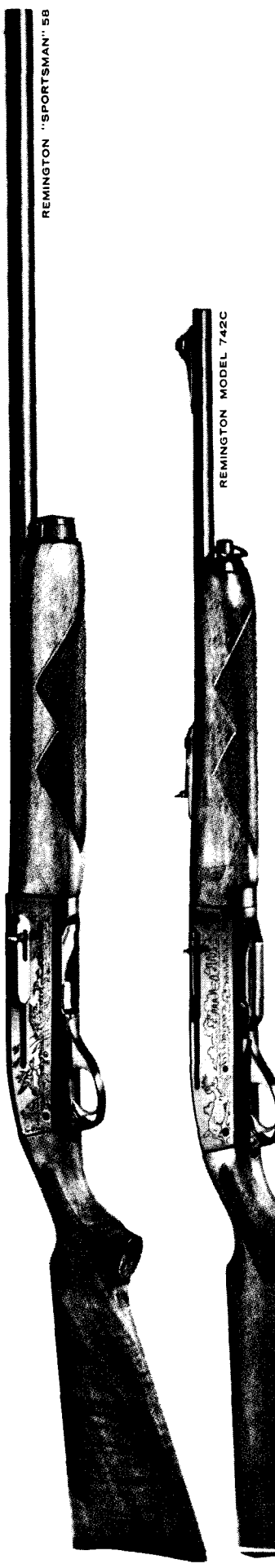

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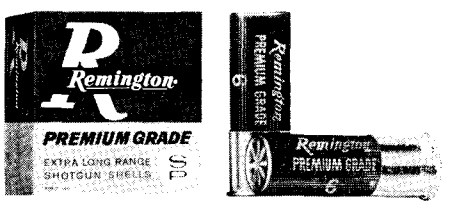

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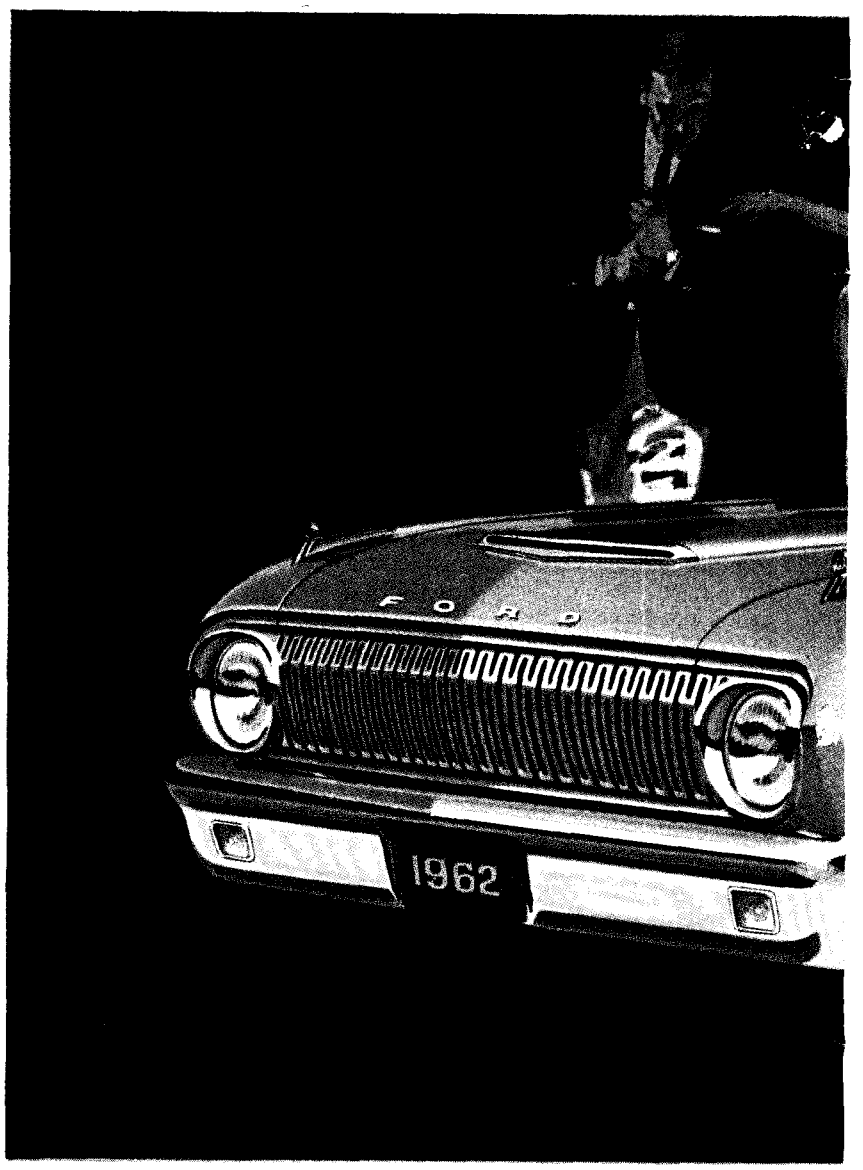

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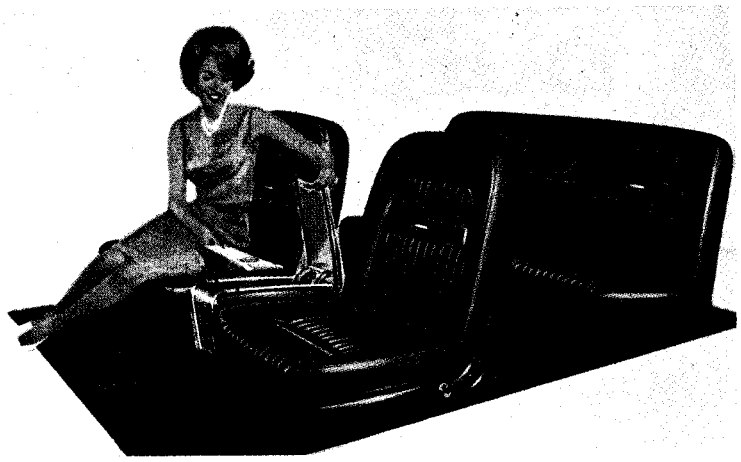

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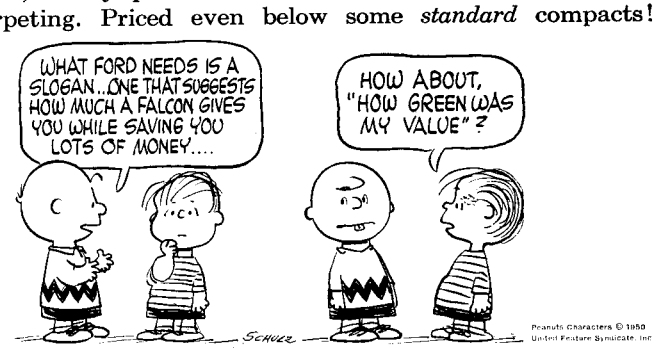
WHAT FORD NEEDS IS A SLOGAN...ONE THAT SUGGESTS HOW MUCH A FALCON GIVES YOU WHILE SAVING YOU LOTS OF MONEY....
HOW ABOUT, "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALUE"?
SCHULZ
Peanuts Characters © 1960 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

Ford Falcon '62

BEST SHAPE ECONOMY'S EVER BEEN IN

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She had to pass through a gantlet of terror. Why? Because it was...

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

by Shirley Ann Grau

The two painters were first. They came—early in the morning while that side of the school was still in the shade—in a rusty Ford truck. They took out one small ladder and a couple of buckets and carried them wearily up the front steps. Swallows flew out, twittering, from their perch on top of the lintel. The painters stretched, sighed, had a final cigarette and began work. They did not bother sanding, though the doors faced west and had blistered and cracked under the fierce heat of the setting suns. The painters wiped off the summer's spider webs and brushed off the dead bugs. Then they put on another coat of blue paint.

They took their time, moving their arms slowly up and down, not talking, but whistling, each a different tune. The paint was lumpy and too thin. It dripped and splattered on the concrete steps. When they had finished, there was a pattern of blue dots drying in the sun, their color a bit brighter than the ones that were spilled last year.

PAINTING BY JOHN FALTER

A week later the janitor came, swept the floors with sawdust and got a hose and squirted a little water on the grass in the plaza. That grass had been planted in June. The Garden Club had bought it, the very best St. Augustine grass, and planted it in the little front plaza around the flagpole. But the rains hadn't come, and the tufts of grass turned brown and dried. By the first week of September they were still spotted there, like polka dots.

Behind the school was the playground, an open stretch that the WPA had leveled years ago, back in the '30's. It was just 100 yards or so of bare flat space. Then the bleak face of the hill reared up, thirty feet high, its crest trimmed by the straggling picket fences and the privy-shaped tool sheds of adjoining houses.

There wasn't a single speck of grass on the slope of the hill, and there wasn't much more on the playground itself, just hard-packed mud, cracked like china in the sun and flooding like a tide basin in the rain.

On that particular morning in early September a little breeze was lifting up whorls of red dust, and the sun was hot and bright overhead behind a cloudy sky. The crowd had begun gathering early. At first it was just kids. They stacked their bicycles in little groups against the lamp poles at the corners. Some of them, mostly girls, climbed up the trees and worked their way out to the ends of the limbs, the way they would do if they were waiting for a parade.

After a while, when it was a little past seven, others came—men mostly, only a few women. They parked their cars several blocks away and walked down, singly and in little groups, until they were directly in front of the school and across the street. They didn't stand on the sidewalks. They drifted up on the porches of the nearest houses and loitered there.

Sometimes those people came out to join them, and sometimes the front doors were closed and locked firmly in their faces. When that happened, they sat down anyway in the cane-backed porch chairs and rocked themselves slowly.

Perched in a chinaball tree a girl wearing a bright-yellow dress began singing, "Down in nigger alley . . ."

The people on the porches stopped rocking briefly and glanced up at her. Her voice drifted off, and everybody sat silent, waiting.

Mrs. Louise Vandiver parked her car at the town square. The lawn sprinklers were going. She could see the little tin things dancing up and down like children. The two Confederate cannons, the four pyramids of cemented cannon balls dripped and shone under the cloudy sky. Beyond the reach of the sprinklers the cinder paths and the lines of benches were dusty and dry and empty.

Mrs. Louise Vandiver heaved her heavy body out of the car. There was a yellow-painted parking meter in front of her, but she did not bother with it. All of the meters were broken. When they had first been put in, several years ago, people had objected, particularly the country people. So they had banged into them with their trucks until they were twisted into crazy angles and broken. It would have cost too much money to repair them and too much to take them up, so they stayed, a raggedy picket line around the square.

Mrs. Vandiver walked rapidly so that her chins jiggled and beads of sweat popped out on her face. At the side of the city hall she turned down a shady urine-smelling brick path. POLICE DEPT., the letters were so faded they were almost impossible to read.

She stepped inside, saying emphatically in a clear voice, "Albert!"

The man at the desk looked up. "For heaven's sake, Louise."

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There were two other men in the room. She nodded to them. "George Fred. Henry." She eased into a chair and took a couple of deep breaths. The room was very hot. She noticed that the windows were closed and the shutters fastened across them. "Anybody back there?" She pointed to the door at the corner of the small room, the door decorated with a plaque done in bright-red gothic script: JAIL. Her son had done that, one year when the sixth grade studied printing in its art class.

"We moved 'em," Albert said wearily, "early this morning." He took out his handkerchief and wiped his bald head. "Still going to tell me you don't expect trouble?"

"Louise," he said, "go home."

She ignored him. "You going to phone the governor?"

"Listen," he said, "I got enough to do without those s.o.b.'s loose in town."

"You and George Fred and Henry—you going to do it alone?"

"Wallace is out there. And I reckon I can get more."

She shook her head. "Nobody in the square this morning."

"I seen that, Louise."

She turned cheerfully to the others. "You boys going to have a busy day."

They grinned uneasily. George Fred said, "I don't like it much."

"Go home, Louise," Albert said.

"I'm leaving," she said. "Reckon I know what I came to find out."

Michael Sanborn kicked down the stand of his bike and went over to join the group of kids sitting under a big hackberry tree. "Hey, man," he said to no one in particular, "beats school, huh?"

John David McConnell rolled over slowly and stared up at him, his pale-blue eyes glinting in the light. "Does your mother know you're out?"

Michael ignored the insult. He sat down in the circle. "Anything been happening?"

The other kids didn't seem to want to talk, so John David said, "Six people got killed, and then they went and got the dogs and turned them loose on the niggers."

"Aw, nuts," Michael said, "come off it, will ya, alligator?"

A very blond boy with a shaved head giggled.

"See him?" John David asked Michael out of the corner of his mouth.

"Who?"

"Who him." A thumb jerked toward the blond boy. "He got a headful, and they shaved him off."

The blond boy only scratched the mosquito bites on his shaved head and stretched out full length, rubbing his stomach on the ground.

"When are the niggers coming?" Michael asked in an impatient voice.

"Going to drive up with machine guns, in big cars."

"Aw, nuts," Michael said.

They stretched out on their backs then, feeling a little aimless and lost, and watched the hot sky through the arching branches of the hackberry.

All of a sudden John David sat up. "Look, there's the cops!"

The patrol car turned the corner and stopped directly in front of the school.

"Jeezam," John David said, "and there's the old fat slob."

Albert Vandiver, leaning against the car, quietly lighting a cigar, trying to pretend he just happened to be standing there.

"Where's the niggers?" John David said. "Man, I want to see them come."

Phil Holloway banged into the kitchen, where his wife was feeding the baby. "Stubborn old fool!"

Betty Holloway did not look up; she kept spooning the strained peaches into the open mouth. "She may be your aunt, honey, but she isn't going to pay any more attention to you than to anyone else."

"Do you know what she told me?"

Betty did not answer. She wiped off a crusty smear of peach.

"I have been teaching school for forty-three years, Philip," he mimicked in a high voice, "and I will be teaching this morning."

"She doesn't understand, honey."

Phil said, "She's just plain crazy."

"At six this morning she asked me for a piece of sandpaper."

Phil scratched the back of his neck furiously. "You know why?" Betty said. "The stopper of the perfume bottle was stuck."

"Oh," Phil said. "That's just great."

"Listen to me, honey. She wanted to open it, but it was stuck because she'd sealed it up with wax from last year."

Phil got himself a cup of coffee from the stove.

"Every opening day," Betty said, "she uses it—and I never noticed her to wear any scent the rest of the year. She had on her opening-day dress too. Did you see that?"

"I didn't look at her," Phil said.

"That dress is older than I am, and she put it on this morning."

"Hell," Phil said, "look at this cup. It's got lipstick on it."

"Well," Betty said, "that's because you took it from the pile of dirty dishes. Get a clean one in the cupboard."

"I've got to get to work. Are you sure you're going to be all right?"

"Over here?" Betty smiled. "The school is miles away."

"Well," Phil said, "if I hear of anything, I'll come right home."

"For heaven's sake, it's not going to be as dramatic as all that."

"You don't know," Phil said. "If the Negroes try to enter that school, or even if they get to the front steps, there'll be trouble, and all Albie Vandiver's yelling won't stop it. You mark my words."

The baby's mouth began to sag open. Betty put down the spoon and tucked a bottle between the smeary lips. "I don't know," she said wearily.

"Way I heard it," Phil said, "they're going to try just one girl, and they're going to walk her right up to the front door, right up to those big blue doors."

"Oh," Betty said.

"Some people've been saying they're going to send her up alone to pound on that big blue front door."

"Oh," Betty said. She stared at the baby's lips pulling on the nipple, and she wanted to cry, though there was nothing to cry about because that wouldn't happen to her child with its blue eyes and fair skin.

"It'll make a real fine picture for the photographers," Phil was saying. "They can call it, 'Child knocks at door of future,' and then they can take pictures of the riot."

"I've got to change her," Betty said. "She's dripping wet."

She fled into the bedroom. In a bit Phil followed her. "I don't want to scare you, honey," he said, "but stay inside, will you? If you really have to go anywhere call me—don't go by yourself."

She put the baby in its crib and stood looking out the window at the paved street, empty and hot. "I've got to put the wash out," she said weakly, "the diapers and things for her."

"Let that go," Phil said. "Just for today. I'll put the dirty stuff on the back porch so the smell won't bother you."

"That's silly."

"Honey," Phil said, "there's people on the streets today looking for trouble. Now lock the door after me when I go."

He checked the lock from outside and waved to her through the window. She watched him drive away. The street was still empty. She walked around the house, slowly, uncertainly, wondering what to do. Finally she remembered. She went to the hall closet and found the shotgun that Phil used to hunt ducks with. She dragged it out and held it crosswise to her body, looking at it. It was greasy, and black smears came off on her hand. There would have to be

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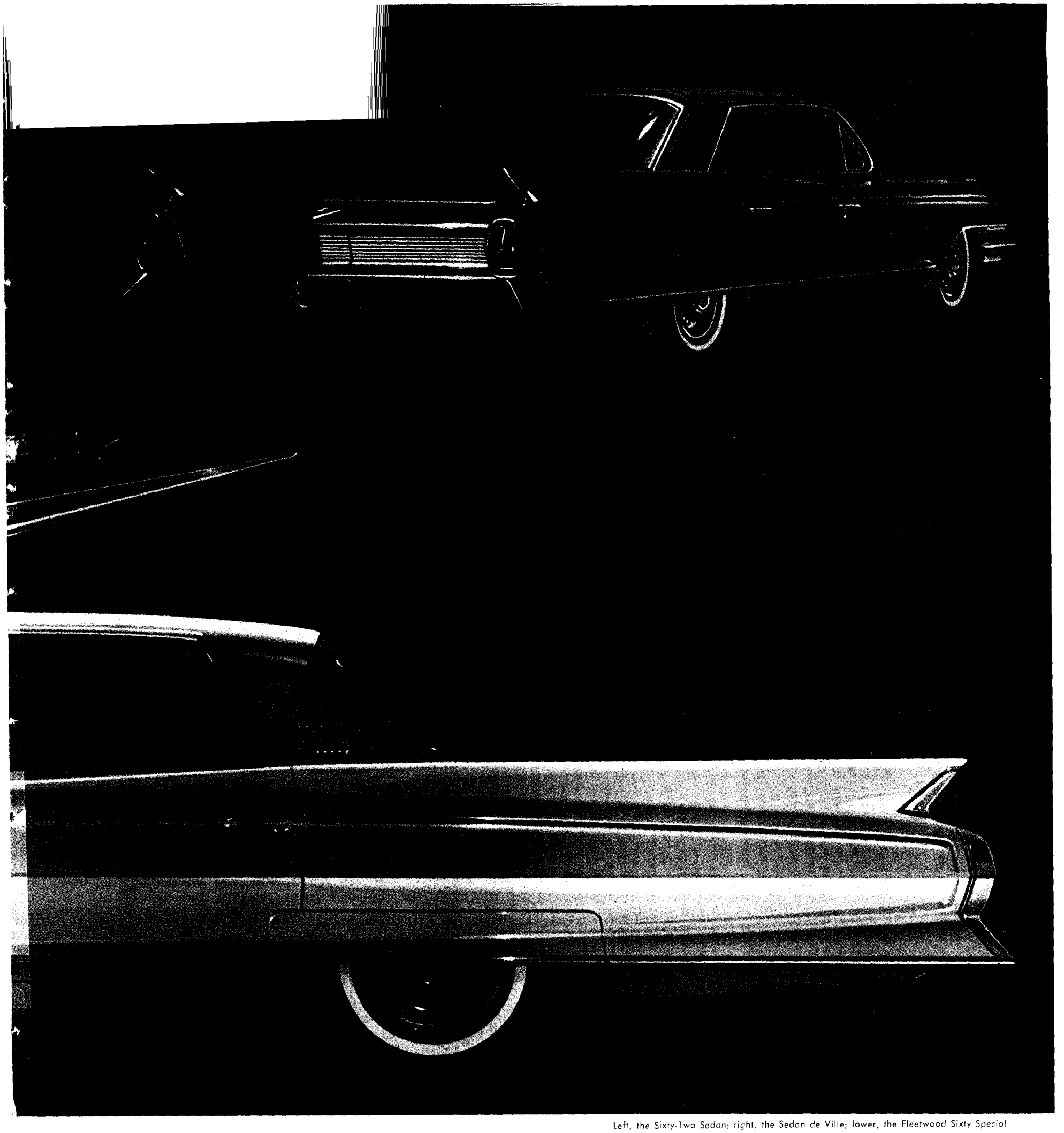

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shells for it, she thought. Somewhere. Those were harder to find. They had got pushed way back on the top shelf, under Phil's Army muffler and his heavy gloves and her brother's old Navy watch cap. She found the box finally and turned the smooth cylinders over and over in her fingers. Finally she picked up box and gun and started for the living room. As she turned the corner, the stock banged into the wall. A large chunk of plaster fell on the polished floor. She did not even notice. She put the shotgun on a chair and the box of shells beside it, then picked up the phone. She would have to call Phil and ask him how to load it.

Miss Ethyl Holloway drove down the street at her usual careful pace, her 1940 Plymouth rattling and creaking over the ruts. The brakes were not especially good, and Miss Holloway pumped them a bit to get up pressure for the long slow slope that ended at the school corner. With one hand she settled the collar of her dress a bit more comfortably about her neck. She was upset; she was angry. She had lost her temper—not more than ten minutes ago—with her nephew Philip.

She almost never got angry. She had trained herself not to. It was the very first thing she had learned in her years of teaching the second grade. She had been teaching when all the children were together in one schoolhouse, and there were only four teachers. Now the children stayed here for the grammar grades only, and then the school buses came, buglike yellow things, and carried them off to high school at Greenfield. But the second grade stayed the same, of course.

So little had changed in her life. She still lived in the house her parents had built in the '80's, sharing it now with her nephew and his wife. She kept her part unchanged, just exactly the way it had been when her mother died. Miss Holloway smiled to herself as she began the long coast down the hill. If her mother were to come back, she would be right at home. Then sometimes it seemed that she had not left, not at all. Seemed as if she had just stepped around the corner to Miss Margaret Lee's for a cup of coffee on a cool morning. *Wait lunch for me, Ethyl, I won't be gone long.*

She came out behind the school, turned the corner cautiously as she always did, entered the school grounds and coasted to the spot behind the east wall, where she had parked every morning since the school was built.

There were no other cars there. She thought, *My clocks are early again.* That happened sometimes. She had got casual about setting them as she grew older. They didn't seem so terribly important any more. It was just as well to be early, though, on the best day of the year. By the end of the week she would have divided her class into children she liked and those she didn't. But the first day, the first day now, she loved them all equally. The ones who were dressed so carefully, hair slicked back wet, hair braided tightly. The ones who weren't, dirty overalls, matted hair, maybe even a bug or two—poor little things couldn't help it. After a few weeks she would be barking at the very sight of their dirt-creased skins, "Go down the hall and wash your face and hands. Keep scrubbing them until they're white, you hear me?"

Miss Holloway picked up her pocketbook from the seat beside her. She also picked up her brand-new roll book, the one she had just taken from her supply. She kept some twenty or thirty books on hand, piled back of her bedroom armoire. She did not trust the stores to keep a supply. After all, you just could not start a class without a roll book. And classes had to be started.

As she opened her door, she noticed Albert Vandiver. She smiled politely at him. "Miss Holloway," he said, "I don't reckon this is a very good place for you to be."

"Albert, what in the world are you talking about?"

"Look," he said, "there won't be any school today."

"Nonsense."

"They're sending one Negro girl," he said, "and there's going to be trouble."

"I've never had a Negro in my class."

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "Why don't you go home?"

"Albert," she said, "you are too old to be so silly."

She got out of her car, purse in one hand, roll book in the other. She walked along the cinder path to the side door. It was closed. *How careless of the janitor,* she thought. *It will be terribly stuffy in the halls.* She pulled on the brass handle. Nothing happened.

Albert Vandiver called, "It's locked."

She walked around to the front of the building, passing the flagpole plot and the half-dead planting of grass. She marched up the broad concrete steps to the newly painted bright-blue doors. She put her hand to the knob, slowly this time. It did not turn. She peered through the small glass panes. The hall with its rising flight of worn wooden stairs was empty. She twisted the handle again, rattling it with increasing strength. Finally she turned around and looked across the open stretch of ground to the street and the houses lined up on the other side, the little neat houses that she had been seeing every single day. Old houses that had been there when she first came to teach.

The wind blew gusty and hard, and the dust spun in great slow whorls. She could feel grit brush her cheek and sting her lips. The people on the other side of the street seemed to be shrinking away. It wasn't like any other day ever had been. Ordinarily they came streaming toward her, the children, all those future years, running to her. And off in the distance, like sheep dogs, there would be the mothers, some of them swollen with child. And they would be her children; she could feel herself teem with life.

The ground in front of her was empty now. She was standing alone with a pile of brick behind her and concrete steps beneath her and the sun a hot yellow moon through the dust.

She stumbled down the steps, around the building and back to her car. Albert Vandiver was still there.

"My nephew told me"—she was conscious that her voice was trembling and old—"and I didn't believe him."

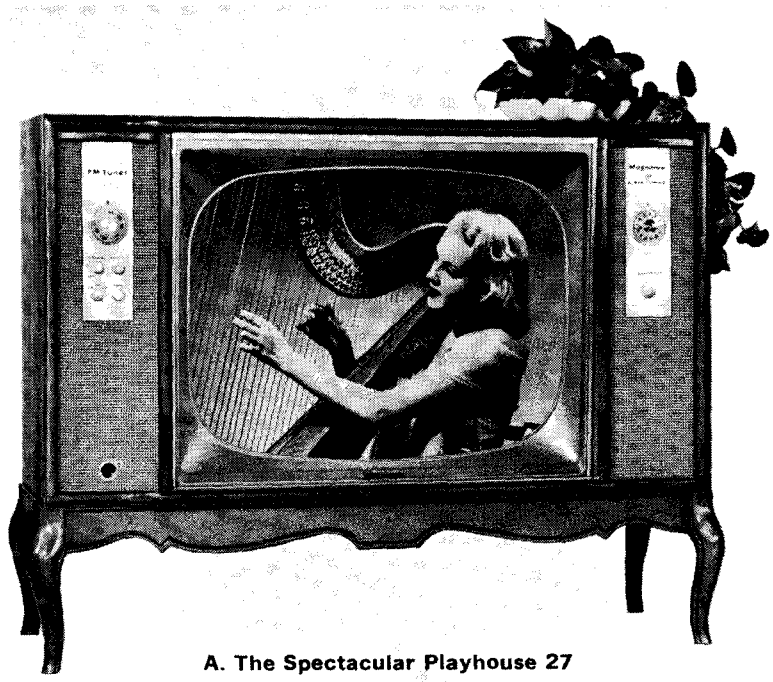
"Yes'm," Albert Vandiver said.

"They can't close the school."

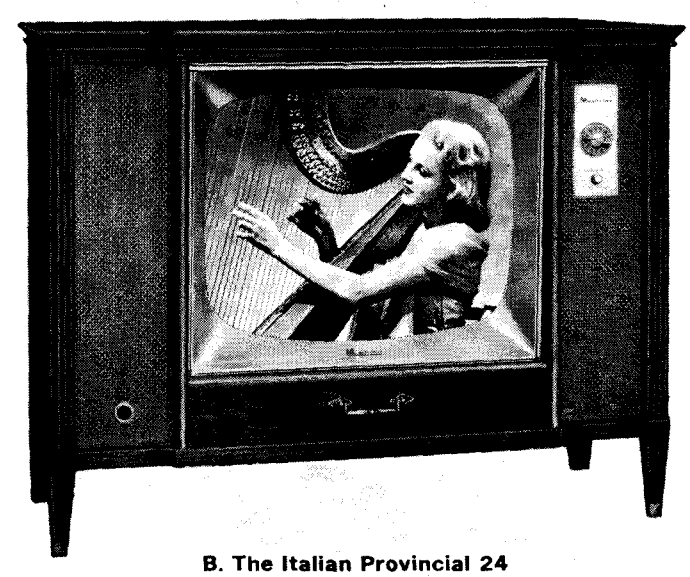
He shook his head. "I'd drive you home if I could, but I got to stay here."

She felt so strange. Maybe she was going to have a heart attack or a stroke or something. Her mother had died like that, in the back yard between the beds of cosmos and tomato plants.

"No school," she said more to herself than to the sweating fat figure that stood beside the car. "There's always been school."



A. The Spectacular Playhouse 27



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She backed the car, turned slowly around the corner. A little group of men were coming down that hill, walking in the street. They stepped to the curb to let her pass. She looked at the thin sun-scarred faces, the light-blue eyes; she saw the bones of their thin shoulders through the faded cotton of their short-sleeved shirts.

I've seen them before, she thought, *when they were little. I've seen them over and over again, year after year. Stomachs swollen with worms; body creeping with lice.*

Those children, grown now, looked back at her. She saw them clearly, saw the necks, crinkled with wind burn, the hands huge and scarred—the hands of dirt farmers, turpentine workers. Saw the lives spent in pine-slab cabins or corrugated-tin shacks—where razorbacks and chickens ran loose during the day and slept at night under the unsteady foundations of the houses. The smells of cabbage and beans and sweat and filth and poverty.

She looked into the long, thin faces and the heavy-lidded blue eyes beneath the sweat-stained, black-felt hats. And the eyes had the same look she saw year after year in the second grade: hate and fury and blood lust. Those boys had stomped nestlings into the ground, caught rabbits and pulled them into pieces and threw the bloody bits of fur on the schoolroom floor. These men now, what would they be going to tear apart, with more light and life in their eyes than they had had for years?

She thought of all this as her 1940 Plymouth labored up the hill, slowly passing them. She said loudly, distinctly, out of the open window, spitting her words into their cold bright eyes, "White trash."

She drove home, drove into the yard and stopped carefully at the end of the gravel. Then—because she was old and confused by a world she no longer understood, a world her little children had taken over, had grown up in and taken over—she fainted very gently, falling across the steering wheel.

The very few seconds before, when the rising cold began to envelop her and she knew she was going to faint, she felt a tremendous relief. By the time her head touched the wheel she was feeling quite happy. The darkness was no more frightening than the daylight.

Albert Vandiver walked along the sidewalk, mopping his sweating face with his handkerchief. Quiet, casual. At the corner of Jefferson Street five men waited in the shade of a camphor tree. Two were hunkered down, studying the ground between their knees, two leaned against the tree, and one sat with his legs crossed. They didn't look up from under their floppy black-felt hats when Vandiver stopped by them.

He stood very quietly for a few minutes, being sure they knew he was there, being sure he did not startle them. "You all from around here?" It wasn't so much a question as a statement.

Nobody answered. Vandiver went along, speaking more slowly than he usually did. "But I don't reckon you are, because I know most people, long as I been living here."

Nobody seemed to have heard him. Vandiver sighed. "Hell of a hot morning. Anybody send you in? Or you decide to come on your own to see the fun?"

One of the men spat a stream of yellow tobacco juice.

"Now I'm right lucky that didn't hit me," Vandiver said pleasantly, "account of then I'd had to do something about it, and I don't want to. I like you boys."

Where is the Horsiest Town in the World?

Find Out in Next Week's POST

The head of one of the squatting men lifted and looked at him. "You all look enough alike to be brothers," Vandiver said calmly. "You related?"

"No," the squatting man said.

"Be a lot better you all left town."

One of the standing men said, staring at him, "We done nothing."

Vandiver reached for his handkerchief again, slowly. "I like you boys," he said, "and I'm right sorry to hear about your car." He waited, to be sure they understood. "I know you come in a car, because you wasn't around yesterday, and there won't be a bus until one o'clock."

The men shifted. One took off his hat. His hair was whitish blond.

"Kids in this town are bad," Vandiver said. "They been known to put sugar in gas tanks. Especially when it's out-of town cars—always tell them by the county number on the plates."

They were standing now.

"If that car ain't out of town inside fifteen minutes," Vandiver said, "that's what's going to happen."

He walked away, his fat thighs making him roll as he went.

George Fred Carpenter waited for him at the patrol car. "You get rid of them?"

"They'll go all right."

"Expect more'll be coming."

"Hell," Vandiver said, "can't stop 'em all. I'm just scaring off the ones I can." He reached inside the car, got himself a cigar, began tearing off the cellophane wrapper methodically.

"Lots of kids," George Fred said. "Want me to try and get rid of them?"

"They wouldn't go if you took a blowtorch to 'em."

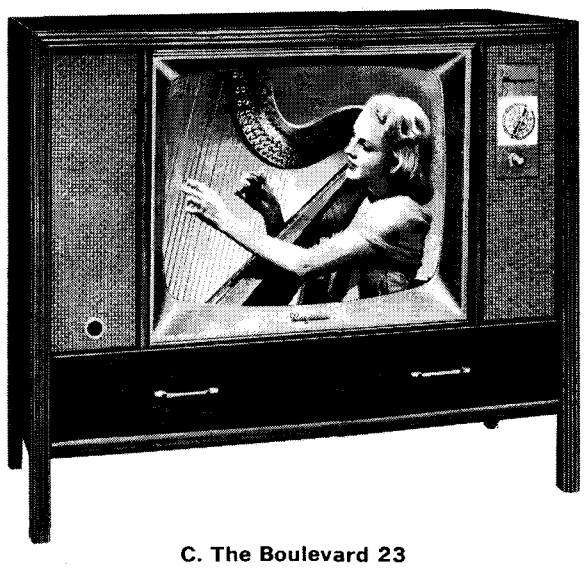
"What you want to do?"

"Nothing," Vandiver said. "Ain't much we can do except wait and see."

"You hear that just one kid's going to try coming?"

Vandiver nodded. "Heard something like that."

"Hell," George Fred said, "this is just plain a lot of fuss for one nigger kid."



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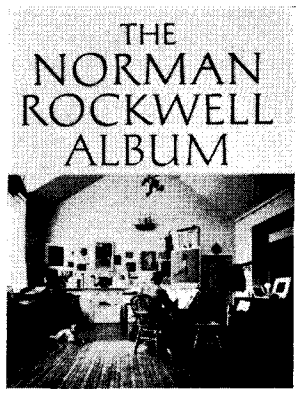

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"Yea," Vandiver said as he lighted the cigar, "seems that way."

The cotton curtains matched the pink-and-green pattern of the wallpaper in the small kitchen. The curtains were drawn—although daylight glowed behind them—and the overhead light, a single globe cased in shiny brass, was burning. There were six persons in the kitchen, five men and a woman, and they sat at the chrome yellow table. There was an enamel coffeepot in the center and a neat tray of cups, but no one seemed to be drinking. The men—each had a thin mustache—wore coats and ties, even in the heat, and their dark faces were serious.

Their heads swung to the slight sound of a door.

She was nine or so, and she was carefully dressed in a new blue-and-red print with two starched petticoats under the full skirt. Her hair was done in plaits with curled bangs on her forehead. Her brown face was calm and unsmiling.

The woman sitting at the table got up. "We were waiting for you, Ruth." She crossed to the child and began to fix her dress, settling it at the shoulders, fluffing out the petticoats, arranging the skirt more precisely on them. The odor of boiled starch drifted through the room.

"Now," she said, "she's ready, Harry."

A short, slight man in a gray suit said, "All right."

"One of the other men asked gently, "Do you want to go, Ruth?"

"Yes, sir," she said.

Harry and his daughter got into their car and backed out slowly and headed for the school. It was only a dozen blocks or so—one block to the edge of the Negro district, then through the white streets.

Harry Mitchell could feel the straight little body sitting beside him. Once he sneaked a look. The small face was set, the eyes great and luminous. It wasn't fear. He didn't know what it was. He just had an uneasy feeling that this was not his child at all. It was the eyes, he thought; she had her mother's eyes.

His hands sweated on the wheel. The girl did not move. She sat looking straight ahead, her skirts fluffed out around her. He asked, "Your mother been telling you about the crown of stars?"

She looked at him politely, not quite understanding.

"Nothing," he said. They came to the top of the hill. The school lay in the hollow below them. A half-dozen blocks now. He inched the car along.

"Mother said let me out a block ahead." They had agreed on that. "It will be better for me to go alone."

And where did she get phrases like that, he wondered. Somebody had told her. They were not her words. He could see the school now, the brilliant blue square of the doors. He could see the people lining the sidewalks.

They did not see his car until he came to the beginning of the last block. Then someone noticed. He could see the sudden flurry as they turned and faced toward him, watching. He had half expected that they would come streaming toward the car. They did not. They only strolled out, blocking the street, forming a thin raggedy line, topped by dusty black hats. Always those hats. His mother had told her children stories about a black-hatted bogeyman—they had shivered in their beds and dreamed about him.

Ruth got out. Very quietly she began to walk toward them. Harry Mitchell watched her thin dark legs, moving beneath the ruffled dress. And then he did just exactly what he had been afraid of doing, did just exactly what he knew all along that he would do.

He jumped out of the car, leaving the motor on. He ran, faster than he ever had in his life. He could feel the force of his legs throwing him into the air. He reached her in a moment and grabbed her around the waist, the starch crinkling against his sweating hand. He raced back to the car, the concrete throwing his footsteps back at him. The child started to cry.

He spun the car around and headed up the hill, tires leaving black marks on the street.

Ruth was still screaming when he turned into his driveway

and carried her into the house. The men were still in his kitchen. They did not look surprised. He wondered if they had doubted him all along.

He put the child down. Her mother took her quickly, silently. Doors opened and closed. Then all he could hear was muffled crying off in a corner of the house. He took off his coat. His shirt was plastered tightly to his body with his own sweat.

The four men were sitting at the table, waiting. He had to say something. "Not her," he said finally, and the words that had been running around his head all morning came tumbling out, "Why is it always kids?"

They stood up, these men he had known all his life, and they walked around him and out of the door as if he had not been there.

The house was quiet. Ruth had stopped crying. He took off his tie and his shirt. And he was opening the curtains when he heard his wife come back. "I hate them closed," he said.

She was standing in the door, and her beautiful dark face was set and hard. "Not Ruth," he said. And then, "You didn't see them."

She was looking at him steadily, unblinking. She was looking through him with her great, fierce, shining eyes. He sat down abruptly, wondering if it was true what his grandmother had told him: that he had white blood. Wondering if that was what made him do it. And what would white blood be? A drop in your veins. Maybe it was enough to make you a traitor. It didn't show, but maybe it was enough.

His wife had not moved. He lifted his head finally, because there was nothing else to do. "You didn't see them," he said. "You didn't see the way the street looked down there."

Again the glitter, the terrible glitter. He felt frightened, as if his skin were white.

By noon Al Vandiver had cleared the streets. The people who had come to town specially for the day found themselves with nothing to do, so they got into their cars and went out into the country, looking for corn whisky. By the middle of the afternoon the housewives were hosing their porches and sweeping their walks and trying to gather up the bits of paper the crowd had left. By five o'clock it began to rain, great gushing downpours that drove the tinfoil and the cellophane and the cigarette packs into the mud. In the morning when the sun came up bright and hard and yellow, the town looked washed clean.

THE END

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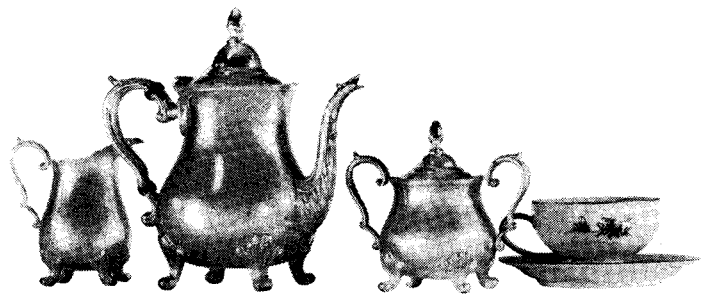
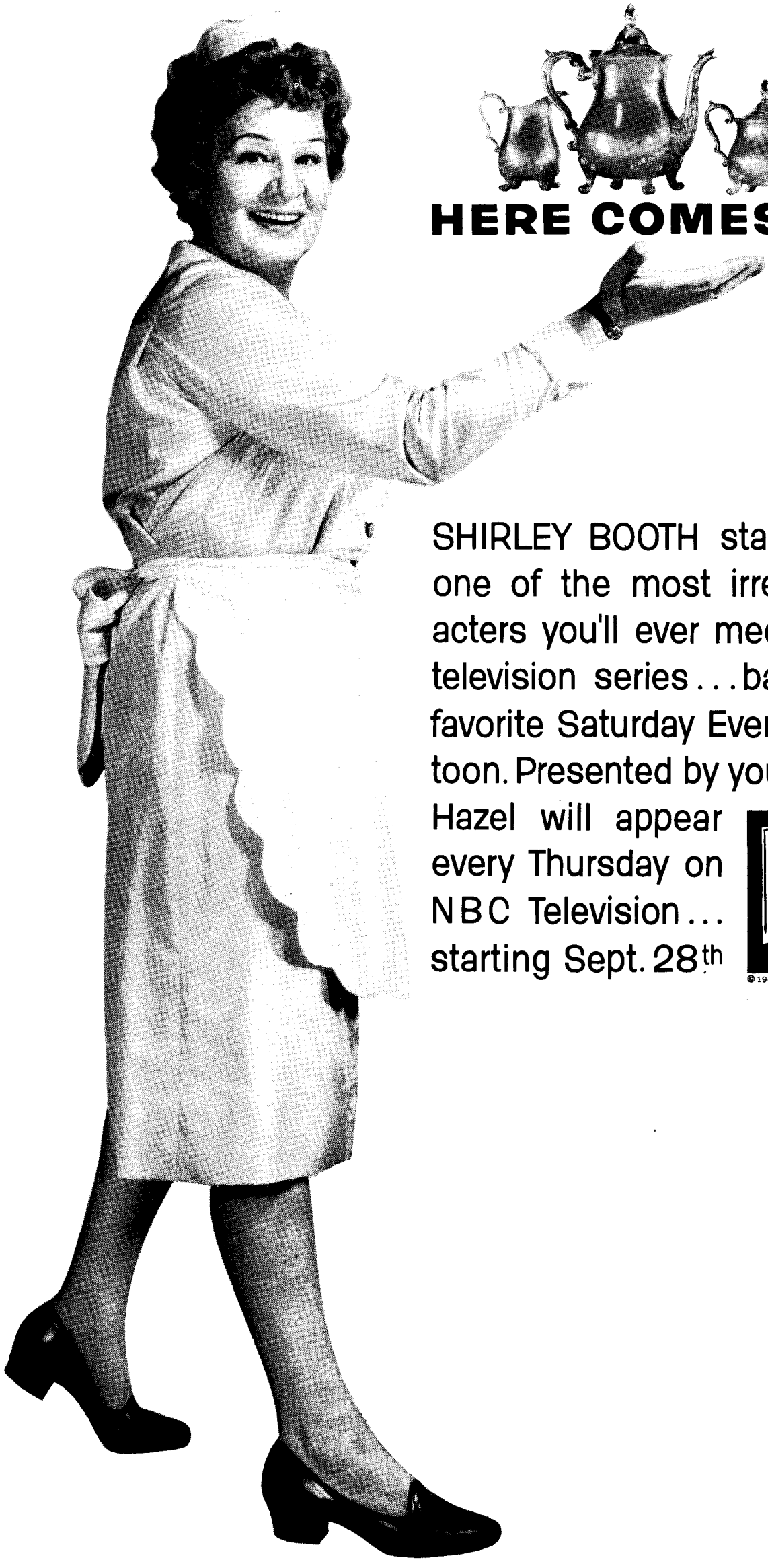


HERE COMES HAZEL



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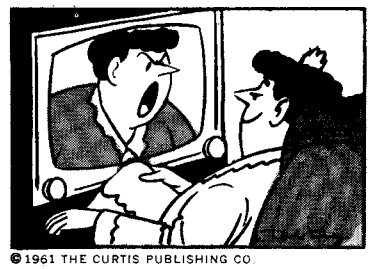

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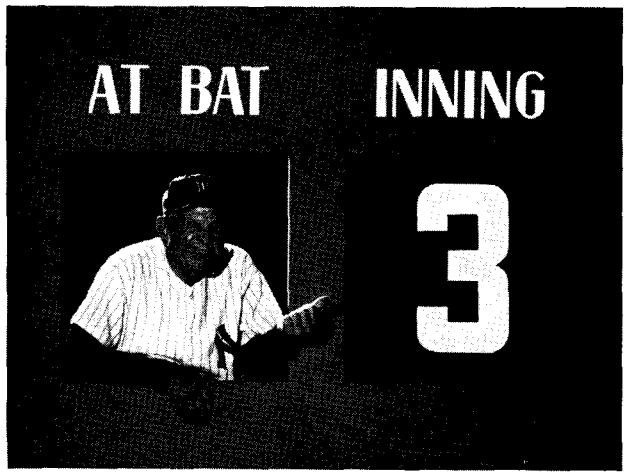
MY OWN STORY



By CASEY STENGEL
as told to Harry T. Paxton

Casey gives a pitching lesson:

Some ballplayers, when they get a chance at managing, will try to copy after another manager. That's a very serious mistake. You can take some of a man's methods, but don't ever think you can imitate him. You have to be yourself.

The greatest manager I played for was John McGraw of the New York Giants, and when I started into managing, everybody said, "I'll bet he's going to copy McGraw." Well, there's been anywhere from fifteen to fifty men that tried to imitate McGraw and never made it, because he was an amazing man as well as manager, and he had his own way about him.

He was strict about everything—probably stricter than any manager could be with ballplayers today. If you didn't do what he told you, he took some of your money. Or he'd trade you, because he always figured, "I can buy you back if you're any good." He never said, "I'd like to get that guy back, but he don't like me and I don't like him." If the man could help the club win, he got him.

Maybe some of my players didn't like me either when I went into managing later on, but it wasn't because I was that strict. I very seldom fined a man. In my last few years with the Yankees I didn't have a finger in a single fine that was made on that club. I sometimes threatened players that they were going to run into fines or be traded. But instead of taking a man's money during the season, I'd rather give him until the end of the year and then say, "Well, I can't go to bat with the front office for you on your salary"—assuming that I could do it for some men.

In spring training in 1956 we had quite a bit of friction in the Yankee camp about one of our pitchers, Don Larsen. This was a man that liked to drink beer, liked to sit up. He could go any place very proper, never got in fights or disputes, but he sometimes would get mixed up on when it was time to go home.

He ran his automobile into a tree late one night there in Florida, and I was told that if I didn't do something desperate to him it would kill the morale of the club. But with a group of men who are of age and have families, I doubt that if one man does something one night, the other twenty-four would feel they had to go out and do the same thing. So I stuck with Mr. Larsen, after telling him that it would cost him a lot of money if he got into any more trouble, and that his job with the club was at stake. And after I stuck with him, I commenced getting the payoff. He won eleven and lost only five for us during the season, and of course you know what he did for us in the World Series, pitching that perfect game against Brooklyn.

McGraw probably would have handled the situation some other way, and his way probably would have worked too. Some men didn't play good for McGraw—at least they said they didn't. They'd say, "Why, this man's never satisfied with me." I thought that McGraw did great with me, because I had to run out every ball; I had to play good. And if I didn't play good, he thought that there was something wrong with me or that I wasn't putting out enough. I thought I was hustling all the time, but he'd see where I could have put out a little extra.

Against the Cardinals once I had to chase a ball to deep center field, and I threw it in on a short pickup to George Kelly, who had such a tremendous arm that he always went out from first base to take the relays from the outfield. Kelly had to lean down to get the ball, and then he had to hop, skip, jump and throw. Rogers Hornsby, who was then one of the fastest men in the league, just beat the ball home with the winning run.

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The windup.

The confident delivery.

The pitch: a strike, of course.

Afterward McGraw said, "From now on, young man, when you pick up that ball in the outfield, be sure you look at the relay man. And throw it up high around his head and shoulders, where he can catch the ball and throw it home without taking a hop, skip and jump. You lost that game for me, and if you don't do better you will be back in Philadelphia with those tail-end bums." So after that I remembered to throw the ball high.

I learned more from McGraw than anybody, but every manager I played for on the way up had some outstanding points. My first manager in the big leagues, Bad Bill Dahlen at Brooklyn, was good with pitchers and very good on sliding. I thought I was a good slider—I'd led minor leagues in base stealing—but he showed me how to improve.

Brooklyn brought me up from the Montgomery club of the Southern Association near the end of the 1912 season. I'd just recently turned twenty-two, and was in my third year of professional ball.

I reported to the Brooklyn clubhouse around noon on September seventeenth. Zach Wheat, a great left-hand hitter who came from my part of the country, took charge of me and put me in the locker next to him.

The game wasn't going to start for another couple of hours, and the manager, Bill Dahlen, hadn't come out yet. So some of the players started shooting craps, and I finally got in it, although I never was much of a gambler.

I lost some, then began to get it back when it became my turn to shoot the dice. And then in came the manager, and he said, "What do you men think you're doing? Don't you know there's a ball game on in this town?" And he looked at me and he said, "Throw those dice down. What did you come up here to do?"

I said, "To play ball."

He said, "Well, if you're gonna play ball, you get out on that field. We didn't bring you up here for a crap shooter."

And I said, "No, I don't think you did."

Then he gave me the information that I was going to start in center field against Pittsburgh. Well, I got four straight hits. My fifth time up they had a left-hander pitching, which can be hard on a left-hand hitter like myself. And Fred Clarke, the Pittsburgh manager, yelled, "All right, you big busher, now let's see what you can do."

So I went up there and stood at the plate right-handed, which I very seldom did, because I was never adept at hitting from that side. If the pitcher, Sherry Smith, had gotten two strikes on me, I'd have had to switch back. But he gave me a walk.

So I had a perfect day at bat my first game in the big leagues. Then I made a couple of good catches. Then I stole a couple of bases. I hit .316 in my seventeen games there at the tag end of the season, and everybody said, "Here's the new phenom in baseball." But the other clubs began to find out my weaknesses—a change-up used to get me, and I was weak on a high-inside pitch—and the next year I didn't do as good (.272).

Late in 1913 I hurt my shoulder, and when I began working out the next winter I couldn't throw. So I didn't know if I'd be able to play any more, and I took an opportunity to go down and help coach the baseball team at Mississippi University—Ole Miss. The arm came around after all, so I didn't stay with them, but I think that Ole Miss experience was what started one of my nicknames—"The Ole Perfesser."

In 1914 Wilbert Robinson became the Brooklyn manager. He shifted me from center field to

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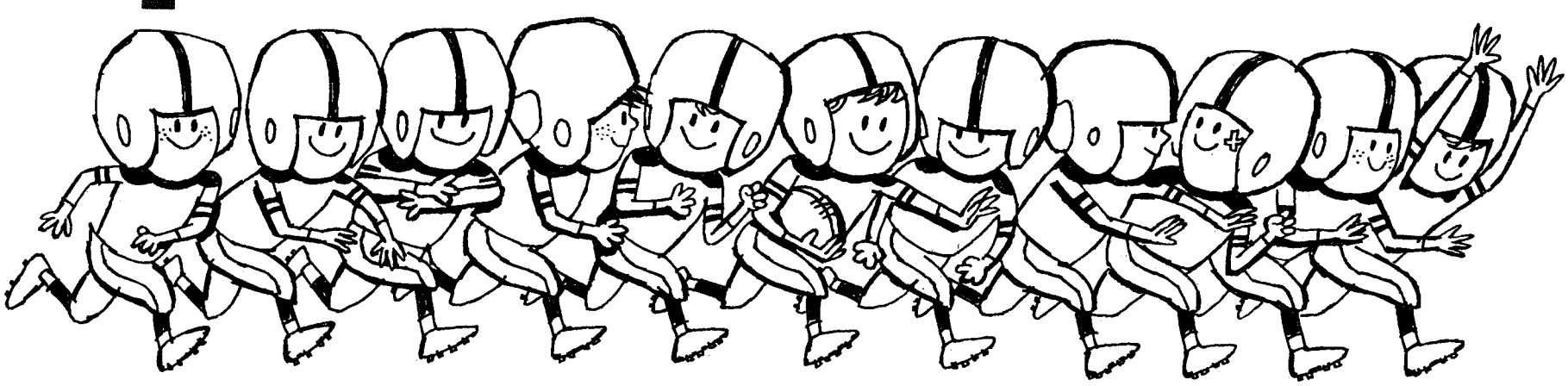
At leading community food stores
October 5-14 **NARGUS-POST**

the All-American brands spectacular



a food shopping adventure for the whole family

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Win a fabulous Foodarama in the Kelvinator $50,000 contest

For 10 full days you and your family can go on a great shopping adventure while the Annual All-American Brands "Spectacular" promotion sponsored by The Saturday Evening Post and NARGUS is in full swing at your family community food store.

Look for the stores displaying the "All-American Brands" sign where you will find an exciting variety of your favorite brands. Special values and fun packed features are in store for you.

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Anheuser Busch, Inc.	Budweiser Beer
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California Packing Corp.	Del Monte Catsup
Campbell Soup Company	Campbell's Soups
General Mills, Inc.	Betty Crocker Cake Mixes Bisquick Gold Medal Flour
H. J. Heinz Company	Heinz Ketchup
Kraft Foods Div. National Dairy Products Corp.	Kraft Spaghetti Dinner
Lever Brothers Company	Contest
Libby McNeill & Libby	Libby's Tomato Juice
National Biscuit Company	Nabisco Premium Saltine Crackers
Ocean Spray Cranberries, Inc.	Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce
The Pillsbury Company	Pillsbury Packaged Potatoes
The Quaker Oats Company	Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix Quaker & Mother's Oats Ready-to-eat Cereals
The Seven-Up Company	Seven-Up
A. E. Staley Mfg. Company	Sta-Flo-Spray Starch and Sta-Puf Rinse
Standard Brands, Inc.	Blue Bonnet Margarine
Sunshine Biscuits, Inc.	Krispy Saltine Crackers
Swift & Company	Swift's Premium Products
Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company	A growing source of tin plate for America's Canning Industry

The Saturday Evening POST

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play that right-field wall at Ebbets Field. Uncle Robbie was wonderful to work for. He was very jolly, and he could make you think he thought you were better than you were.

Robbie loved to get old pitchers that had arm trouble, because he knew they were brighter than when they were young and could throw hard. He took Rube Marquard and Larry Cheney and several others that were supposed to be over the hill and got exceptional work out of them.

And in later years with the Yankees I'd often pick up an old pitcher during the pennant race, like John Sain and Sal Maglie and Jim Konstanty. I got the old man to fool the youth of America. The young ballplayers can't hit an old pitcher. He's too slick for them. He gets them off stride and makes them hit at a bad pitch.

Getting back to Robbie, the Brooklyn team began to improve under him, and in 1916 we were fighting for the pennant. Near the end of the season it got down to where we had a half-game lead over Philadelphia, and we were playing them a big morning-afternoon doubleheader on September thirtieth.

They won the morning game to move ahead of us, and for the afternoon game they had Grover Alexander, one of the greatest pitchers in the world—he won thirty-three games and pitched sixteen shutouts that year.

When I first came up to the league I ruined a no-hit game for Alexander, but as time went on I found I couldn't hit him at all. Well, they scored a run in the first inning that afternoon, and when I came up in our half I said, "I'll step in at that plate if it kills me." And I got a lucky hit off the handle of the bat and eventually scored the tying run.

In the fifth inning the score was still 1 to 1, and it looked like a tremendous storm was coming up. I stepped in there and he hit me on the handle of the bat again, and I hit a long high fly. The wind got a hold of this baseball and there it soared. It dropped just outside the right-field fence on Bedford Avenue.

I was so tickled that I got down to first base and chuckled and yelled and stopped and looked over that fence. Then I stopped at second base and brushed it off with my cap. I brushed off third base with my cap. And some of the players on that Philadelphia team were calling me every name you ever heard of.

Later on I got another hit and scored another run off a relief pitcher. We won the game, 6–1, and went on from there to take the pennant.

In the World Series the Boston Red Sox beat us in five games. I hit .364. I didn't play in one game—the game Babe Ruth pitched. Robbie knew I couldn't hit that good left-handed pitching.

I've mentioned once before how I had salary trouble at Brooklyn the next year, and the year after that I found myself playing for Pittsburgh.

I started pretty well there and went to see the owner, Barney Dreyfuss, about a raise. Hugo Bezdek, the manager, suggested it.

I said, "Mr. Dreyfuss, do you realize this is my sixth big-league year but I'm playing for my third-year salary in the big leagues? And yet I was traded here as a star. For heaven's sake, I want more money. That was my trouble with the last club."

He said, "More money? How do I know you're that good?"

I said, "I must have been, or you wouldn't have traded for me."

And he said, "You didn't do it for me. Show me you're that good this year."

He always had an answer for everything. If you were not hitting .300 but doing a lot of other things to help the club, he'd say, "Wait till you hit .300." But if you hit over .300, he'd say, "Why don't you do some base running?"—or something else.

He was a very bright man. He kept the park clean, kept it green, kept it like the lawns around Pittsburgh. He wouldn't allow an advertising sign in the place. He was on the old three-man National Commission before baseball had a commissioner, and he would have made a great commissioner himself.

After my first thirty-nine games with Pittsburgh in 1918 I went into the Navy. They put me at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. They had me manage their ball team, and we kept winning. I was a schedule picker. Any ship that came in there from six months at sea, I'd play them within four days, before they got over being seasick. I wouldn't play the battleship Pennsylvania team because they had Rabbit Maranville.

After the Armistice I was able to get out of the Navy. I went back, naturally, with the Pittsburgh club in 1919. I played there till August and was hitting .293 when they traded me to the Phillies. I wired the Philadelphia club, "There's not enough money here. Will need more money to go over there." The owner, William Baker, wired back, "There's not much money in Philadelphia." So I wired him, "If there isn't enough money in Philadelphia I will be in Kansas City, Missouri."

And I went back home and stayed out the rest of the season. I organized a barnstorming team and took it out through Kansas and the Oklahoma oil fields and on to the West Coast. That was one of the times I thought about quitting baseball and going back to dentistry. But I ended up with the Philadelphia Phillies the next year.

In Philadelphia I first played under Gavvy Cravath in 1920, and he was good at teaching hitting. Then Bill Donovan came on in 1921. I wouldn't say that on some things—the infielding—he was as good as other managers. But he'd been a pitcher, and he was wonderful with pitchers. He'd tell a man, "Do you know why I can't keep you in a game nine innings? You've made up your mind in three innings that this just ain't your day. You've got it in your mind that you can only pitch on certain days." And later I found out as a manager that that's just the way some pitchers are.

I hit close to .300 for Philadelphia, but it was a tail-end club under both managers.

Then in July of '21 I got a break. They made a deal to send Johnny Rawlings and myself to the Giants. I'd hurt my back a week before, but when they told me about the trade in the dressing room, I must have jumped about six feet high.

I didn't get to play many games for the Giants the rest of that season, because in spite of the way I jumped around when I got the news, I did have a bad back. The Giants won the pennant and beat the Yankees in the World Series, and I didn't play in the Series at all.

So I made it a point to be in great shape when I reported to spring training in 1922.

McGraw worked us very hard. Previous to that I had played right field for a number of years, but he told me, "I don't know whether you'll play left field, center field or right field. You're a good sun fielder, and that may be the best thing you can do for me."

In the Polo Grounds the sun field was left field, and there he had Irish Meusel, who was the best right-handed hitter in the league after Rogers Hornsby. In right field he had an amazing all-around man, Ross Youngs, but Youngs couldn't play the sun too well. So when right field was the sun field on the road McGraw generally would shift Youngs to center and put me in right. But most of the time I alternated in center field with Bill Cunningham.

I had the best year of my life at the bat. For half the season I was hitting over .400, and I finished up at .368 for eighty-four games. In the World Series, in which the Giants beat the Yankees again, I was in two games and batted .400.

The next year I had a little trouble in Philadelphia. Some friction had developed between me and a couple of men on their team. In a game early in 1923 they kept telling this pitcher, Phil Weinert, that he should brush me off at the plate, and finally he hit me a good solid crack in the back. So I went out to him carrying my bat, and I let the bat fly. Then their whole team came out. They got me from behind and in front and they gave me a real going-over.

McGraw was mad because he was trying to rest Irish Meusel with a bad leg, and when I was put out of the game he had to put Meusel in. He said to me, "That's the most asinine stunt I ever saw in my life." And "asinine" is one word I never forgot, whether I speak Stengelese or not. And he said, "If you're not suspended by the president of this league I'm going to suspend you myself." And it ended up that they both suspended me for a few days.

I had another good hitting year that season—.339 in seventy-five games. Then about a month before the World Series, I got a bad stone bruise on my heel, and it was a question whether I could play against the Yankees again. But I finally fixed myself up with a soft rubber pad which I taped to the shoe on the inside, and it seemed to do the trick.

Well, I came up in the ninth inning of the first 1923 Series game—this was at Yankee Stadium—with two out and nobody on. The score was tied at 4–4. What had kept us in the game—and this was forgotten later on—was sensational fielding plays by Frank Frisch at second base and George Kelly at first.

Joe Bush was pitching for them. I lined a ball deep to left center, and Whitey Witt ran back to pick it up, and Bob Meusel, the brother of Irish Meusel, went over to take the relay. I thought I could go all the way, but as I was rounding second I began to have a feeling that this shoe with the pad in the heel was going to come off my foot. So that hampered my running, and everybody said later that I looked like an old man coming around those bases.

But I kept going around third, and I could see Meusel cutting loose with that ball from the outfield. He had a tremendous arm, but as I headed home I could tell I was going to be safe, because the ball was a fraction off line. Wally Schang, the Yankee catcher, couldn't swing back in time to tag me out as I slid across.

I told earlier how I also won the third game with a home run into the right-field bleachers. So that was great. But the Yankees came back to win the Series for the first time. And a month later Mr.

Everywhere Stengel goes, fans young and old recognize him and seek his autograph.

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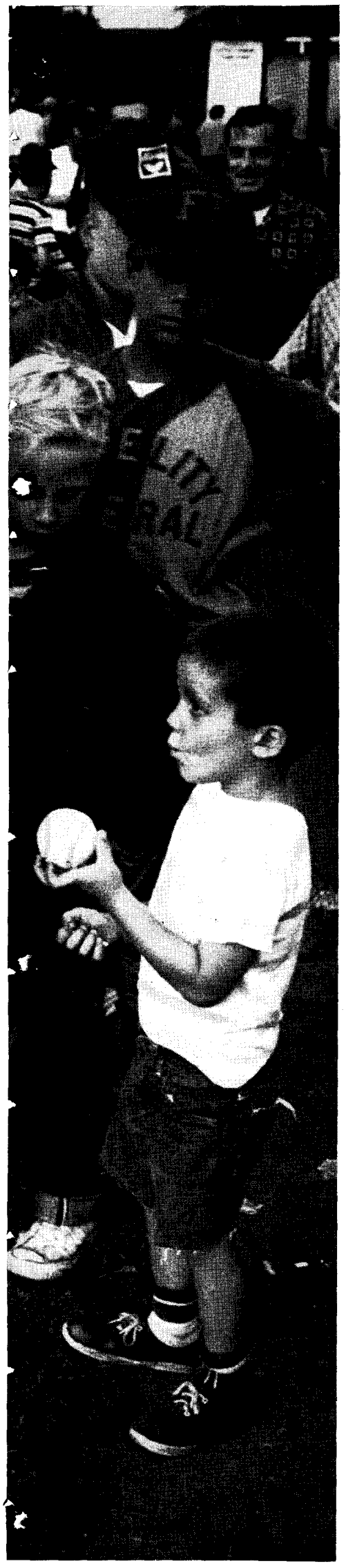

Photographs by JOHN BRYSON

McGraw traded Dave Bancroft, Bill Cunningham and myself to the Boston Braves.

I was thinking about other things besides baseball at this time. I had met the girl I wanted to marry, Edna Lawson. I met her through my teammate, Irish Meusel.

Edna and Irish's wife had both come originally from the same town, Menominee, Michigan. Edna's family, the Lawsons, later moved to Glendale, California, and she eventually went to work for Howard Byron. He was the tax collector for the city of Los Angeles, and boy, he's collected many a tax.

Mrs. Stengel can tell the whole story much better than I can, and you should ask her about it.

Mrs. Stengel now speaking:

Our getting to meet each other came about by accident. I was planning on spending my 1923 vacation up in Portland, Oregon. And my friend Van Meusel, who was Mrs. Irish Meusel, persuaded me to come to New York instead, saying that if I wanted to see New York, Irish had contacts to get choice seats in all the theaters and all the night spots.

I went East in the middle of July when the team was on a road trip, and Van Meusel took me first to visit Atlantic City.

Some of the other baseball wives were there, and most of the conversation was that they wanted me to meet a very eligible bachelor on the club named Casey Stengel, who was a lot of fun and a very good dancer and a big spender. Of course, all these qualifications were along the line that anybody would be seeking who was taking a vacation.

We went to New York when the team came back, and at the ball park the girls pointed out Casey. Afterward we waited for the men to get dressed. And finally along came Casey Stengel. He had a very attractive brown-and-black-checked suit and a straw hat—and he always did wear hats pretty well.

Of course the girls introduced me, and then the other men showed up. Casey wanted to know if he couldn't take us all out to dinner and dancing that night. Unfortunately I already had a date with a doctor from Brooklyn, so he said, "Well, how about tomorrow night?"

So that was our first date. I might add that we were never alone a minute, and it was that way the whole six or seven days I was in New York. One night Casey took us all to a picture show, and I have a faint recollection that he might have held my hand during the show.

He made a date to meet me on the road, in Chicago, where I was going to stop on my way back and visit some family friends, the Hartnetts. So Casey came out there on an off day, and Mrs. Hartnett was much more co-operative than the Meusels had been—she left us alone all afternoon.

After taking me out to dinner and dancing, Casey said that he must be back in the team's hotel not later than twelve o'clock. I think it was because of the rush deal that he proposed to me on Mrs. Hartnett's front porch before he left.

I didn't pledge myself to accept, but we corresponded.

The next year Casey was with the Boston Braves, and he wanted to know when I was coming East again. He went to see my brother, Larry Lawson, who was an Army officer living in Belleville, Illinois, outside St. Louis. Casey made quite an impression on my brother and his wife, and they persuaded me to come visit them that summer at a time when Casey would be in St. Louis.

So Casey and I were together quite a bit for about four or five days, and on his last night there—well, I guess Casey had just made up his mind that he wasn't going to leave St. Louis without me. And with the help of my brother and the blessing of Casey's manager, Dave Bancroft, we arranged to get married the next day, August 18, 1924. We were married at the home of the Catholic bishop in Belleville. His secretary, Father Louis Ell—who is now a bishop himself—performed the ceremony.

We went on a tour of Europe that fall with the New York Giants and the Chicago White Sox, then visited Casey's family in Kansas City, and then settled in a house in Glendale that was my father's wedding gift. We've lived there ever since.

Back to Casey:

After that wedding I told the writers, "If you're going to print anything about us, you can say for the bridegroom that it is the best catch he ever made in his career."

And we've never had any children, but Edna had so many in her family—nieces and nephews and their children that came along—that we've been very active with the family.

And as I progressed in baseball as a manager, she got to where she was very enthusiastic, liked most of the owners and commenced taking an interest in the game. I thought she made a good appearance in any box wherever I had a position as manager. And I've gone along with this one number, and I would have to say that her end of things has been handled in a first-class manner, with me being a man that's been up and down.

Well, after getting married there in 1924, I played out the season with the Braves and hit .280 in 131 games. I started the 1925 season with them too, but then Judge Fuchs, the owner, decided to buy a farm club at Worcester in the Eastern League and sent me there to run it. I was the president and the manager, and also a player. The club was in the cellar when I got there on May twenty-second, and we ended up the season in third place.

One man I got to know in that league was George Weiss. He'd gone to Yale, and was then running the New Haven club. He went on, naturally, to become the farm director and then the general manager of the Yankees.

Another man in the league was Leo Durocher. He was a young shortstop at Hartford. He couldn't hit much, but he certainly could get around and get that ball in the field and was an amazing man for relays. He was also a man who could irritate you, and we used to get mad at him all the time, but you could never get Durocher rattled.

Once before a game they were having a meeting in their clubhouse, and he wasn't hitting but about .208 at the time. So I went out in the infield to the shortstop position and scratched "208" in the dirt in figures about six feet long. And you ought to have seen his face when he came out and saw that. Of course, he knew then that I was a big smart aleck, the same as himself.

As a ten-year man in the big leagues, I was entitled to be a free agent, but the Boston club was using me for other positions. So after that year at Worcester I released myself. I wrote a letter releasing "Charles D. Stengel, Manager," signed by "Charles D. Stengel, President." This came before the commissioner of baseball, Judge Landis. He looked it over and said, "Well, I guess if he's president of the club and can hire and fire players, he can also fire himself as manager."

The next year I moved up to Toledo in the American Association. One of my owners there, Oscar Smith, wrote me a short while ago on how that came about:

John McMahon and I were partners in Toledo in the practice of law, and we were also interested in real estate. We arrived at the conclusion that the location of the old Swayne Field baseball park would improve and could someday be developed. John McGraw of the Giants, who owned the park and the Toledo team, said that he would not sell the property unless we also bought the ball club. Of course, neither John McMahon nor I knew anything about baseball, let alone trying to run a club. We told this to McGraw, and McGraw said, "I can recommend the best man I think for you in the operation of the ball club who can handle and develop players, manage the club properly and in addition has business ability."

It was Casey Stengel whom he recommended. Everything that McGraw said came true. Attendance grew so that in 1927 we played to 324,000 people, which was more than the population, and we won the first pennant in Toledo's history.

My salary at Toledo was $10,000 a year, and I had an unlimited expense account to entertain big-league scouts that came in to look over our players. I never took any commissions, but I sold men like Freddy Maguire and Woody English to the Cubs, and Roy Parmelee to the Giants. And Bevo LeBourveau—I kept selling him and getting him back. I sold him to John McGraw and then to Connie Mack and then to Branch Rickey—three of the brightest men that were ever in baseball. LeBourveau could do more than almost anybody else on a ball field, but he was very erratic.

After we won the pennant in 1927 the owners used the profits to rebuild the ball park. And the owners didn't know the depression was coming, and the club became very indebted to the banks. Then in 1931 five of the six banks in which we had our money closed down. It ended up that we were out of business, and the Toledo franchise was taken over by the Cleveland club.

I naturally was out of a job. Then the Brooklyn manager, Max Carey, offered me a job as coach. I'd played with Max at Pittsburgh—he was the best base stealer I ever saw, and they have him now in the Hall of Fame.

Brooklyn finished third under Carey in 1932; then the next year the club didn't do so well. I was surprised people didn't realize he had a club that was getting near the end of its age. But in February of '34 they called me to New York City. They told me Carey was out and offered me the managing job.

I said, "Well, I understand Carey's got another year on his contract."

They looked at me and said, "That's what he has. Max Carey has a contract for another year."

I said, "Well, for goodness sake, does he get his money or doesn't he?"

They said, "That's not for you to worry about. We'll give you the information that if you don't take this job, there are fifty others who will."

Next week Casey Stengel opens up about his struggles as a big-league manager—including the mysteries of his well-known, often-misunderstood platoon system.

—The Editors

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RFI: Continued from page 38

by air-navigation beacons. The factories were forced to shut down. It so happens that the approach area used by the colliding planes is a hotbed of Radio Frequency Interference from electronic heaters in nearby industrial plants. No one has proved beyond a doubt that RFI caused the collision, but the suspicion lingers, as it does in many an air disaster.

The simple fact is that every piece of electrical equipment is a potential source of interference to other equipment. But cluttered as the atmosphere is with electrical transmissions and bad as the interference between them is, it is bound to become worse. New sources of Radio Frequency Interference are being created daily. The armed services of the United States now depend heavily on electronic equipment, not only to gather and collate intelligence about possible foes but also to make command decisions. Soon a combination of radar and computers will take over from humans, to a large extent, the control of all civilian traffic along the nation's airways. In ten years, an official of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation confidently predicts, computers and related electronic data-processing equipment should be in universal commercial use, even by the store on the corner.

Electronics specialists are worried. "The art of interference control is a tricky one, and new tricks are appearing every day," says Rexford Daniels, head of a crusading civilian group, Interference Consultants, Inc., of Boston. Writing in an engineers' publication, the *IRE Student Quarterly*, he gives examples.

A technician puts too sharp a bend in a hookup wire, and he has made an antenna; an engineer plugs in a power cord and finds that he has created a "ground loop"; a test man leaves a piece of wire lying on a bench and finds that it is resonating; a windstorm blows a copper flashing loose, and it becomes a relay station. When you get fooling around in the microvolt areas, even the change in your pocket can upset readings. . . . Comparatively few people know, or care, about this growing menace except those who wonder when a plane will crash, a ship will be lost or a guided missile will land in a crowded city.

Is Daniels exaggerating? At Cape Canaveral, Florida, at least one missile—an early Matador type, since redesigned—maneuvered erratically when a woman taxi dispatcher in Austin, Texas, radioed instructions to a driver. The dispatcher's voice, which the Matador picked up, was identical in pitch to the radio signal used to guide the missile. Nearly one in every five launchings at the Cape is delayed in the countdown stage by interference to data-transmission channels from a variety of sources.

"In spite of elaborate precautionary measures taken to prevent interference from occuring," Richard E. Jones, area-frequency co-ordinator of the Atlantic Missile Range, told a recent conference of electronics engineers, "cases still arise which are serious enough to threaten the success of an entire launching operation. When interference does occur, it usually happens at the worst possible time and is not usually recognized as interference at the outset, but as equipment malfunction."

An Air Force specialist, Col. James D. Flashman, chief of frequency allocation in the Directorate of Communications-Electronics, has commented bluntly in *Signal*, the official journal of the Armed Forces Communications and Electronics Association:

> Under concepts by which the frequency spectrum is now used, it is just not possible to guarantee that any portion of the spectrum will be interference free, regardless of national or international intentions or agreements. Controls which would make this guarantee possible simply do not exist. Internationally recognized distress frequencies are probably among the most sacred assignments known; yet these frequencies are seriously abused, not just occasionally but continuously, as mounting reports readily disclose.

Compounding the problem of RFI are the formidable twins of electronic progress—power and speed. The power of equipment—radar in particular—has increased tremendously in recent years. Military radar is now so strong that it can actually cook a man exposed excessively to its rays. The more powerful the equipment, the more likely it is to interfere with other equipment. At the same time the speed of transmitting electrical impulses has increased fantastically. Computers now transmit data at the rate of hundreds of thousands of "bits," or segments, every second. A few seconds' interruption can be ruinous.

Where can the blame for Radio Frequency Interference be placed? One knowledgeable electronics engineer, who prefers to remain anonymous, speaks of ignorance among designers and manufacturers of electronic devices. "If the people who design the equipment know the problem, the problem no longer exists," he contends. "They would adopt methods to control interference, if they knew of the peril in their uncontrolled equipment."

For years this engineer has been in the forefront of a small battle being waged by a professional group, the Institute of Radio Engineers, to educate other engineers to the seriousness of RFI and the need to control it, in designing equipment, before manufacturing begins.

So far as military equipment is concerned, any impartial analysis would have to lay part of the blame for RFI at the door of the armed forces themselves. Since World War II—and in some branches even before—the American military has been aware of the growing threat of Radio Frequency Interference. An impressive catalogue of military directives and specifications has been drawn up over the years, aimed at ensuring that new equipment built for the armed forces would not create new problems of RFI. But what has appeared an enlightened solution on paper has proved an added menace in practice.

The military has largely ignored its own careful standards for controlling RFI. More than half of its orders for new equipment, according to one informed military estimate, have been accompanied by waivers to manufacturers, permitting them to side-step rigid anti-RFI specifications.

In some cases such waivers have been the result of honest attempts to meet a nightmarish dilemma. Weakened by rapid demobilization after World War II, the services have been working hard to prepare for a possible World War III. New equipment has been needed fast. Anti-RFI measures can add time and expense to the development of equipment. The armed forces have tried in some cases to weigh the risk of increasing RFI against the risk of being caught shy of modern

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equipment in a sneak attack by an enemy, but in the end they have ordered the equipment and waived the anti-RFI specifications. The fact that such equipment might ultimately not work accurately in combat because of RFI hasn't made the choice any easier. More than one defense commander has spent a sleepless night worrying whether RFI might paralyze his equipment before it ever goes into action.

Last year Maj. Gen. Robert J. Wood of the Army Research and Development Office, noting that the modern battlefield was "overrun" with electronic devices, asked the House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee to authorize a two-year $8,700,000 study program to find out what would happen if 20,000 such gadgets were operating at once under war conditions. He feared the result would be a hopeless snarl of the airwaves, with devices jamming one another. The study is now under way at the U. S. Army Electronic Proving Ground at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, and yielding important data.

Concern over the effectiveness of military equipment has finally prompted the Defense Department to unite the individual efforts of the Army, Navy and Air Force in the first comprehensive assault on RFI. Last year Deputy Secretary of Defense James H. Douglas told the secretaries of the three military branches in a message: "The increasing use of the radio-frequency spectrum and greater reliance on radiating devices for military purposes is resulting in a Radio Frequency Interference problem that is of great concern." He outlined a Radio Frequency Compatibility Program and ordered it into action at once.

The program is an enormously ambitious attempt to "fingerprint" every type of electronic equipment owned by the military—to determine all the energy radiations of the equipment and to analyze these radiations for potential interference with other equipment. The data—"spectrum signatures," the military calls them—are to be stored in a central library for use in predicting RFI at a given military site.

An analysis center is now being set up at Annapolis, Maryland, under the direction of civilian RFI experts from the Armour Research Foundation of Chicago. In full operation, the center will reduce all the radiation information on military equipment to mathematical equations. Electrical energy in the environment—from all civilian sources, as well as possible jamming that an enemy might introduce—is also to be estimated mathematically. Then computers at the analysis center are to tell how the equipment will perform in combat. Finally this information is to be tested in the field.

The military is hopeful about the compatibility program, possibly more hopeful than it has been about RFI at any time in the past. Where the computers detect interference, the armed forces hope to outflank it through such means as time-sharing of present equipment—permitting the use of equipment only at specified intervals—and alteration of the design of future equipment. But no responsible official is kidding himself into thinking that RFI has yet been contained. The obstacles to even partial success of the compatibility program are great.

For one thing, if frequency conflicts arise between civilian and military equipment, which gets the priority? Traditionally the civilian has tended to prevail in peacetime. Another obstacle is the vast ignorance about the nature of RFI. "We don't know enough about radio frequency propagations, about what to put into the analysis center's computer," a defense co-ordinator admits. "It's pretty hard to form an equation that describes the effect on equipment of, say, an airplane passing overhead or a truck roaring by." (The airplane's radio and other electrical equipment and the truck's ignition system can create RFI.)

A third roadblock is the massiveness and complexity of the task itself. Getting spectrum signatures for every type of equipment, for example, will require thousands upon thousands of man hours. Some experts estimate this task could take as long as three years, unless more funds and technicians are made available.

Meanwhile on the civilian front the war against RFI hobbles along aimlessly, if indeed it can be said to be moving at all. The FCC's Field Engineering and Monitoring Bureau, the police department of the airways, is hopelessly ill equipped to cope with the magnitude of the threat. In all the fifty states the bureau has a total staff of only 380 to handle complaints, track interference, license amateurs, aid ships and planes in distress and serve the public in other ways. Of the 380 staffers, only about fifty are assigned specifically to investigate violations. And only half of the work of these fifty is concerned explicitly with curbing RFI.

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But even if the FCC's police force were increased fivefold or sixfold—and it could easily use the extra manpower—the agency could never solve the problem of RFI. It simply lacks the power to proceed effectively. It is a stopgap and not a solution. It is authorized to crack down only *after* RFI has occurred, after the damage has been done. Even then it is frequently strapped by a lack of legal authority unless specific danger to life or property can be proved. Often it must wheedle, humor, even shame offenders into eliminating interference by using shielding or otherwise modifying their equipment.

What is needed—and sorely—is a coordinated civilian-military program to control all RFI. Prevention calls for laws to force the designers of all electric and electronic equipment to make sure their products don't release energy that will interfere with other equipment. Such laws will require that the products meet authorized standards of performance before they can be sold. Just as cities such as Los Angeles have been forced to demand action from the automobile industry and others to control pollution of the air that is breathed, so the Government will have to insist that manufacturers not pollute the electromagnetic spectrum with unwanted radiations.

Programs that approach this goal are being carried out today in Europe. Great Britain, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland and the Soviet Union, for instance, have strict laws governing the amount of unwanted energy that electric and electronic devices—even the ignition systems of motor scooters—can emit before they reach the customer. Canada, too, has exacting laws.

Thus far, however, Congress has resisted, as an intrusion on trade, attempts to legislate control over the design of electrical equipment in the United States. The person who uses the product—not the manufacturer—is held responsible for its performance. The Federal Government has no compunction about insisting on safety checks on an airliner before it is allowed in the sky, but it will not lift a finger to monitor the design of electrical equipment that may one day cause the accidental crash of the aircraft.

From the standpoint of national defense, one thing is certain: The problem of RFI must be approached with a greater sense of urgency. A visitor concerned with RFI was talking recently to a responsible Army officer in the Pentagon. "Let me ask you this," the visitor said. "If World War III broke out tomorrow, would this country be in bad shape with respect to Radio Frequency Interference?"

"We'd be in serious trouble," the officer replied.

Tradition dies hard, and the tradition of maximum free enterprise and civilian dominance over the military has proved sound in this country since its adoption by the founding fathers. But worried electronics experts are questioning whether tradition should not have some give to it. As they see it, the alternative to some legal control of RFI promptly is drastic legal control eventually—dictatorial rule by the Federal Government of all electric and electronic energy. This step might be necessary, some specialists have suggested, on days on which particularly vital space missions are scheduled or during international crises.

Though few laymen are aware of it, the machinery for such total control already exists, embodied in Public Law 200, enacted in 1951. This law empowers the President, upon proclamation "that there exists war or a threat of war, or a state of public peril or disaster or other national emergency," to "cause the closing of any station for radio communications, or any device capable of emitting electromagnetic radiations between 10 kilocycles and 100,000 megacycles"—more than 99.9 per cent of all electrical equipment built today. Public Law 200 could be invoked by a proclamation that RFI is a "public peril."

Not long ago a musician was strumming his electric guitar when it suddenly broadcast a message from a passing airplane. One newspaper headlined its report HIS GUITAR TALKS BACK! It was RFI, of course, that was doing the talking, and those who know most about the RFI menace think it's time we all got the message. THE END

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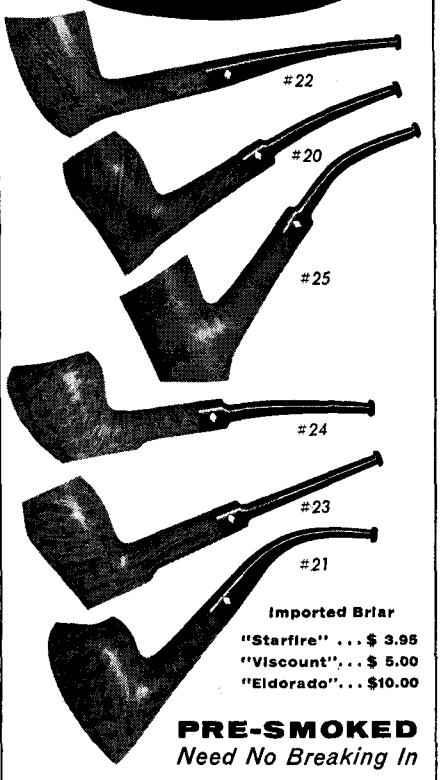

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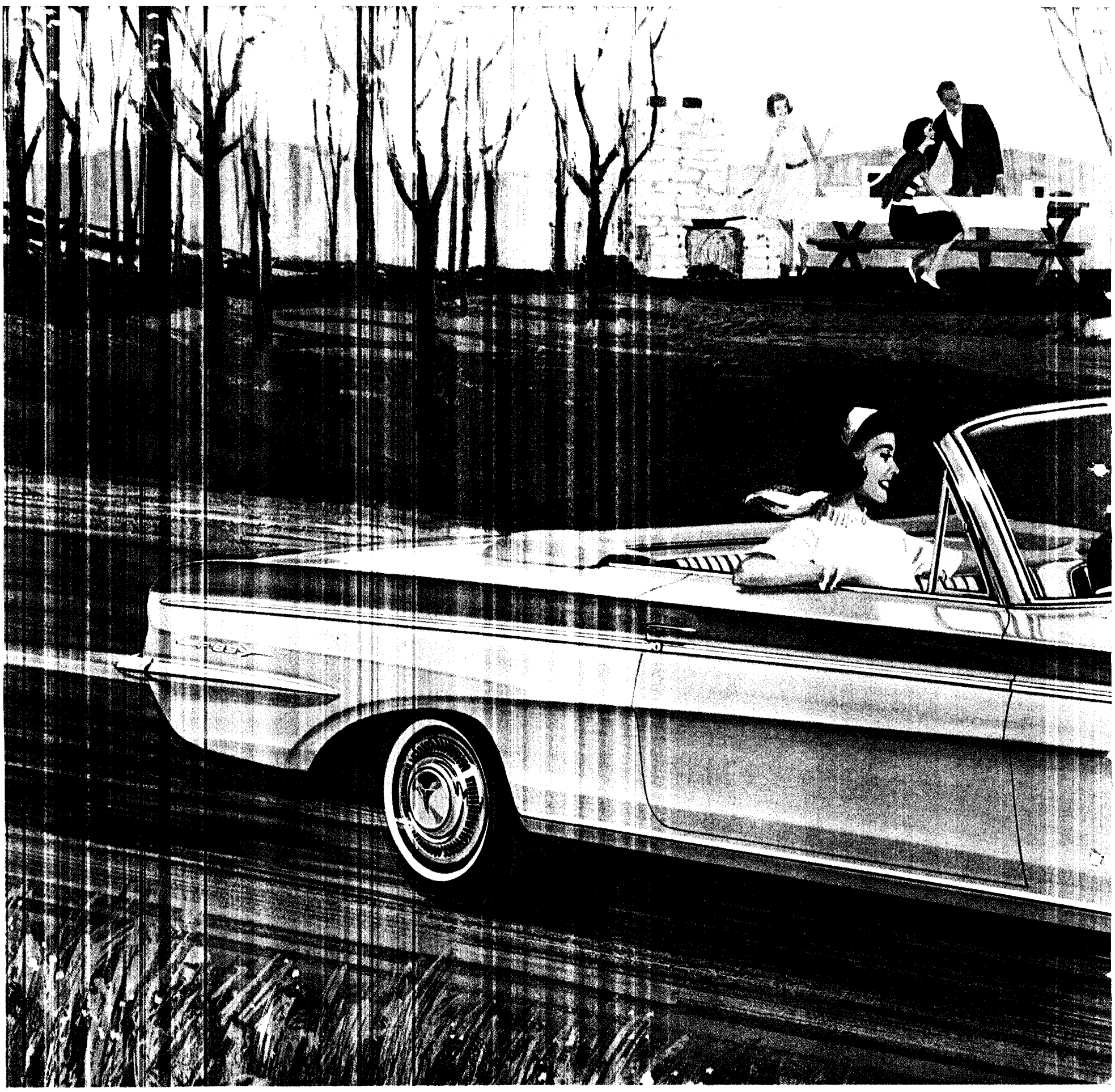

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PARIS IS THE

One man's loveletter to a lost sweetheart.

Dear old Katey kid: Come to Paris as soon as you can. Don't put it off until you are a year older, because Paris may be different in a year, and I don't think you ought to miss the way it is now.

Everything is people in Paris. The people keep saying "Ah" and "Oh la-la" to one another all day and all night. No matter what time you go to bed you will hear somebody in the street saying "Ah" or "Oh la-la" in a loud voice to somebody else. I wish I knew a little more French than I do, so I could begin to guess what this is all about.

I know it's about tomatoes now and then, because I saw a little old lady buying fifty francs' worth of little old tomatoes from a young movie star at a pushcart on a narrow street, and after the little old lady had come out with her "Oh la-la," the movie star put back a bad tomato and put in a slightly better one. The little old lady wagged her head at his audacity in trying to give her a bad tomato, handed over her coin and went down the street, whereupon the movie star said "Ah" and made a famous French face. I call him a movie star because I've seen him in the six or seven French movies I've seen so far. All of the people in the French movies appear to have side jobs selling tomatoes from pushcarts in the streets. The French people want their movie heroes that way. And that's one of the things I want you to come over and enjoy.

The French seem to believe that if there is anybody who isn't handsome enough to be in a movie, then there isn't anybody who *is* handsome. They don't like their movie heroes to be better-looking than the rest of the people.

Everybody in Paris believes he either is in a movie or could be if he wanted to, and everybody acts as if he had just turned down a big part in a movie because it wasn't as much fun as being in the full-time movie he has always been in.

I think this particular movie, which is a very pleasant one, is coming to an end, though, and may be over next year about this time. And who knows what the next movie is going to be like?

You're not a kid any more, although I've got to call you "Katey kid" because I've always called you that, and my Della has been dead five years, and your Edward has been dead two, and our kids have all grown up.

I don't mind saying I'm sixty-six, although I can't understand how I ever got to be so old all of a sudden. Wasn't it just last year that both of us graduated from Fremont High School in the same class?

I'm not asking you to come over and be my bride, either, in case you're thinking that that's what's in the back of my head. The only thing in the back of my head is that for all of my sixty-six years, Paris has got me thinking I'm sixteen again, and I believe it'll get you to thinking you're sixteen again too.

Now, as you may remember, when I *was* sixteen, I spoke to you about our getting married, and you asked for a little time to think it over. You felt there was plenty of time—and, of course, there was. There were fifty years of time for me, for instance, but now all of that time has been used up, but at least once a year—in October, because that was when I brought up the matter the first time—I've thought it over. *Old Katey kid, what's she up to now, I wonder?*

This time I would rather you didn't ask for time to think it over, because I have this feeling that the movie is going to change, and I don't think you ought to miss this part of it, which seems to be the best part.

It's late September now, and October will soon be here. Bring your money, of course. It would be silly for me to pretend I could afford to pay your way and then pay your expenses after you got here. I live like a king on thirty dollars a week, which is what I get in the mail the first of every month, the retirement pay of an ex-English teacher at Fremont High School, and I just couldn't pay for anything else out of that. But I know you get more than that in the mail the first of every month from Ed's insurance. With that extra money, you could buy some of the things that Paris is famous for—hats, shoes, perfumes. I know you could live like a queen on your money.

I live a little down the hill from a place called Pigalle, in what you might call the slums, only nobody here does that. Everybody believes he is in the same movie that everybody else is in, and everybody believes his own neighborhood is the best in the city.

The name of my street is *Rue de la Victoire*, and I am at No. 127, third floor, front two rooms, no elevator, but you don't need an elevator. The people in the building are all fine people who say "Ah" and "Oh la-la" to one another all the time. I haven't learned any real French yet, but after all, I've been here only six months. I wanted to be sure I wanted to stay before trying to learn the language; but now that I know I want to stay, I'm taking lessons from the old man who lives on the floor just below mine, who used to be a gardener but has been retired for more than twenty years.

He wrote his age on the back of an envelope the other day, and it was eighty-eight. I

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FOR YOU!

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

couldn't believe my eyes, for he doesn't look that old at all, except for his big white mustache. He gets around nicely, too, although he doesn't take the Metro very much because he doesn't like crowds. The Metro is short for *Métropolitain*, the name of the subway.

You can get around very nicely for a very small amount of money and you can get there much swifter than by a taxi, for instance. I take a taxi once in a while, but not too often. Why waste the money? The people of Paris don't like to waste money.

The man's name is Lebeque. The first thing he wanted to teach me was to count, which I am now able to do. And then he taught me the days of the week. I always know what day it is. Today is *samedi*, for instance. Saturday.

The two rooms cost me, furnished, three hundred francs a day, or about sixty cents. Well, they're worth it. They're not exactly enormous rooms, but I have all the room I need and then some. The kitchen is small, but it *is* a kitchen, and I get out some pretty good cooking in there.

Now, the other day, the lady who occupied two other rooms on this floor, also overlooking the street, was taken at her own request to a home because she didn't want to look after herself any more. Since her departure I've visited her rooms and I know you would love them and be perfectly at home in them. The rent, I am sorry to say, is a little higher than mine—three hundred and fifty francs a day, or seventy

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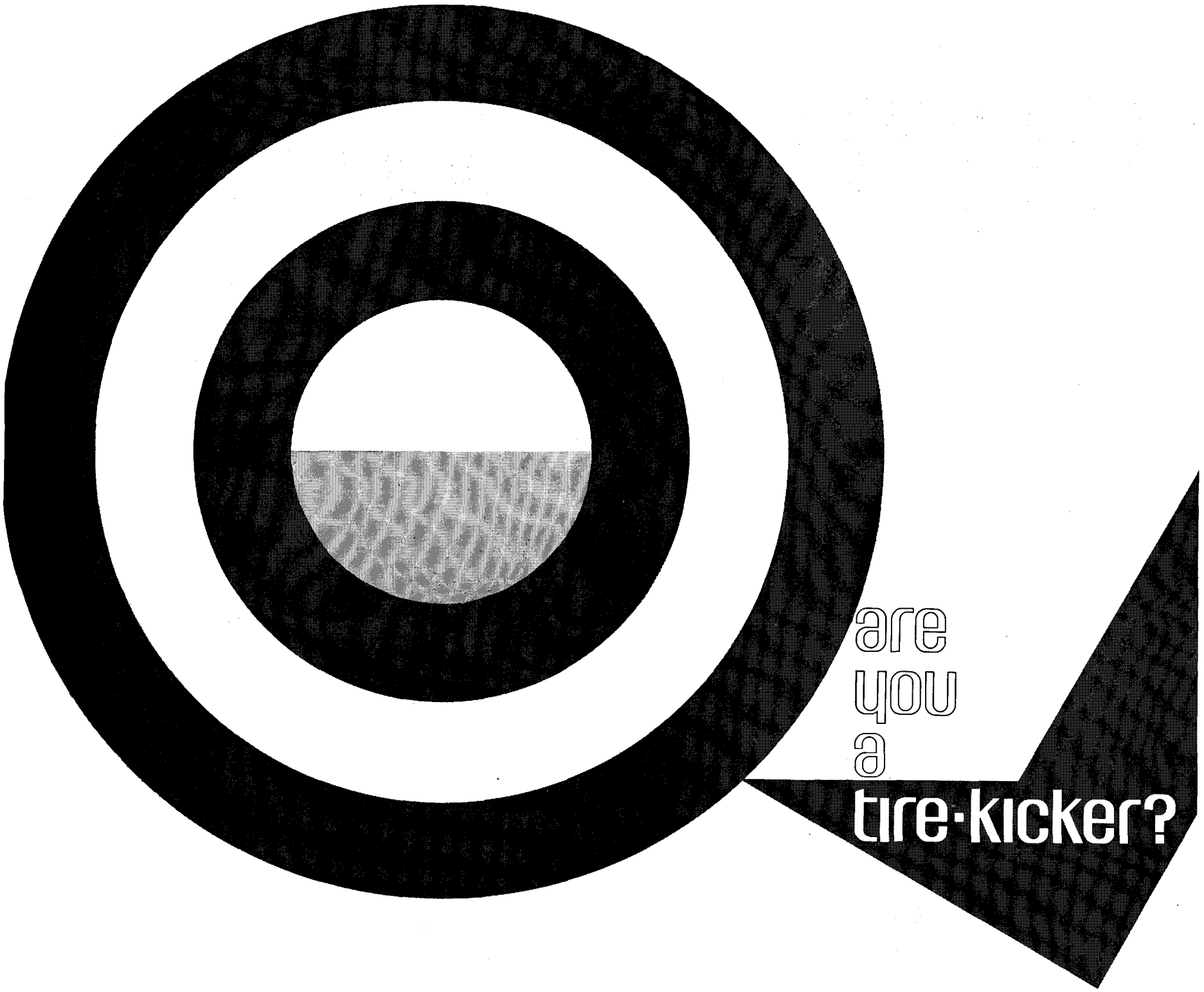

Funny how the custom of tire-kicking persists even today.

Satisfying, too . . . the sound of that solid thunk and the shock up and down your leg when your shoe bops a properly inflated tire.

But it didn't used to be that way at all. Grandfather regularly kicked the thin-skinned predecessors of today's tough-as-nails tires. After all, 50 miles without a puncture or blowout was something to boast about then, and you had to keep checking. Which meant kicking, of course.

But they don't make that kind any more. You can kick all day and never learn a thing. Besides, it's tiresome.

But most important, you can *drive* all day at speeds Grandfather could scarcely imagine, in a far heavier vehicle, and be many times as safe as he ever was!

If you're a typical POST reader today, you do all these things and then some. For instance, you also drive 32% farther each year than the average U.S. motorist. What's more, a surprising number of you own—not just 1—but 2 or more cars!

And wherever you drive on business, shopping, pleasure, or vacation trips, you drive on tires that are so rugged and so safe that you can get hundreds of times the mileage Grandfather could in his day—and not think twice about it.

But we do. That's why The Saturday Evening Post takes this opportunity to salute the Tire Industry, its key suppliers, and its many independent tire dealer customers on the occasion of the 41st Annual Convention and Trade Show presented by the National Tire Dealers and Retreaders Association, September 24-27.

Over the years they have made it possible for you and millions of POST INFLUENTIALS on Wheels to travel our highways with ever increasing safety, efficiency, and economy.

They're the people who have really taken the kick out of tires.

The Saturday Evening POST

Suddenly, reading becomes a new adventure!

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cents; but the rooms are really worth the difference—better furnished, more suitable for a lady, and just a little more spacious too, with more light, on account of an extra window.

So if you came to Paris and liked the rooms and took them, there you'd be at that end of the third floor, and there I'd be at this end; and if it was October at the time, we might just take it into our heads to walk to the Opéra—not to go inside or anything, I mean to the place where the Opéra is—and from there we could walk on to the Louvre, where all the great paintings are, but again we wouldn't need to go in. I think it costs half a dollar, but once you are in there, there is enough to see to keep you there all day. We might do the Louvre together, starting early one morning and leaving at closing time. We'd take our lunches, of course, as many people do.

But if we didn't go in, we could visit the Tuileries, which is a famous garden, full of chestnut trees, little lakes with

DON'T MISS

POST

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

kids sailing boats on them, and a lot of statues of various kinds. We could walk around in the garden—it's very big, you understand, and we could sit and talk and notice the statues and watch the kids and the other movie stars or we could just listen to them and try to guess what they're saying.

At the other end of the garden is the famous *Place de la Concorde*, where there is an Egyptian obelisk that is always nice to see from far off or from very near, and then comes the famous *Avenue des Champs-Elysées*, a great place for promenading.

We could have fun, Katey kid; and don't think for a moment I don't know I'm being a little forward about it. But why shouldn't I be? I don't believe you'd rather I weren't, as a matter of fact. You only live once, and there comes a time when it just doesn't do not to be forward, or at any rate a time when it is no longer necessary to be overcautious. That time came for me five years ago when Della died.

I really didn't know what kind of a time I had come to, but little by little I began to find out. I don't blame my kids for being busy with their own lives. When they were little I was pretty busy with mine, I guess, but as long as Della was there with me they visited us regularly. The wives of my three boys were always bringing stuff along, and the husbands of my two girls were always doing that too, and even some of their kids, my grandkids, brought stuff along—a little painting, or something made in shop at school, book ends or something.

For all I know, it may be that way with you too, now that old Ed has been gone for two years, or maybe it's only *beginning* to be that way. Well, take my advice and don't wait until it goes too far. Just remember our talk in October fifty years ago and come to Paris. Just remember I remember you as if you were the pretty girl you were then, which you are.

But why Paris? Why not California, for instance, or Florida? Well, I really don't quite know how to put it, but if you're going to go away, I say go away, go far away and be gone, be truly gone.

I didn't write to anybody for a month, because I didn't want anybody to misunderstand—which is easy for kids to do. But after a month, I decided to write to every one of them—sons, daughters, their wives, their husbands, and their kids. I even wrote to kids I know can't read, and every letter went into its own private envelope, because that would please each of them. And I believed soon the replies would begin to come. Just a letter in the box downstairs with my name on it, instead of only the check every month. Nothing fancy—"Hello, Pop, got your letter; glad to hear all goes well. Good-by, Dan." Or Dorothy.

I wrote a new letter every day describing life in Paris in a kind of humorous vein, and so by the time I had written to everybody, more than two weeks had gone by, and I believed the replies would begin to appear in the box downstairs.

Every morning I looked into the box. At last one letter came, from my grandkid Helen, who is now eleven, I think. George's second kid. They say she's a little slow, only they put it another way, but I'm not going to put it that way at all. She wrote the letter in print, and it must have taken her a long time. "Dear Grandpa: Thank you for your letter. I love you. I miss you. Come and visit me tomorrow, please. Helen." I never received a letter that made me prouder.

I'm crazy about the people of Paris, of course. They are really a lot of fun—so enthusiastic, so full of noise and life, so outspoken, so charming, really, and every one of them is like a hero in a movie; but at the same time I miss my own people a little. The trouble is, so many of the people I miss—well, they're gone. I even miss some of the people I never cared for, because if they *weren't* gone and if I happened to see them, I would at least remember that we knew one another long ago, even if we didn't care for one another.

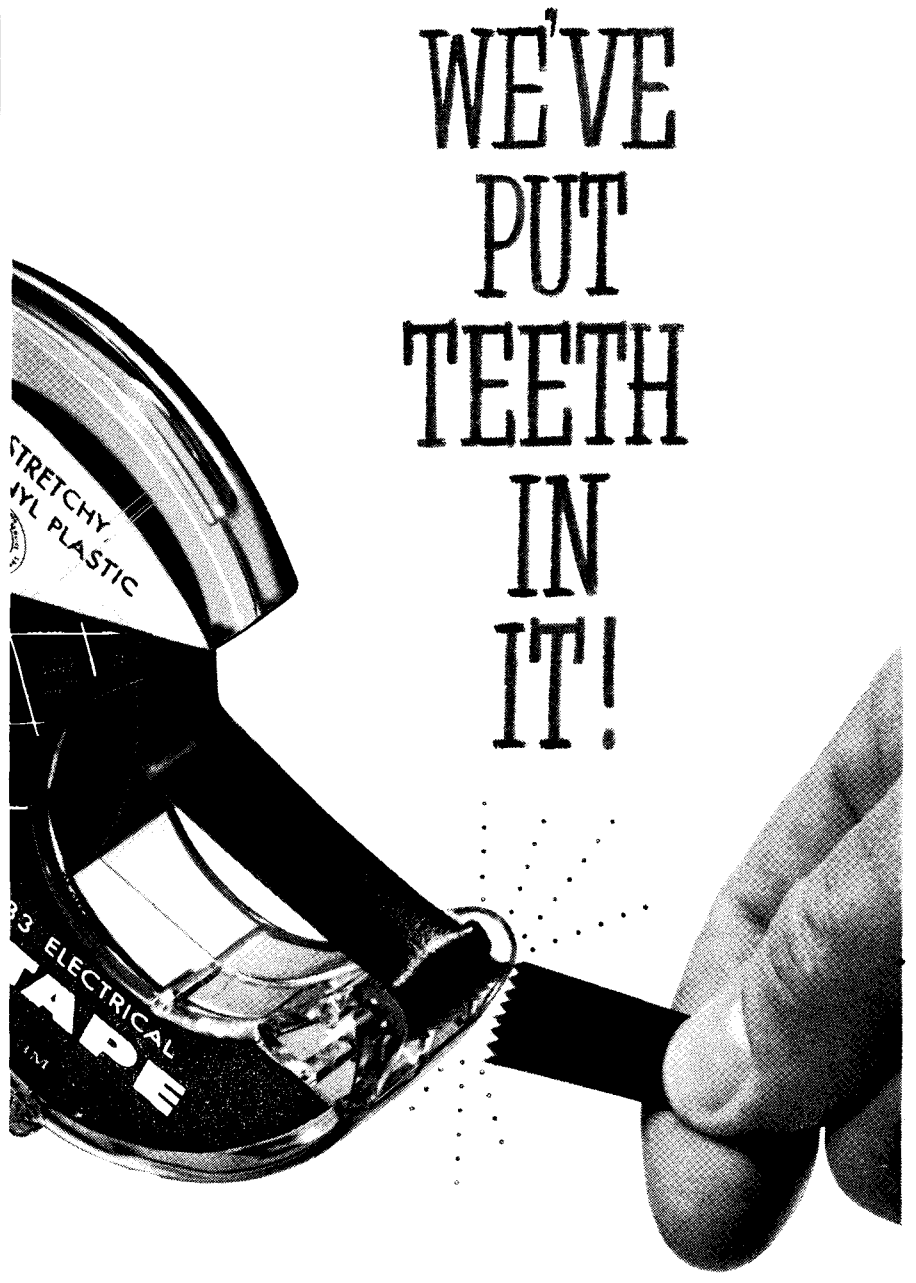
Now, with October coming on, I just don't want to be quite so far away from everybody I ever knew, and the one person I want most of all to be not too far away from is you. So come on over, and let's start October together; let's have the whole month together. I know Paris is the place for you, just as it's the place for me, and we'll have nothing but happy times all over the whole great city.

Of course, I'm not going to mail this letter just as I haven't mailed the other six or seven I've written to you during the past three months, but that's only because the letter's not quite good enough.

But one of these days, I'll write a letter that I know *is* good enough and I *will* mail it; and even if you don't come to Paris, or even if you don't answer it, I'll be glad you received it and read it, because the fact is, Katey kid, I love you, I have always loved you, I will always love you. Your old rejected suitor.

JOHN COPLEY

THE END



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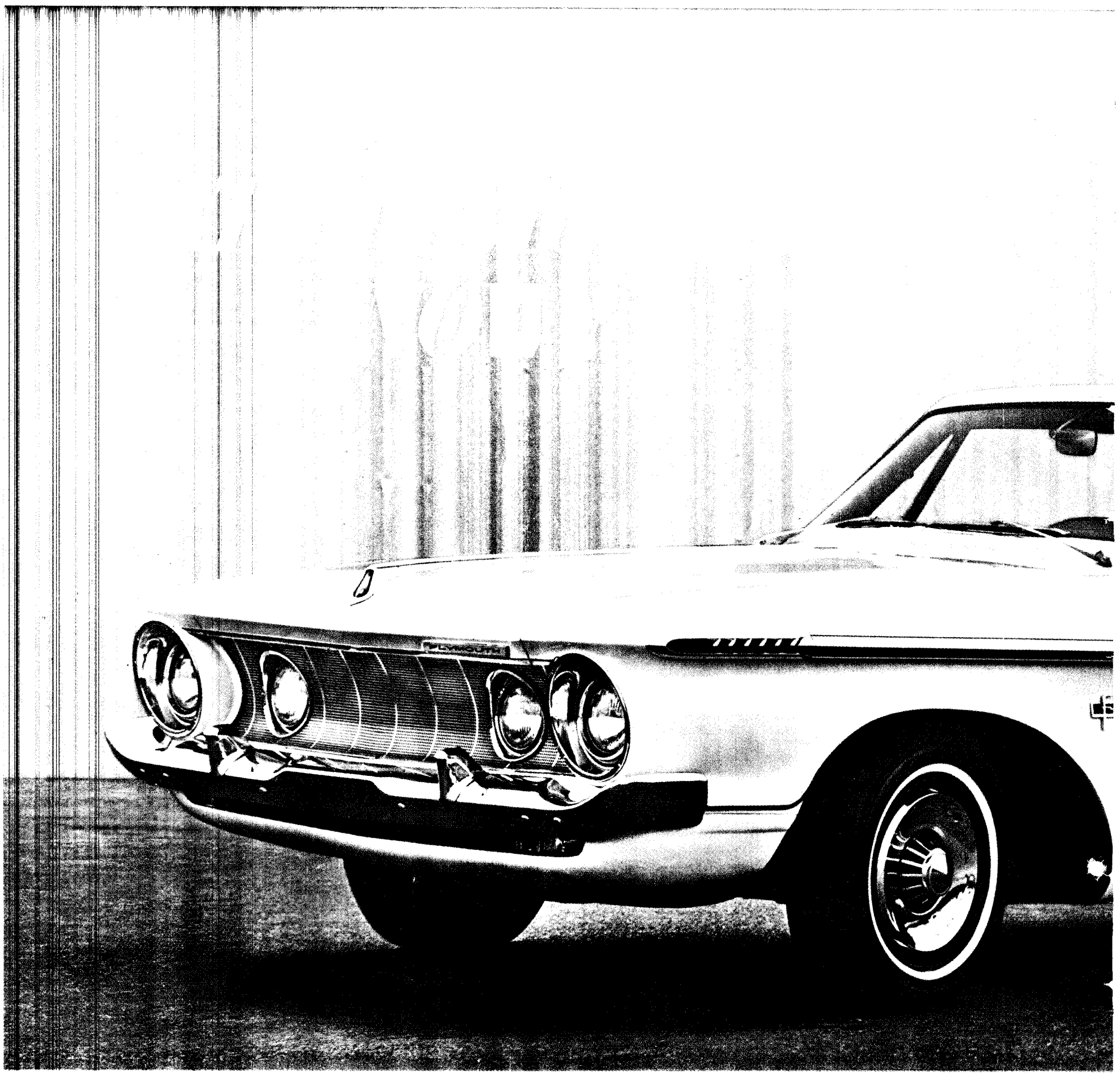

Completely new for '62! *Forward Flair design!*

Look at the exciting '62 Plymouth! Completely new in the way it looks, drives and saves, this full-size Plymouth now brings you the beautiful difference in the low-price field. No matter which make of car you're driving, you owe it to yourself to look at Plymouth *now*. And when you look at the new '62 Plymouth, you'll find . . .

NEW FORWARD FLAIR DESIGN

Forward Flair is an entirely new design concept in Plymouth's field. No low-price car ever looked like this before! Slender new dimensions all around. Gleaming new grille. Tailored, tapered hood. Rakish new roof line. Next, discover . . .

[illegible]

Plymouth unveils the richest interiors it has yet used to dress a car. The handsome fabrics display unmistakable good taste. And in most Fury models, you can order an elegant all-vinyl interior (it's optional). In front of you: a clean instrument cluster with big, easy-to-read dials. Around you: new quality, for Plymouth meets . . .

NEW QUALITY STANDARDS

Chrysler Corporation and engineering excellence are almost synonymous. *This* year, production standards and quality controls are more exacting than ever for Plymouth. Devotion to detail and careful workmanship are obvious in the interior fabrics, in the choice of appointments, in the way everything works and *lasts* because of the . . .

[illegible]

New full-unit construction in the '62 Plymouth is even tougher and more aloof to miles and years than last year's super-strong Unibody. In every way, Plymouth is engineered to last a long time, repay you at trade-in. Meanwhile, thrill to . . .

EAGER NEW PERFORMANCE

When you put your foot down in the new Plymouth, you really move out in a hurry. You surge to cruising speed as much as 10% faster

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beauty inside! New quality! New durability!

than last year's quick Plymouth got you there. And then you merely point this Plymouth the way you want to go. Plymouth stays on course, because of its new, improved center-of-balance. You enjoy easy handling, too, thanks to the new low-friction steering gear. Also, you will find . . .

Plymouth now brings you what is probably the best gas mileage of any full-size car. You can expect fewer "gasoline breaks" than the 1961 Plymouth took (and remember a Plymouth "6" scored higher than *any* other full-size car in the 1961 Mobilgas Economy Run). Plymouth's new 32,000-mile lube cycle on major chassis points, 4000-mile oil change, self-adjusting brakes mean fewer "pit stops," less expense. Even the battery-saving alternator (still exclusive as standard equipment on all Chrysler Corporation cars) has been improved, although it hardly needed it.

Yes, you obviously owe it to yourself to look at Plymouth—more closely than ever before. See its beautiful difference and look at the surprising low prices, too. There's never been a car like this one on *your* block or anywhere else. Look at the new Plymouth! See your dealer today!

THE BEAUTIFUL DIFFERENCE IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD

THE NEW PLYMOUTH

QUALITY-ENGINEERED BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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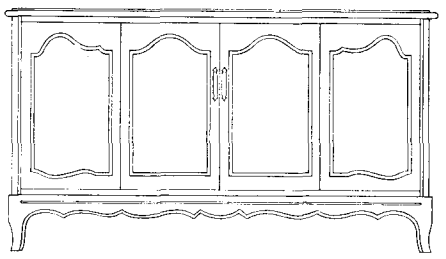


A masterpiece of precision quality fashioned in the finest furniture

So new, so complete, this 1962 Admiral home entertainment center will even receive the exciting new FM stereo-radio broadcasts!

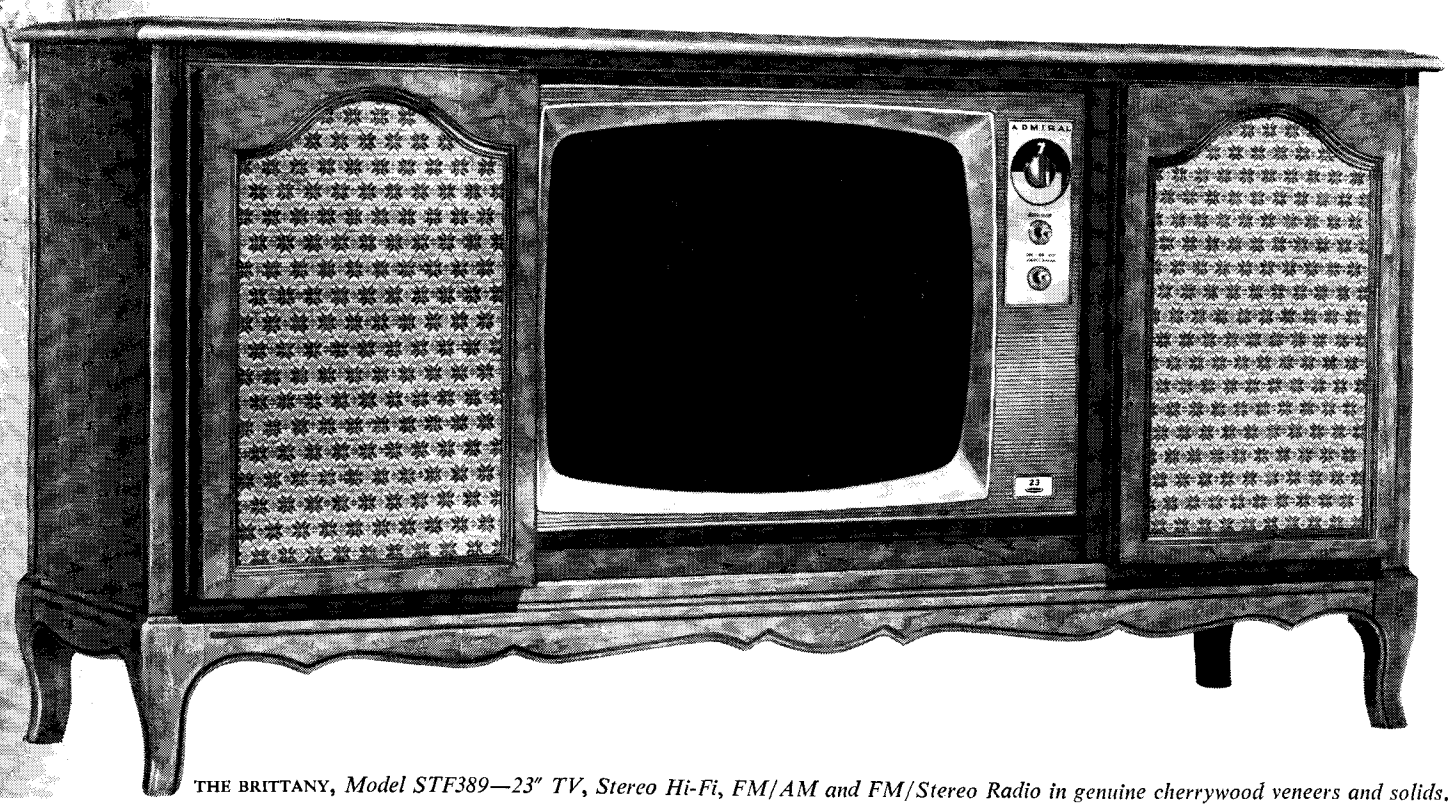
Now Admiral brings you all its latest advances in 23″ (overall diagonal†) TV, stereo hi-fi and FM/AM radio in one decorator cabinet. Even provision for the new FM radio broadcasts in true stereophonic sound.*

Engineered for unmatched performance and long life, Admiral circuitry is held to a precision of *two and one-half thousandths of an inch and finer!* In TV, this Admiral Quality approach brings you such exclusive new features as a miracle Compactron☆ tube for peak fringe-area reception and picture stability. In stereo, it brings you Admiral's famous "Phantom 3rd Channel"... you hear music not only from the left and right, but also in the center. You are surrounded by moving, dimensional sound! In radio, it brings you rich, drift-free FM plus long-range AM reception.

This is Admiral Quality—*precision quality*—offered now in a Masterpiece Collection of fine furniture.

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

ADMIRAL®



THE BRITTANY, *Model STF389—23″ TV, Stereo Hi-Fi, FM/AM and FM/Stereo Radio in genuine cherrywood veneers and solids.*

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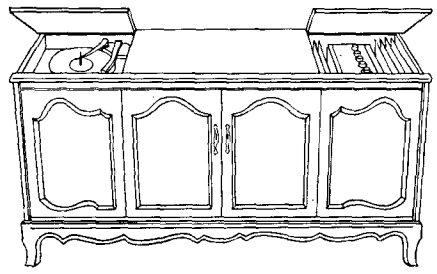
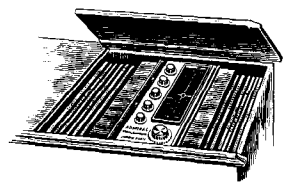
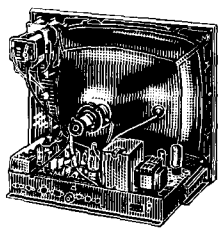


Three precision quality instruments in one decorator cabinet

New 4-speed phono with exclusive Precision Level Indicator—assures accurate tone-arm tracking and longer record life! Automatic phono plays both stereo and monaural records with new depth and dimension. New featherweight tone arm. Diamond and sapphire stylii. Powerful multi-channel amplifiers. Four speakers.



Stereo FM reception plus AM radio—Especially engineered Admiral sound system has new *all-transistor* Multiplexer...faithfully reproduces the exciting new stereo FM broadcasts. True studio-sound realism right in your home! New precision Audio Control Center permits infinite adjustment of tone, balance and loudness...includes AM/FM slide-rule tuning and AFC for drift-free FM.



New Admiral movie-square 23″ TV—Famous Admiral transformer-powered SP23 horizontal chassis delivers 23,000 volts of picture power. New long-range turret tuner. Exclusive Automatic Picture Contrast Restoration for sharpest blacks and truest whites. Precision Electron Focus Control provides *lasting* edge-to-edge picture sharpness.

† 23″ OVERALL DIAGONAL, 282 SQ. IN. VIEWABLE AREA
☆ TM OF MANUFACTURER
* MULTIPLEX ACCESSORY, OPTIONAL EXTRA

MOTHER IS A MOVIE QUEEN

Continued from Page 40

difficult to describe as it was easy to look at. "Let's just say Lily's in her teens. She's been in the little-theater movement on the Coast here for several seasons. Her dad—we're separated, as you know—helped to finance her in a couple of things that sort of expired. Anyway, she thinks it's high time I did a Broadway play, and so I finally accepted Martin Latimer's offer."

"And in all these Hollywood years you've never been in a stage drama?"

"No. And I'm petrified. But don't put that in your piece. In fact, dear, I'd like to see a copy of this article before it appears. Not that I don't trust you, Al. But ——"

"I'll have a transcript in the mails in about two weeks."

"In that case send it on to the Park South Hotel, New York." She gave one of her famous smiles. "If you boys like Scotch, just help yourself. A feller in Edinburgh makes it up for me special."

Later Miss Lily Tremaine came up dripping from the swimming pool, a towel flung around her. She was slender, somewhat tense, with a tomboyish figure and an air of deep gravity. "How did it go?"

Lora shrugged. "I talked about your father, naturally. And my other marriage when I was just a stupid kid."

"And not about the play!"

"Of course I talked about the play. But you've got to toss in a little human stuff too." Lora sighed. "I don't know why I let you wangle me into this. What do I know about Broadway? Even Ted Loes, my manager, has his doubts."

"Mamma, this lead in *New Blood* will start you on a whole new career. The play has terrific social implications, the idea of a rich society matron scheming to marry off her son to the daughter of the family cook ——"

"It don't sound very real-life to me."

"But it *is* real life. Every day you read how some royal prince has been marrying a commoner to bring fresh blood into the family. Actually it's a sort of Strindberg plot ——"

"Strindberg. Strindberg—what studio does he work for?"

"Really, mamma! Strindberg was a famous Swedish playwright."

"Well, unless he had a lot of screen credits I wouldn't recognize the name." Reaching over, she patted her little blond spaniel. "By the way, I'm taking Taffy with us. He'll be a comfort. You know I've never liked New York. Cities look better lying on their sides. The way New York stands up balanced on its back legs makes me dizzy."

"Honestly, you're a character."

"I'm myself, if that's what you mean. I've been studying the lines of this play. I can't seem to get inside Mrs. Broughton, of the Boston Broughtons. It's hard to visualize myself as a society dame."

"Now don't tell me you've got an inferiority complex!"

"It's possible." Lora shrugged. "I've been so busy bringing you up and running what I was born with into a million-dollar trust fund that I haven't had time to figure out my complexes." She took the towel and began drying her daughter's back and shoulders. "You're the talented one in the family. You remind me of your father. I mean his good side. He was —— Furthermore, I don't like flying. Especially these jets. Why can't we take the *Super Chief?*"

"Mother, where have you *been* all these years!"

"You know where I've been. In my dressing room practicing how to be enticing in front of the mirror. All I hope is that Taffy don't get airsick."

"'Doesn't,' mamma."

"Can't I talk bad grammar privately when we're alone, honey? Remember, I got married when I was fifteen, and it kind of put a crimp in my education."

A few days later, comfortably quartered in a suite at the fashionable Park South Hotel, Lora was telling her daughter, "The closer it gets to two o'clock, the sicker I feel."

"But you've talked with the producer, Mr. Latimer. You saw how charming he was. You've seen Gig Bixby, the director. You've met Harriet Hart, who has the big part of the cook. They're utterly thrilled at having you in the play."

Lora anxiously examined herself in the large, beveled mirror. "Is this jersey suitable? I don't bulge too much?"

Lily gazed at her mother's figure critically. "Let's admit it, mamma. You automatically bulge. But never mind that. Just concentrate on rehearsal."

"All right. But I wish you'd change your mind and come with me."

"Mother, once you get into it you'll *love* it!"

The handsome, statuesque actress pulled on her gloves. "I'll probably love heaven if I ever get into it. But that don't mean I'm in a hurry to kick the bucket."

Lily had to laugh. "I still say you're a character, mamma."

On the empty stage of the dimly lighted theater the company had assembled in working clothes, and

they cast curious sidelong glances at the star as she entered.

Following the usual introductions, Miss Tremaine exchanged a nervous joke or two with the producer, a rather elegant man with a pleasant touch of white at the temples. "I can't tell you how I felt when you agreed to do this play," he said.

"Good. Then I won't have to tell you how I felt."

The cast finally gathered around a long, scarred oak table while the director made a few observations. There was nothing elegant about Bixby, who looked as though he'd slept in his clothes.

"I happen to feel that the better we understand the purpose of a drama," he said, "the more likely we are to convey this meaning to the audience. Now you all remember the old story of the tricky little gold digger who gets her hooks into the son of some upper-crust family. Father eventually exposes her by writing a walloping check so young Reggie can marry one of those pudding-faced daughters of the rich." He flipped through the pages of the play script. "Well, if you've read *New Blood*, you know it's something more than a variation on this threadbare theme. It's no longer a question of buying off the little gold digger. On the contrary, she's needed to put back some vigor into the family blood stream. So we have in Mr. Clary's play a dramatization of this proposition, the campaign of the wealthy Broughtons to arrange a match between their playboy son and the cook's sprightly daughter. The young couple is willing enough, but it's not quite that simple. Mrs. Quinlan, the cook, is dead set against any such union. 'I'd rather Marie stayed single the rest of her days than marry that night-club rounder and drunkard, Monty Broughton,' she declares indignantly. 'Remember, their children will be my grandchildren, and I'm damned if I want any such mixture as this in *my* family. The rich are good enough to work for, madam. But to marry ——'

"Well, you get the point. Obviously there's more to this play than mere surface story. It's the way these two parts are played that is crucial. The head-on collision between Mrs. Broughton, the socialite, and Mrs. Quinlan, the cook, represents the differences in our democratic way of life itself. Can they come to terms? Are Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady really sisters under the skin? That's the question.

"Now, the burden of these portrayals lies squarely on the shoulders of Lora Tremaine and Harriet Hart. Miss Tremaine, as you all know, is one of our foremost picture stars. And while this is something of a new departure for her, I think we have a right to expect great things. As for Harriet Hart, her selection to play the cook was, in my opinion, an inspiration. Bill Garrett as Monty and Alice Chalmers as the cook's daughter round out an experienced group of performers. Now this has been a long speech, and it's time we got on with the reading. So please settle back and feel free to interrupt at any point in the procedure."

When Lora returned to the hotel, Lily said, "Well, mamma? How did it go?"

"Rotten." The actress tossed her gloves on the sofa. "I'm more confused now than when I started."

"Why, mamma? What went wrong?"

"Nothing. I just got lost after the first six minutes."

"But you have to expect it to be a little different from pictures, mamma."

"Do I have to expect funny looks and snide remarks behind my back?"

"Oh, now you're just imagining things."

"Well, before it's too late maybe I'll imagine myself right out of this play. How I ever let myself be talked into this crazy venture is a mystery."

"But, mother, you've got talent!" exclaimed Lily passionately. "I know you better than anybody in the world. I want to be proud of you!"

"You don't have to shout, dear. I hear good. I've just got an awful feeling this whole thing is going to turn out to be a disaster."

The girl gestured in a characteristic way with her finger. "You listen a minute, mamma. How do you think I feel when people refer to you as 'The Shape'? How long can you go on playing the sexy dame, the femme fatale in these vulgar films? It ruined your life with papa ——"

"Leave your father out of this."

"And now it's coming between us. Here's your chance to play a strong dramatic part, to show you're a real actress, and you're fighting it. Can't you *try?*"

"O.K. But I feel out of place, like a whale in a teacup. You'll just have to come to rehearsals and explain things to me as we go along, baby."

On stage the following afternoon the property man had arranged some chairs to represent the Broughton living room. "Let's take it from Mrs. Broughton's first entrance," said the director. "Miss Tremaine, haven't you got your play script?"

"I'm a quick study. I know the lines."

"Good. We'll run through this bit with your son Monty to get the feel of the

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"With Full Housepower Wiring we can run all our appliances without a worry about blowing fuses"

The Byron C. Miller family of Spring Grove, Pennsylvania, are among the thousands of American families who are now enjoying the delightful benefits of Full Housepower Wiring

Full Housepower Wiring means plenty of circuits with ample power to run all appliances at top efficiency—with switches and outlets placed conveniently throughout the home.

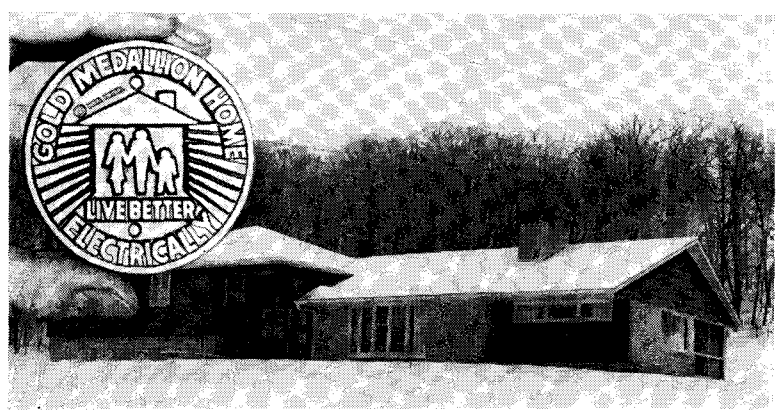
With good wiring you get the most from all your electric appliances and put an end to blown fuses. And the convenience this brings to family life is an important part of the new concept that's taking hold all across America: Total Electric Living.

Total Electric Living provides more wholesome fun for every member of the family. Parents discover more free time to spend with their growing youngsters, since modern electric work savers are taking over more and more of the routine housekeeping.

With flameless electric heating the temperature in each room can be individually controlled. There are no drafts nor is there fuel dirt. So, mother after mother reports that she is grateful for fewer colds, sinus and allergy problems.

And any parent can appreciate the good feeling that comes from knowing that electric house heating, cooking, water heating and clothes drying are flameless.

If you'd like to know how low the cost can be to bring this new kind of living to your family, just call the electric utility company in your neighborhood.



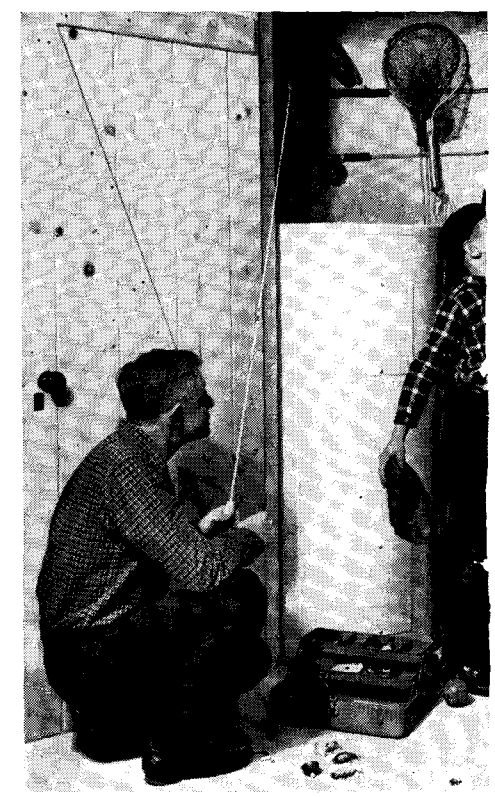
THIS GOLD MEDALLION identifies the Miller family's house as a total electric home. Its Full Housepower Wiring, flameless electric house heating and appliances, and decorative Light for Living improve its value and qualify it as a Gold Medallion Home. And tomorrow it will remain as modern as it is today.

Full Housepower Wiring is so convenient

YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Sponsored by Edison Electric Institute

CLEAN, EVEN WARMTH is provided by the Millers' flameless electric house heating. "It's really a blessing," says Mrs. Miller, "and we can set a different temperature in each room. I can keep my young twins' room warmer."



OUT-OF-THE-WAY INSTALLATION is possible with a flameless electric water heater, because it needs no flue. Mr. Miller says: "We can install it in this closet because there are no odors and no need for ventilation."

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FULL HOUSEPOWER WIRING lets all the Millers take part in this informal family supper. Says Mr. Miller: "With plenty of circuits, switches and outlets all over the house, we get top performance out of our appliances at all times." Mother helps sons Michael and Byron with the milkshakes while Dad acts as hamburger chef with twin daughters Lauren and Linden. And 11-year-old Karen passes a plate for her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Shirley.

CLEAN ELECTRIC COOKING pleases Mrs. Miller. As she puts it,"We've lived here almost two years and I've never had to wash fuel dirt off the walls or cupboards. All these built-ins just wouldn't be practical if I had to keep cleaning them. Another thing I like about electric cooking is that it doesn't heat up the house in summer, and it's so clean that my pots and pans don't blacken."

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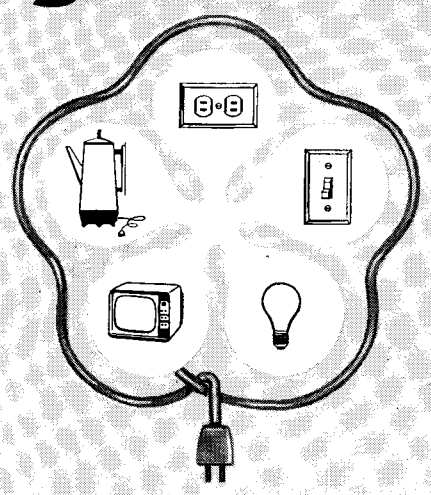

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FULL HOUSEPOWER

dialogue. You've met Bill Garrett, of course."

The young actor was staring at her with a mixture of awe and respect. She blinked. "Don't I know you from somewhere, sonny? From way back?"

He shrugged, smiling.

"No, I guess not. Well, let's get on with it." She turned to the director. "What do I do?"

"Do?" Bixby's brows went up. "Just go ahead."

Lora gulped. "'You were intoxicated again last night, Monty. I simply will not have it, do you understand? You're a disgrace to the Broughton name.'" The scene continued. Lora read her lines in a low, husky voice.

During a breather Bixby took her aside. "You're underplaying. There's no microphone. You've got to project right up to the last seat in the balcony."

The next time, she cried out in a heavy exaggerated way, "'You were drunk again last night, Monty. I just won't have it, see! You're a disgrace to the whole damn family ——'"

"Don't ad lib, Lora. Read the lines. And bring down your voice."

For several days this sort of thing continued. Young Bill Garrett and Lily had struck up a pleasant acquaintance. He described the difficulties of a boy from a suburban town getting a start as an actor, and she talked about her work in the amateur theater. Bixby, concerned, suggested night sessions. Breaking for dinner, he said, "Lily, I wish you'd tell your mother not to strain so hard. She keeps going from one extreme to the other."

"Give her time, Mr. Bixby. Mamma will come around."

"Incidentally," said Bill Garrett, "it so happens that I've got a couple of stools reserved at Jensen's drugstore around the corner. How about one of their famous corned-beef blue plates?"

"Yes, you go along," said Lora, coming up. "You know I never eat when I'm rehearsing."

"You'll be all right?"

"Sure. Harriet Hart has been telling me about the time she opened in the play version of *Salome*. John the Baptist's head rolled off the charger into an old lady's lap —— Anyway, you go on."

"Now there's a real woman," commented young Garrett as they emerged into the daylight of Forty-eighth Street.

"I don't know." Lily shook her head. "She doesn't seem to be taking direction. That really isn't like mamma."

Back on the rehearsal stage the director and producer, along with the author, were sitting on camp chairs with their heads together. "Let's face it," Bixby was saying. "That woman can't act."

The producer shrugged. "You said we needed a box-office name."

"What good is her name if the play closes in Wilmington?"

Clary, the white-haired playwright, felt his unshaved chin. "I wasn't too happy about her in the first place."

"No, but you thought she'd be box-office too," Latimer declared. "People have always paid good money just to see Lora Tremaine do nothing."

"That's the trouble," said Clary. "She's doing something all the time. What she moves, and the way she moves it, takes your mind off the lines. You always feel she is uncomfortable in the part. There's not an ounce of Mrs. Broughton in her system. Let's admit it, we've done a major bit of miscasting."

"Well, it's too late to change now," said the producer. "And don't forget where a large part of the production money is coming from."

Meanwhile, Lora and Harriet Hart had been exchanging reminiscences. "It's my daughter," Miss Tremaine was saying. "For a long time she's been after me to do something arty on Broadway. Her father, a Los Angeles lawyer, and I just don't see eye to eye on my career, and so we've been separated for the last couple of years. Maybe I've spoiled Lily a little to make up for things. I'm probably making another mistake about this Broadway play, but she's so hungry to see her mother in something dignified that I agreed against my better judgment." She sighed. "They all know I'm no actress."

Miss Hart said, "Well, let's give it the old Method treatment. I'll fire the lines in your face with both barrels, and you come back like you hated my guts. O.K.?"

"I'll try. But I still don't know what this play is about. Personally I agree with Mrs. Quinlan, the cook. I wouldn't want Monty in my family either."

When the cast was reassembled, Bixby said, "Act one, scene two. Lora and Harriet. I'd like to start on a low key and work up gradually so there's a nice feeling of climax when the cook finally says, 'You go to hell, madam,' and storms out. . . . All right, Harriet. Come in."

It went along until Bixby interrupted. "No, you're just squabbling." He ran his hands through his hair. "This is a charged-up meeting. Let's feel something electric beneath the words."

Lily and Bill stood together watching intently as the two actresses repeated the scene. Suddenly, in a burst of temper, Bixby exclaimed exasperatedly, "Damn it, Lora, quit wriggling your hips!"

The actress turned. The color was drained from her features. When she spoke, it was in a low, restrained voice. "Do excuse me. I'll be leaving now."

"Mother, please!" cried Lily. "You *were* wriggling your hips. Can't you do what the director tells you?"

"Would somebody find my coat?"

Bill Garrett hastily fetched it for her.

"Mother, if you walk out now I'll never forgive you!"

Young Garrett, the actor, came downstage. His eyes were blazing. "Why, you spoiled little brat, you don't deserve a mother like Lora Tremaine." He turned and said furiously, "Ever since these rehearsals started you've all paid her compliments to her face and made slighting remarks behind her back. Well, what did you expect, Sarah Bernhardt?"

"Darling, you shouldn't get so excited," said Lora in a husky voice. "But thanks anyway. Would you put me in a cab?"

"I'd like nothing better."

The following day, at noon, a group of rueful-looking stage people called at Miss Tremaine's suite at the Park South Hotel. "I don't think she'll see you," said Lily in the small sitting room. "She's been talking on the phone with her manager. He's flying out to take her home."

"She can't fly home, Miss Tremaine," declared Martin Latimer. "We've got an iron-clad contract."

"You don't know mamma. She has lawyers who can break any contract."

"Well, at least ask her to let us apologize," said Bixby. He nodded at Bill Garrett. "Maybe she'll speak to Bill."

"Maybe she will," said Lily bitterly. "So let him go in and tell her again how her daughter is a spoiled brat who doesn't deserve a woman like Miss Tremaine for a mother."

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"Let's not rake over the past," said Harriet Hart. "We were tired and wrought up." She raised her voice. "Lora, dear. Do come out."

"Well, what's all the fuss?" asked the film star, emerging from her bedroom.

"Darling, listen," said Harriet earnestly. "You mustn't take stage people literally. During rehearsal what sounds like an insult is only our jangled nerves talking."

"No doubt about it," said Bixby, "Bill Garrett was right. We've been acting like stinkers, and I'm the biggest."

"No, the mistake was mine," said Lora firmly. "I'm just somebody who was brought up in the sticks. I'll never be a Broughton of Boston if I try till my dying day. So I'm simply stepping out."

Young Garrett said, "I—I wish you wouldn't, Miss Tremaine."

She turned. "How come you to agree with these others? Yesterday you were riled up. What changed your mind?"

"Yesterday I forgot one thing. I forgot that if our play folds, about forty innocent people will be thrown out of work, people who are being hounded by landladies for their back rent."

"Maybe," Harriet Hart suggested, "we could get together mornings and work the two parts by ourselves."

"You don't seem to understand," murmured Lora. "I was doing this for Lily. She's too young to know you can't make a sow's ear into a silk purse."

Lily's lip trembled as an unbidden tear ran down her cheek. "Don't say that, mamma. Don't say that in front of all these people! It wasn't for myself. I thought—I thought if you acted in s-something serious, if you were a b-big success in a fine play, it might change things between you and papa, bring us all together again. I th-thought ——" Unable to control her emotions, she ran sobbing from the room.

After a long silence Bill Garrett spoke up. "I have a feeling we've all been saying the wrong thing except Lily. Will you come back, Miss Tremaine. Please?"

She hesitated, then said, "I'll let my daughter decide. If she thinks I ought to take another stab at it, I'll try. . . . Lily! Stop sulking and come out here."

Clary, the author of *New Blood*, who had not said a word during all this, was staring into space as though in a trance.

"Our literary friend," commented Bixby, "seems to be off in some private world of his own."

"Wha—what?"

"Are you here," asked the producer, "or somewhere else?"

"Somewhere else," admitted the playwright.

"And where," inquired Lora, amused, "do you get your material from, darling, if you don't pay attention to what goes on in life?"

"I often wonder," said Clary vaguely. "I've been thinking." Lily had returned with reddened eyes and slipped her warm hand into her mother's. "But before I say what I've been thinking, let me repeat an observation I made at rehearsals," Clary went on. "I said then, and I say now, that in Lora Tremaine's case we've done a major bit of miscasting."

"Look," said Bixby. "We've just about got Lora in the mood to return to the play. What are you trying to do, louse the whole thing up again?"

"Not necessarily. With Lora and Harriet in the leading roles, I figure *New Blood* could be one of the biggest things on Broadway. The trouble is, nobody's ever taken a real close look at these two women." He paused. "Did I hear you say you're a quick study, Lora?"

"Yes. Why? I know everybody's lines by heart. I've got a photographic mind or something."

Clary glanced around as though mentally setting a stage. "Then try your entrance from that door. Come barging in out of a hot kitchen as though you'd just finished baking a pecan twist."

Lora stared at him. "Me?" she asked. "You mean *I'm* to play the cook?"

"Exactly. Switch parts. I can't imagine what we were thinking of. You're Mrs. Quinlan to a T—voice, gestures, the works. . . . Harriet, do you have Mrs. Broughton's lines?"

"Sure."

"Then let's go."

The air suddenly shot sparks as Lora, now assuming the cook's part, declared, "'You listen to me. I'd rather Marie stayed single the rest of her days than marry that idiot son of yours, Mrs. Broughton. Just remember, their children

next week

CANCER IN CHILDREN

BY JOHN ALLEN M.D.

will be my grandchildren, and I'm damned if I'll have any such mixture as this in my family. Oh, you rich are all right to work for. But to marry ——'" The dialogue crackled back and forth as Miss Hart, assuming the haughty socialite's role, rose to the occasion. At the scene's end, when Lora turned, then flicked her head back and said, "'You go to hell, madam,'" and strode from the room, a burst of applause broke out spontaneously from the little audience.

"Terrific!" cried Bixby. "Mark my words, we're going to see the birth of a fresh, new dramatic star."

"Well, don't leave out Harriet," said Lora, beaming. "She can play both parts. That's what *I* call an actress."

Lily and Bill Garrett had decided to walk back to the theater together. "You're very quiet," she was saying.

"I'm sorry. I was thinking of what I said yesterday. You know, that loud speech about your not deserving a mother like Lora. I—I've been sort of revising my opinion."

"I should hope so."

"I've decided I was talking about the wrong party. It's your father, whoever the devil he is, who doesn't deserve a woman like Lora Tremaine."

"You've always stuck up for mamma from the very beginning. Why?" asked Lily curiously.

"The answer's simple." Garrett was smiling. "Remember when your mother first spoke to me? She said, kind of puzzled, 'Don't I know you from somewhere, sonny? From way back?'" He held her arm as they waited for a traffic light. "Well, she was right. Only it was too long ago for her to remember. Her folks lived on our block. I was just a small kid then. I used to see her when she'd come home after some night-club engagement or other. To us kids she was an actress, a glamorous star."

After a little intake of breath, Lily said, "I *knew* there was something, the way you'd steal an odd glance at her every once in a while ——"

"She'd drive up in a big car, and there'd be piles and piles of packages, presents for her ma and pa. One time ——" He had to laugh. "Once she gave us kids bags of candy, and I slept with mine under my pillow. We never knew exactly what she did on those road trips, but whatever it was, it was bringing comfort and happiness to her folks. And in this play I realized she was still using her talents for somebody else's sake. That's why I blew my top and said you didn't deserve such a mother."

"I'm going to cry in a minute," Lily told him.

His fingers felt for hers. "Don't. Remember, we all belong to the world of make-believe. In the end it turns to comedy, and the curtain comes down on a laugh—or maybe a kiss." He stopped and leaned close to her.

"A kiss? Here, in broad daylight—with everybody watching?"

"If you intend to be an actress you might as well get used to audiences."

He kissed her again and again as the passing crowds stared at them. She finally had to draw away.

"I feel kind of heady," he said. "Let's go and have a gypsy tell our fortunes."

"Why?"

"Well, if she doesn't say a big, tall, handsome fellow named William Garrett is about to come permanently into your life, we'll call the police and have her arrested as a faker."

"Mr. Garrett, is this your daffy way of proposing?"

"Let me put it this way. How else can I go about getting Lora Tremaine for a mother-in-law?"

When they at last arrived at the theater, they found Miss Tremaine in tears. "*Now* what's the matter, mamma?" Lily exclaimed.

"N-nothing," she sobbed.

"Look. People don't sit down and bawl for nothing, mother. What happened?"

"Nothing, I tell you. Just this telegram."

"Who is it from?" Lily demanded.

Lora dabbed at her eyes. "Here. I guess you'd better read it."

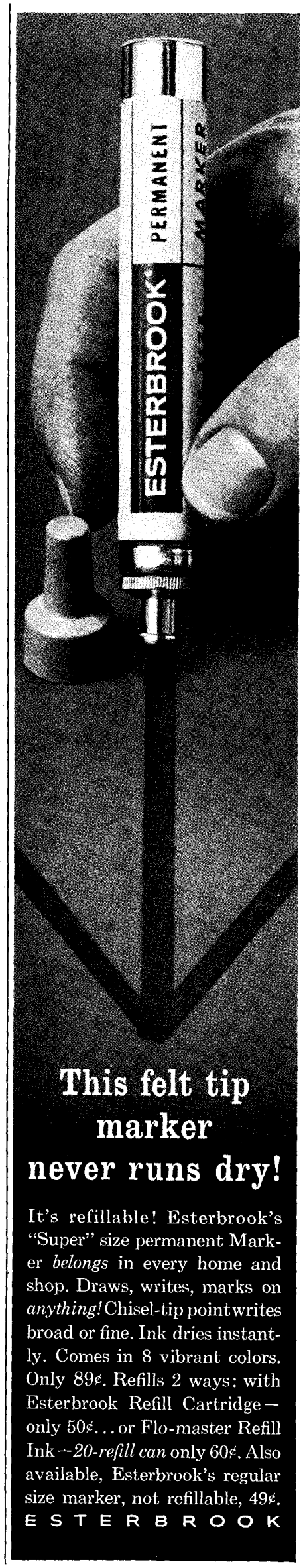
"Dear Lora," the wire read. "Have just been speaking to Martin Latimer on the phone. Informs me you have changed roles and are superb as Mrs. Quinlan in *New Blood*. I said this was great news, but no surprise to me. Have always insisted you could act, so I backed this play with half its production money two months ago to show I meant it. Will be on hand opening night to yell bravo. Give my little girl a big hug and kiss, and say I hope all three of us will be celebrating your success together. Meanwhile, love. George Tremaine."

"Now *she's* crying!" Bill Garrett scratched an ear, nodding at Lily. "What is this, anyway—*East Lynne?*"

"I doubt it," said Lora, gazing at the young man quizzically. "Here, let me have your handkerchief—mine's soaked." She reached up and rubbed his lips. "I doubt if there's any character in *East Lynne* who enters with his mouth all smeared up with lipstick."

"I can explain that, mamma," said Lily.

"O. K. Start explaining." THE END



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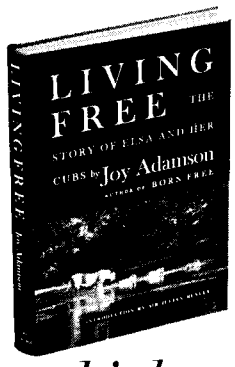
ELSA'S



Last year's surprise best seller, BORN FREE– which appeared first in the POST–told about the incredible friendship of a lady and a lioness. Here is the sequel. By Joy Adamson

ABOVE: The author plucking painful tsetse flies from Elsa at a campsite in the Kenya bush. In the background are Elsa's three cubs, Gopa, Jespah and Little Elsa. BELOW: Elsa nursing two of the cubs at age nine months.

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CUBS: LIVING FREE

Between one safari and another Joy Adamson lives in a remote settlement called Isiolo, a dot on the map of Kenya, in East Africa. Her husband, George, is a senior game warden. Five and a half years ago, while hunting a man-eater, they found an orphaned lion cub. Joy gave her a name—Elsa—and raised her to maturity, letting her roam freely in big-game country to become a proper wild lioness. But Elsa was not easily put off; she loved Joy, and she loved camp privileges too—a story told in *Born Free*. Now, from her diary, Mrs. Adamson tells of Elsa's mating and the birth of her cubs.

It was between August twenty-ninth and September fourth that my husband George actually saw Elsa and her lion courting. Quickly he made a calculation: The cubs would be born between the fifteenth and twenty-first of December.

I was afraid that Elsa might now follow her mate into a world beyond our reach, but she remained very affectionate and very hungry. We kept her supplied with goat carcasses. One night her lion started calling her and kept circling round the camp, but Elsa stayed with George, eating heartily. The calls were easy to distinguish; Elsa began with a deep guttural roar, then gave only two or three whuffing grunts; her lion's voice was less deep, and after his roar he always gave at least ten or twelve grunts.

© 1961 by Joy Adamson

During Elsa's absence one day we broke camp and left for our home in Isiolo, 100 miles away. When we returned on October tenth, Elsa swam across the river to greet us. Now she was obviously pregnant.

It is widely believed that a pregnant lioness, whose condition handicaps her in hunting, is helped to gather food by one or two other lionesses who act as "aunts." As Elsa had no aunts, it became our job to serve in their stead. We talked over a plan. At the nearest Game Scout Post, some twenty-five miles away, we would establish a herd of goats. I would stay in camp as much as I could and collect a few goats from the herd at intervals. Of our African staff I would keep Nuru to help with Elsa, Makedde to guard us with his rifle, Ibrahim to be our driver, and one boy, the Toto, to act as personal servant. George intended to visit us as often as his work allowed.

From now on Elsa took possession of my camp bed. When I lay down on it, she came to share it with me. This was uncomfortable, so after a time I tipped the bed over and rolled her off. Offended, Elsa retired into the river reeds. When I called her, she advanced and stepped on to my bed, squatted, lifted her tail and did something she had never before done in so unsuitable a place. Then, she jumped down and took the lead on our afternoon walk.

Early in November George returned from Isiolo, bringing a zebra for Elsa. At once she tried to pull the carcass out of the Land-Rover. Finding it too heavy for her, she walked over to where the boys were standing—Nuru and Makedde and the Toto—and, jerking her head at the zebra, made it plain that she needed help. They hauled the heavy animal a short distance. Elsa did not begin to eat, but stood by the river roaring in her loudest voice. We assumed that she was inviting her mate to join in the feast.

By mid-December we believed that Elsa might have her cubs at any moment. She was so heavy that every movement seemed to require an effort. On the morning of December twentieth we heard her calling in a weak voice and found her lying near a cleft in her favorite rock. She came slowly toward us, walking carefully and obviously in pain. Her labor had started. In spite of this she went over to Makedde

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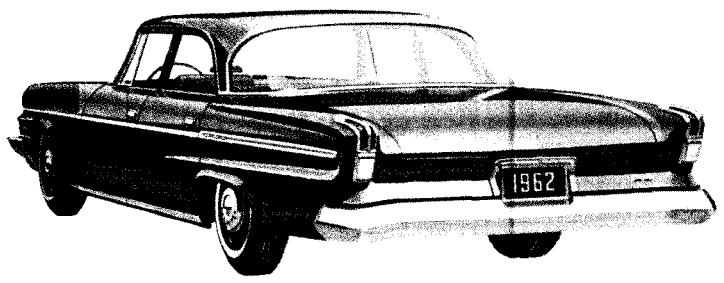

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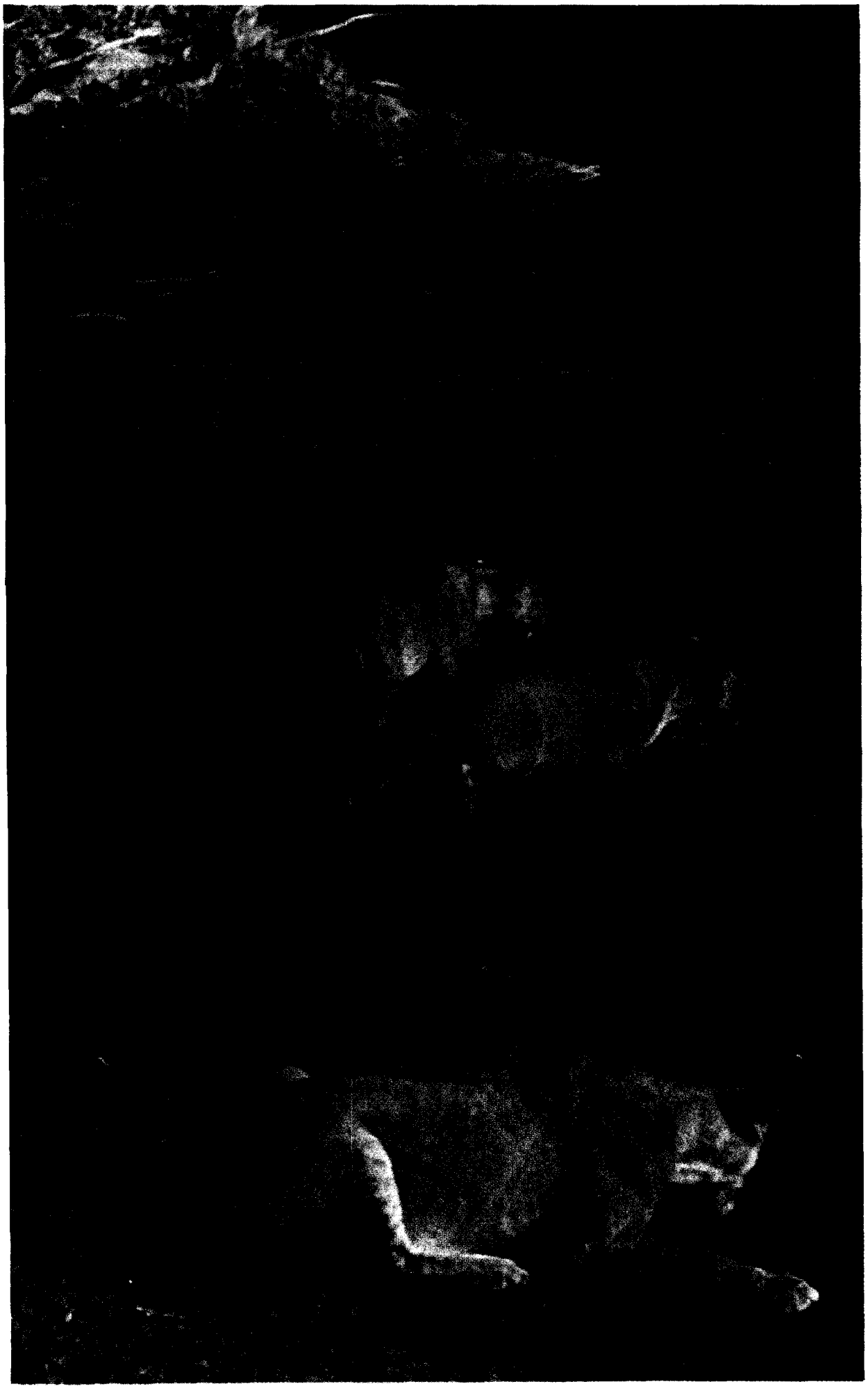
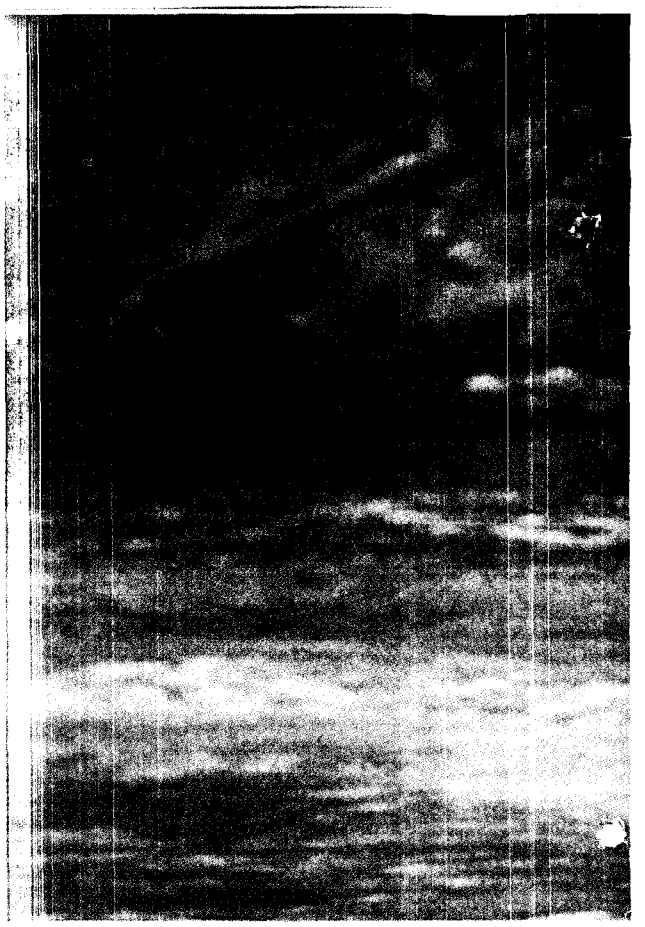
RIGHT: Like two half-grown house cats, Jespah and Little Elsa box with each other on the riverbank.



Elsa (foreground) brought her cubs out of hiding when they were six weeks old. They crossed this crocodile-infested river to reach the Adamson camp.



ELSA'S CUBS

and the Toto and rubbed her head against their legs. Soon it became plain that she wished to be left alone.

The next four days passed with no sign of her. She should have given birth to the cubs on the twentieth, but our searching for her was fruitless. At midday on the twenty-fifth we began a gloomy Christmas meal.

Suddenly Elsa was between us, sweeping everything off the table, knocking us to the ground, sitting on us and overwhelming us with joy and affection. The boys appeared, and Elsa gave them her greetings too. We got her some meat. Her figure was normal again. She looked superbly fit, but her teats were very small and apparently dry. Had she just recently suckled her cubs? Or had the cubs died? And why had she waited five days before coming to us for food?

After she had eaten, she napped. When I looked for her at teatime, she had gone. Next day we began to worry about the cubs. A long search revealed nothing of Elsa's nursery. When we got back, Elsa had arrived, and we were alarmed that her teats were still small and dry. Ibrahim, however, assured us that when she had arrived her teats and milk glands had been enormous. She had, he said, "tucked them up."

We made one more unsuccessful search for the cubs before leaving for Isiolo, where we spent the last three days of December. Returning, we sounded the horn several times before we reached camp to let Elsa know we were arriving and found her waiting for us. She hopped in among the boys at the back of the Land-Rover, then went to the trailer in which there was a dead goat for her. I had rarely seen her so hungry.

We went looking for Elsa the next day, calling out, "*Maji, Chakula, Nyama!*"—Swahili words meaning water, food, meat, with which she was familiar. She came and ate a lot. But where were the cubs? I saw her sneak into the bush upstream. When I followed, she pretended to sharpen her claws on a tree. Then she jumped at me and knocked me over, as though to say, "That's for spying on me!"

During the following days I took food to a spot near which we believed the cubs to be. Whenever I met Elsa, she took pains to conceal her lie-up, often doubling back on her tracks. One afternoon—it was February second—the Toto came running to tell me that Elsa was calling in a strange voice from the other side of the river. I followed the sound till I broke through the undergrowth.

Suddenly I stopped, unable to believe my eyes. There was Elsa, standing on a sandbank, one cub

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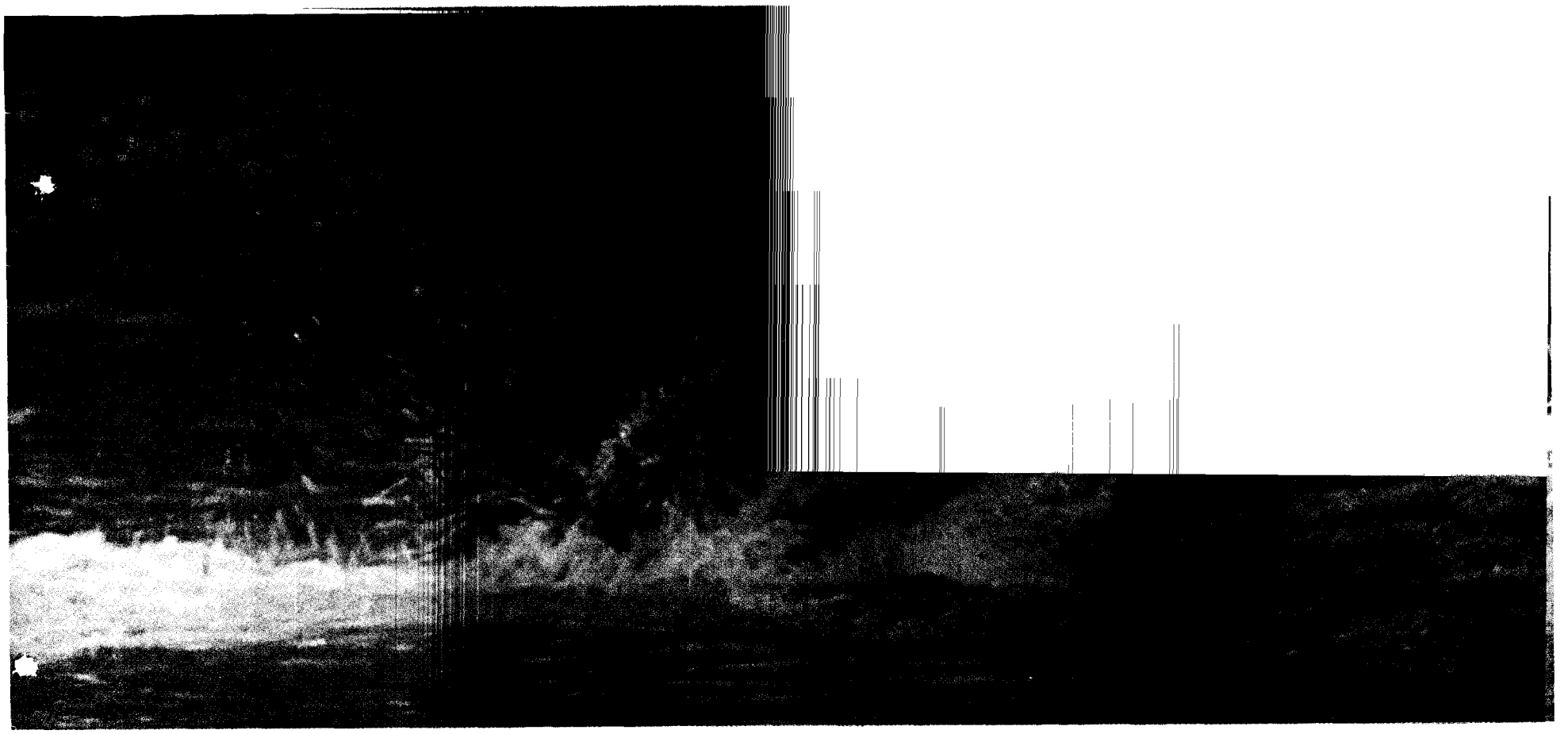

close to her, a second cub emerging from the water shaking itself dry and a third still on the far bank, calling piteously. Elsa looked fixedly at me, her expression a mixture of pride and embarrassment.

I remained absolutely still while she gave a gentle moan to her young that sounded like *M-hm, M-hm.* Then she recrossed the river to the youngster who was stranded on the far bank. The two braver cubs followed her, swimming through the deep water, and soon the family was reunited. At first the cubs hid from me, but soon they began peeping cautiously across at me through the undergrowth, and then came into the open to stare.

After a while Elsa led the two braver cubs to my side of the river. The third cub kept up a pathetic miaowing from the far bank. Elsa went to its rescue, accompanied by the two bold ones, who seemed to enjoy swimming. Soon the whole family returned.

When they had landed, Elsa licked each one in turn and then rubbed herself gently against me, licked my face and finally hugged me. It was her obvious wish to show her cubs that we were friends. They watched from a distance, staying out of reach. The evidence suggested that they were six weeks and two days old.

In camp that night we all sat together on the grass. Elsa leaned companionably against me while she suckled her family. Many people had warned me that, after giving birth, Elsa would probably turn into a fierce and dangerous mother defending her young, yet she was as trusting as ever.

More than two weeks passed before Elsa brought the cubs to camp to introduce them to George and the boys. Makedde said the plucky cub was a male and gave it a name popular with the Meru tribe. It sounded like Jespah. Later we called Jespah's sister Little Elsa and his brother, who was very timid, Gopa, for in Swahili this means timid.

The cubs were ten weeks old when Elsa began to wean them. Whenever she thought they had had enough milk, she either sat on her teats or jumped onto the roof of the Land-Rover. If the cubs did not want to starve, they had to eat meat.

They were worried about Elsa's relationship with me and became especially anxious every evening when Elsa, persecuted by tsetse flies, flung herself in front of me to have these pests disposed of. When I started squashing the flies, slapping Elsa in the process, Jespah would prepare to spring. Once he actually charged me. Elsa placed herself between her son and me and gave him a sound cuff.

During another playful battle, Gopa (right)—his name means "timid" in Swahili—got the worst of this furious exchange of snarls, growls and flailing paws.

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Jespah, the most playful and inquisitive of Elsa's cubs, when he was ten months old.

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ELSA'S CUBS

Touched as I was by Elsa's reaction, I was anxious not to arouse Jespah's jealousy. Elsa herself seemed to be aware of the difficulty. While she spanked Jespah if he attacked me, she also dealt firmly with me if she thought I was getting too familiar with her children. When I came close to them while they were at play, she gripped me around the knees in a friendly but determined manner—a strong hint to retire.

When the cubs were about sixteen weeks old they were easily distinguishable. Jespah was much the lightest in color, his body perfectly proportioned, his eyes so acutely slanted that they gave a slightly Mongolian cast to his face. Of the three he was the most nonchalant, daring and inquisitive.

His timid brother Gopa had dark markings on his forehead, but his eyes squinted a little, his legs were short, and he was potbellied. Little Elsa was a replica of her mother at the same age. She had the same expression, the same markings, the same slender build. Her brothers were stronger, but she used cunning to restore the balance.

We left for Isiolo toward the end of May. Returning a week later, with about six miles to drive before sunset, we saw that every tree was loaded with birds of prey. Suddenly we found ourselves surrounded by elephants. They had a large number of calves with them, and worried mothers came up to the car with raised trunks and fanning ears, shaking their heads angrily. George jumped onto the roof of the Land-Rover and stood there, rifle in hand. When the elephants had gone, he found the carcass of a freshly killed waterbuck, and lion spoor—tracks and other signs—around it.

We wondered if Elsa had killed the waterbuck; but it would have been dangerous for her to tackle a beast with such formidable horns and heavier than herself, while protecting her cubs. She would not have risked it unless she were very hungry indeed.

The day after our return to camp we were relieved to see Elsa and the cubs on her favorite rock. She rushed down and threw the whole of her weight against George, who was squashed by her welcome.

We provided a meal for them over which they competed with such growls, snarls and spankings that we thought they must be very hungry. In the morning they had gone. We followed their spoor, and it led straight to the waterbuck kill. So it must have been Elsa who had tackled this formidable beast. This was the cubs' first big hunt with their mother.

On June twentieth the cubs were six months old. Whenever I turned my back on Jespah, he stalked me, but each time I turned and faced him he stopped. Then he seemed to find the solution; he would go off. Once he walked straight into the river. Elsa rushed after him, and the rest of the family followed. We knew then that Jespah had taken on the leadership of the pride.

On July third Elsa and her cubs left camp soon after daybreak. Half an hour later George heard roars. Elsa appeared, wet from crossing the river, and without the cubs. She had bleeding wounds on her hindquarters and her chest. In a few minutes she left hurriedly, rushing toward the big rock and calling loudly. George thought that some fierce lioness had attacked her, and that the cubs had scattered. Now he followed Elsa in search of her family.

Together they climbed up the big rock. At its top Elsa called in a worried tone of voice. There was no sign of the cubs. George and Elsa searched back and forth between the rocks and the camp. They found the spoor of a large lion and of a lioness, and at last George saw Little Elsa and Gopa; but Jespah was missing. Elsa found him a day later. Then he disappeared again, and Elsa arrived in camp long after dark with only two cubs. I began repeating Jespah's name over and over, until Elsa went upstream to look for him, taking the other two cubs with her. For more than an hour I heard her calls. Then there were savage lion growls. I was sure that Elsa was being attacked again by the fierce lioness.

She came back after a while, her head and shoulders covered with scratches, and the root of her right ear bitten through. Little Elsa and Gopa sat a little distance away, looking frightened. I tried to put antiseptic powder into Elsa's wounds, but she was far too irritable to let me come near her.

Next morning the wound in her ear was still bleeding profusely. She constantly shook her head to get rid of the oozing blood. Jespah had returned; all the cubs seemed very subdued.

Two nights later I heard two strange lions grunting as they cracked the bones of a goat which was lying in front of George's tent. Later we found the spoor of a large lion and of a lioness. Elsa kept away for four days, probably to avoid the lion and lioness who had remained near camp. When in the evening of July twentieth I saw vultures circling, I feared the worst. We investigated, but all we found was evidence of poachers—ashes of fires and charred animal bones.

A week earlier, when Makedde found poisoned arrowheads in a rhino, I had sent a message to the game warden of the reserve, asking him to send scouts to patrol the area. George was absent on business. The scouts arrived, and we set out to look for Elsa. She was spotted a mile from camp.

As we approached her lie-up, I signaled to the men to stay behind and called to her. She walked slowly,

Mother and children, on a jungle promenade.

her head bent low to one side. Her ear was discharging pus; she was obviously in great pain. The cubs fought over the section of carcass we had brought, and soon there was nothing left for Elsa but polished bones. I tried to induce her to come back to camp, but she did not move, and I went home without her.

By now I had been three weeks alone in camp, and George was overdue. When he did arrive, he was greeted by the roars of the big lion. We knew this lion's voice, and his mate's, quite well by now. We knew, from tracking them before, they ranged along the river for about ten miles.

Tracking on the far side of the river, we found the cubs' pug marks and the spoor of nine different lions. We searched for the better part of a week, eight hours a day, learning nothing of Elsa.

Feeling miserable, I asked Makedde whether he loved Elsa. He replied warmly, "Where is she that I could love her?" This made me even more depressed. Makedde scolded more angrily. "You have nothing but death in your mind, you think of death, you speak of death, and you behave as though there was no *Mungo* (God) who looks after everything. Can't you trust Him to look after Elsa?"

On the evening of the fifteenth day after Elsa and the cubs disappeared, after lighting the lamps and pouring myself a drink, I sat in the dark straining my ears for any hopeful sound. Then suddenly there was a swift movement, and I was nearly knocked off my chair by Elsa's greeting. She looked thin, but fit.

There was another evening when Elsa and the cubs settled themselves in front of my tent and began to ask for their supper. The remains of a goat carcass were at a distance, so I called to Makedde and the Toto and asked them to help me drag it in. Makedde, armed with a stick and a hurricane lamp, went ahead, the Toto followed close behind, and I with my bright light brought up the rear. Silently we walked a few yards down the path. Then there was a terrific crash, out went Makedde's lamp, and a second later mine was smashed as a monstrous black mass hit me and knocked me over.

The next thing I knew, Elsa was licking me. I sat up and called to the boys. A feeble groan came from the Toto, who was lying nearby, holding his head. He got up shakily, stammering, "Buffalo, buffalo." We heard Makedde's voice yelling that he was all right. As we pulled ourselves together, the Toto told me that he had seen Makedde suddenly jump to the side of the path and hit out with his stick at a buffalo. The next moment the Toto had been knocked over, and then I had been overrun.

Luckily the Toto had no worse injury than a bump on his head. I felt blood running down my arms and thighs and was in some pain. Elsa, who had obviously come to protect us from the buffalo, seemed to realize that we were hurt and was most gentle. She came back with us to camp, where we found the cubs waiting.

One day I had a chance to examine Elsa's wounds; they had not yet healed. When it got dark, she and the cubs disappeared into the bush. About midnight I was wakened by the roaring of several lions. This was followed by the noise of a fight and, after a pause, another fight and later still a third. Finally I heard the whimpering of a lion who had obviously got hurt; I could only hope it was not Elsa.

At dawn we went out to track the spoors left by our quarrelsome visitors and recognized those of the fierce lioness and her mate. Evidently Elsa had challenged them when they neared the camp. We followed Elsa's pug marks for six hours, till they joined up with those of the cubs. After some time Elsa appeared, followed by the cubs. She was limping badly; a bleeding gash in one of her front paws was obviously causing her pain.

In the second week of October I saw the fierce lioness climbing up the big rock, and I got out my field glasses for my first good look at her. She was much darker and heavier than Elsa and rather ugly.

On October twentieth, when the cubs were ten months old, we first noticed the signs of adolescence in Jespah and Gopa; they had grown fine fluff round their faces and necks and looked a bit unshaven. This seemed to be the right time for us to leave the camp. Elsa had by now got the upper hand of the fierce lioness and was able to defend her territory. The cubs were powerful young lions, and it was time that they should hunt with their mother and live their natural life. Also, as they were growing increasingly jealous, we considered that it would be unfair to provoke them by our affection for their mother.

We decided to space our absences. On the first occasion we left for only nine days. I returned to camp alone, and summoned Elsa by firing shots. Jespah struggled to get between Elsa and myself, so as to receive his share of the welcome. Gopa and Little Elsa, however, kept their distance. All were in excellent condition. Elsa had a few bites on her chin and neck, but nothing serious. Gopa had grown a much longer and darker mane than Jespah, whose coloring was very light in comparison. In a year's time, I thought, what a handsome pride they would make, with two slender graceful lionesses, accompanied by one blond and one dark lion.

A month after Joy Adamson finished this book Elsa died in the bush after an illness lasting several days. A post-mortem established that she died from Babesia, *a parasite which destroys the red blood corpuscles.*

The cubs immediately became very wild and, for a few weeks, came to the camp only after dark to be fed. Then they disappeared.

Shortly afterward the Adamsons learned that they had been attacking goats belonging to local tribesmen, and it became essential to catch them and move them to an uninhabited area. This highly difficult operation, which involved trapping the cubs and transporting them 700 miles to the Serengeti National Game Park, Tanganyika, was finished last May. THE END

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How to buy $25 bills for $18.75

It takes more than money to make their future secure. It takes long-range planning for them—and for America. That's why so many people buy and hold U.S. Savings Bonds.

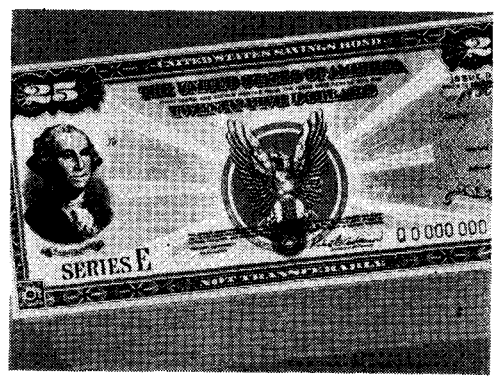
In case you haven't heard, $25 bills are on sale at any bank. They're better known as U.S. Savings Bonds. The $25 variety costs you $18.75, and you can get them all the way up to a $10,000 blockbuster for just $7,500. These aren't the kind of bills you ordinarily use for groceries, of course. Most folks tuck them away to grow (they mature in 7 years, 9 months) and then cash them in for tuition, or a long vacation, or something else they want. Why not start buying them regularly?

Six Nice Things About U.S. Savings Bonds

• You can save automatically on the Payroll Savings Plan • Your Bonds earn 3¾%, ½% more than ever before • You invest without risk under a U.S. Government guarantee • Your Bonds are replaced free if lost or stolen • You can get your money with interest any time you need it • You save more than money—you buy shares in a stronger America.

You save more than money with U. S. Savings Bonds

20th ANNIVERSARY 1941 ☆ 1961



Can they afford to buy money? He can set aside as little as $5 a week for Savings Bonds by signing a Payroll Savings application where he works. In a year they'll own Bonds worth nearly $350 at maturity, at a cost of $260.

They get better with age. Every Series E Bond is still earning money for its owner. An $18.75 Bond bought in May, 1941, will be worth $48.76 in 1971.

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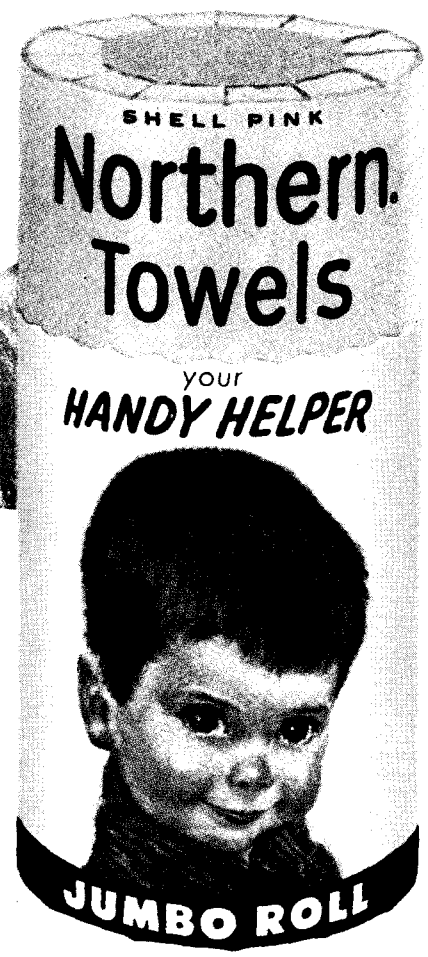

The handiest helper in your home:

Northern Towels with Built-in Sturdiness

You see and feel the sturdiness in thicker, sponge-textured Northern Towels. Sturdiness that gives you a helping hand inside and outside your home. Because Northern Towels are sturdy, they will scrub without shredding. Polish without leaving lint. Drink up spills without falling apart. Soak grease from bacon, but not soak through. Yet, as sturdy as these helpful towels are, they are soft enough to blot lipstick.

In Pale Gold, Shell Pink, Snow White

For your set of three prints of Northern's "All American" Boys, 11" x 14" standard frame size, send 25¢ in currency to: Northern Towels, Box 765, Hinsdale, Illinois. (Offer limited to U.S.)

Another fine product of American Can Company

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One ingredient is priceless

These are the three most important ingredients of beer: grains, hops and water. It takes all three, masterfully blended and brewed with cereal adjuncts and cultured yeast, to create a truly distinctive refreshment.

Choice sun-toasted grains and fragrant hops are carefully selected to meet the most exacting standards . . . but the secret to brewing lies in the third ingredient: water. Why? Because, just as the taste of water varies throughout the country, different waters influence the taste of beer. In fact, few places in the world provide what Master Brewers describe as "naturally perfect brewing water"—a rare water that can subtly coax the most elusive flavors from choice grains and hops.

Tumwater, Washington—the home of Olympia Beer—provides such a water that flows cold and pure from deep in the earth. It comes to the brew kettle with the natural ability to create a consistently distinctive beer . . . and the refreshing difference you can taste is your personal reminder of Olympia's most priceless ingredient: ***"It's the Water"***

*Visitors are always welcome at the home of "America's Original Light Table Beer," Olympia Brewing Co., Olympia, Wash., 8 to 4:30 daily. *Oly *®*

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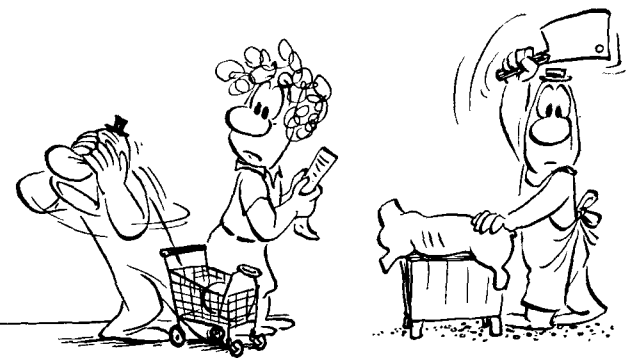
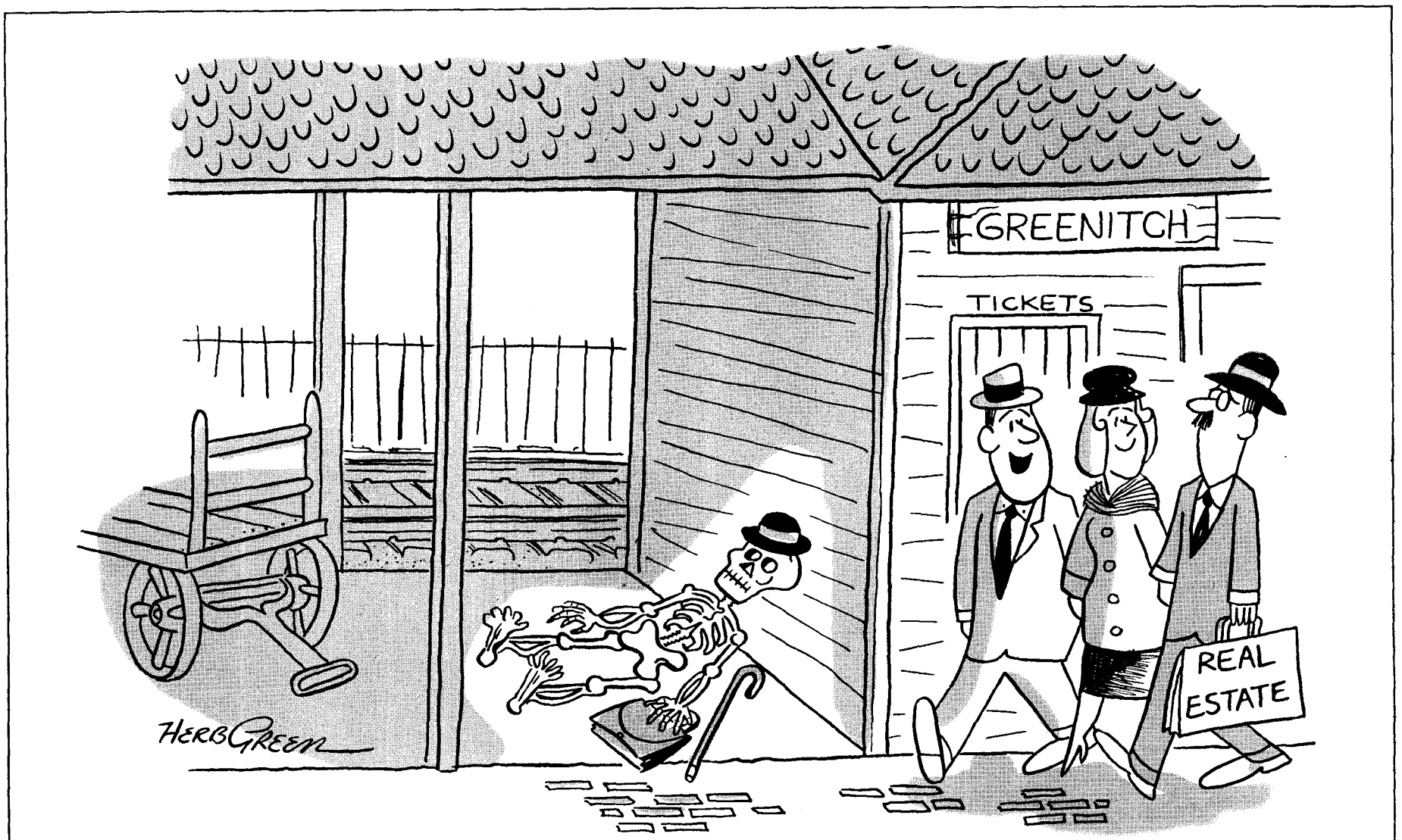
post cripts





"By the way, how's the commuting from up here?"

"They say he had a very rough time of it in the beginning."

"He's a wonderful house dog."

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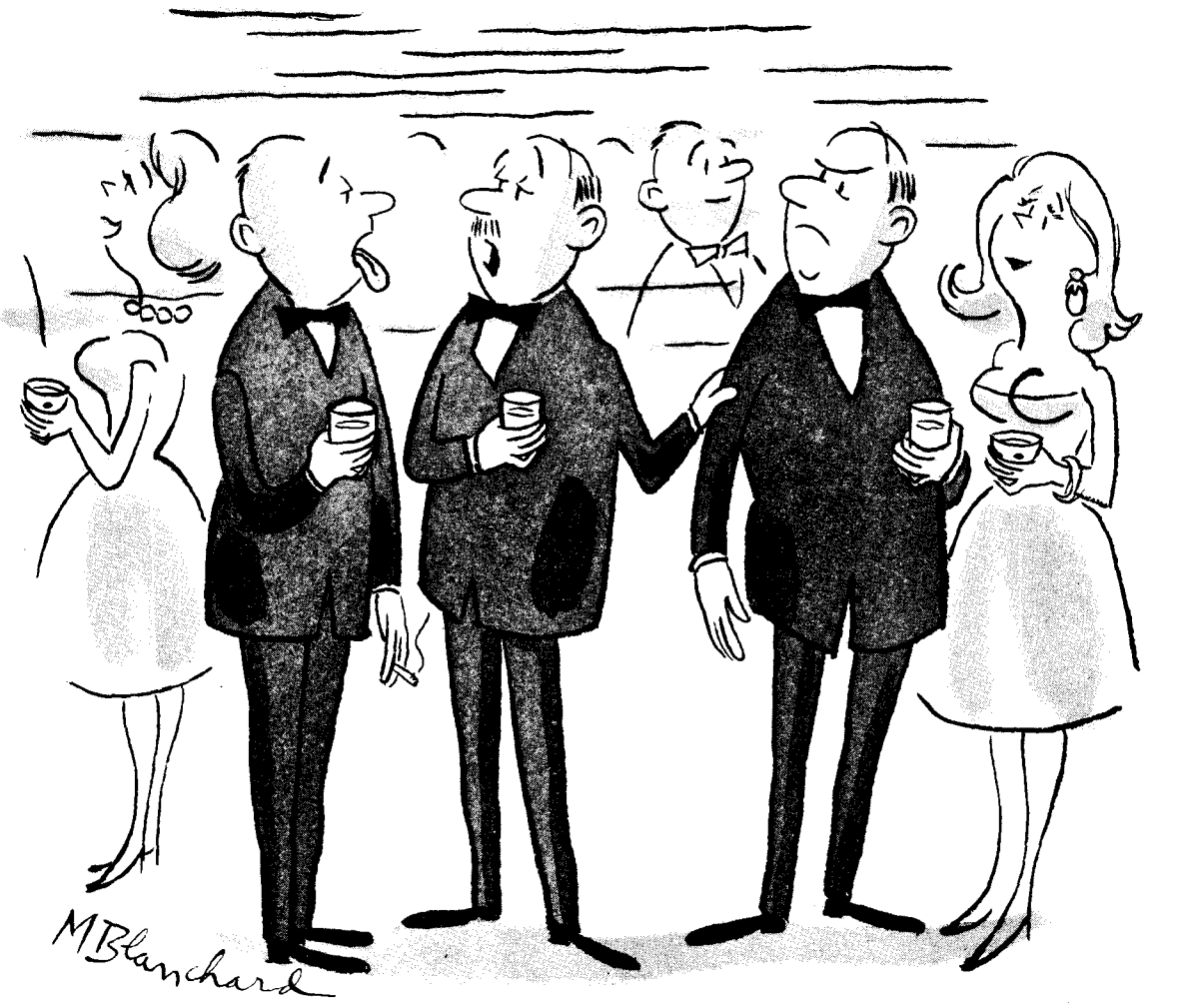
post scripts

"Read it back."



"It's only fair to you to have a second doctor's opinion."

"I'm really not this tall. I'm sitting on my wallet."

Rhymers Mein Grossfader Made

Das Bramblenjumper

Ein burgher residen insiden der towner
Ben wunderbar smartisch und brighten,
Excepten mit jumpen der self in der bramblers
Und outen-gescratchen der sighten!

Mit quickisch repeaten der jumpen und claimen
Der sight ist returnen mit scratchen,
Das dummox ben soonischer finden der selfer
Insiden ein boobischer-hatchen!

DAVE MORRAH

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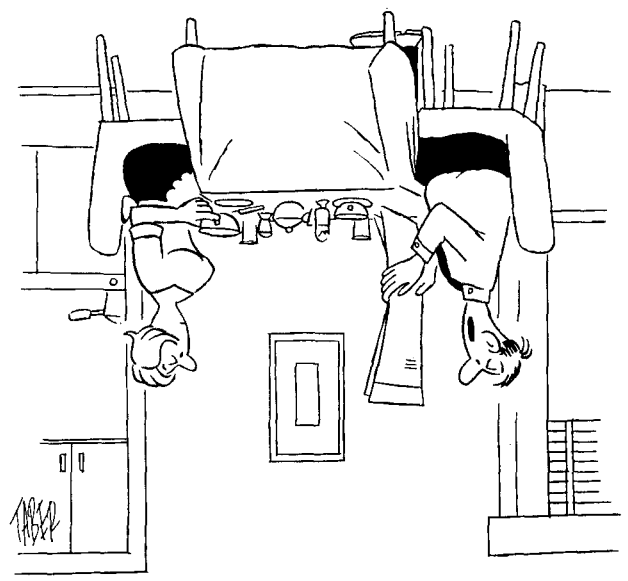
"For you."

"And now the baseball scores from the hated, imperialistic Yankee mainland . . ."



"According to this report the earth's magnetic field has shifted."

still more

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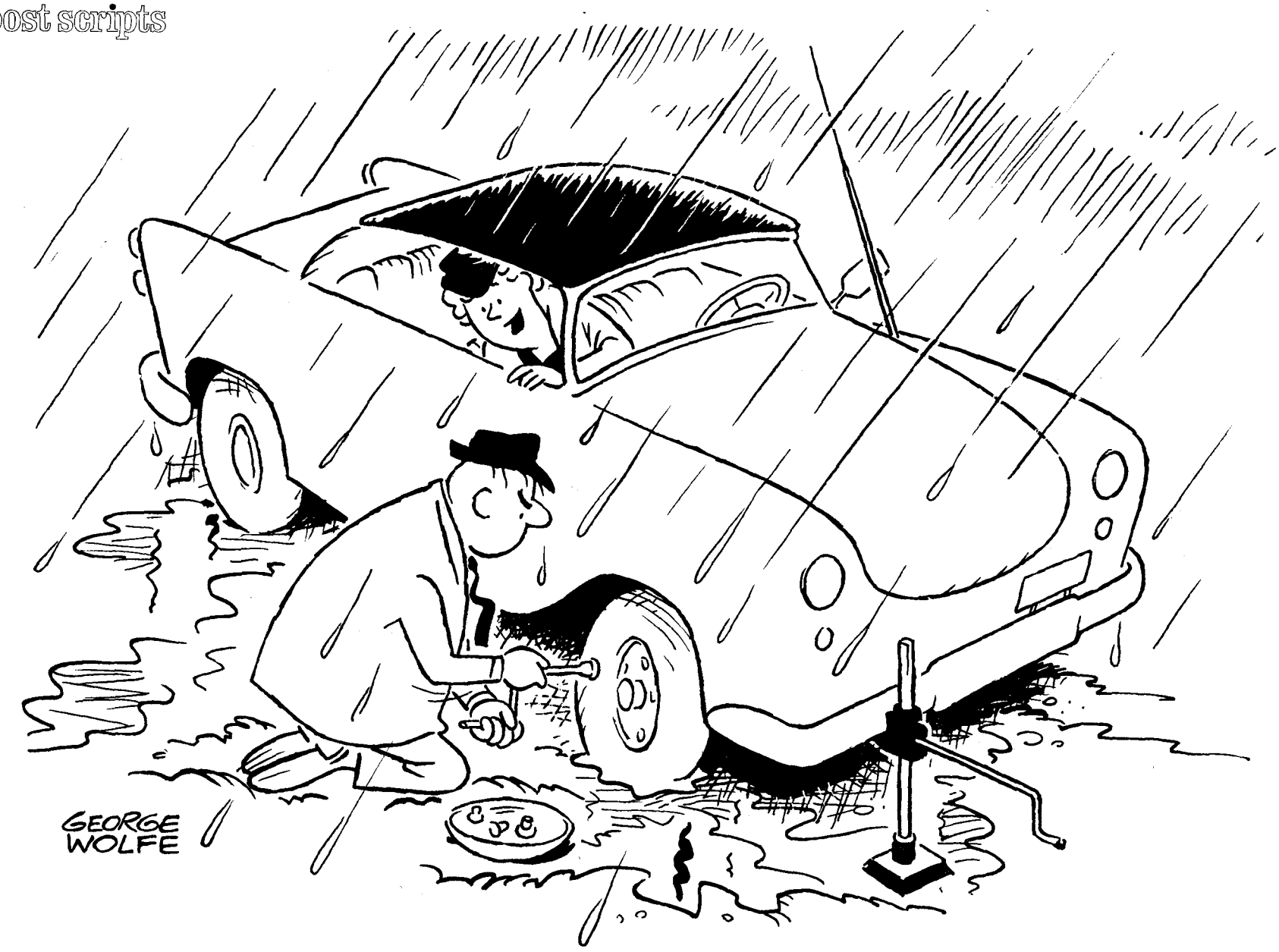

"Why don't you try humming a little tune, dear?"

"Get on with it, Bagley . . . there's a lion chasing my wife."

"French or Russian dressing?"

the end

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All people who like people

(and money) *should turn this page →*

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Dial Soap's $50,000 WHO'S WHICH GAME

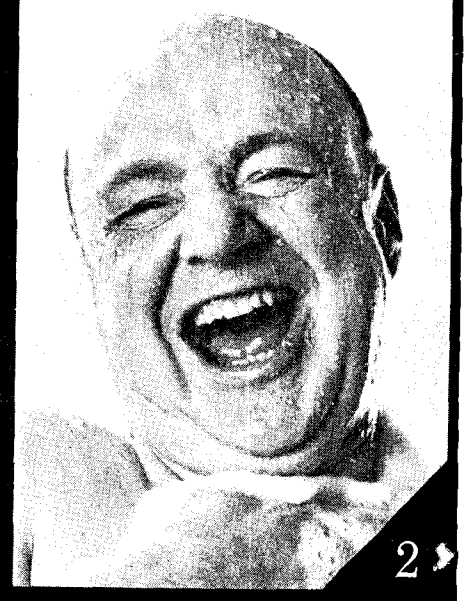
Just match the people shown here with their real jobs

(details on opposite page)

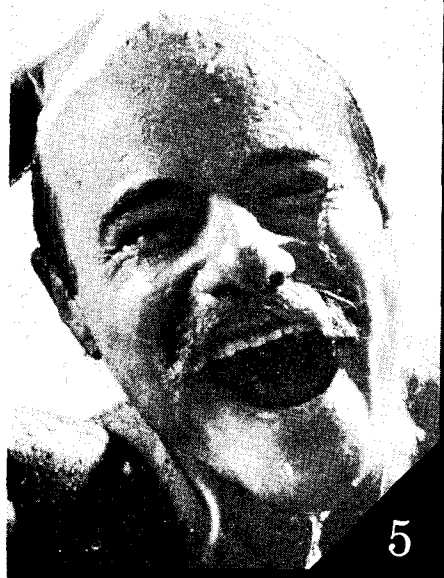
America's most effective deodorant soap

Spins sparkling stick

Speaks before benches



Alert for swing to gaiters



Polishes articles millions will see

Likely to present a pressing

Riders and lintels are bread-and-butter

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Operates elevators

3

Orders through borders

4

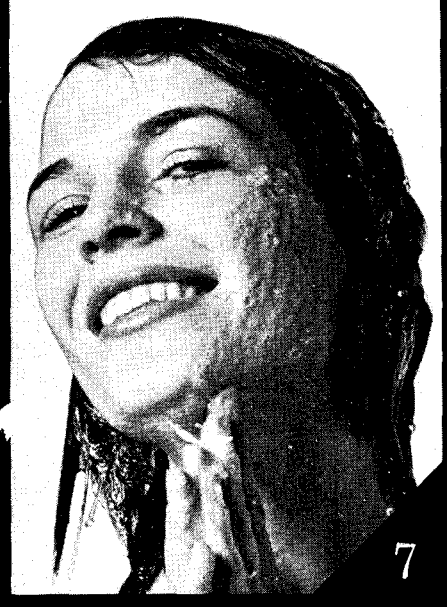
$25,000 CASH GRAND PRIZE

$10,000 CASH SECOND PRIZE

300 Third Prizes $50 CASH EACH

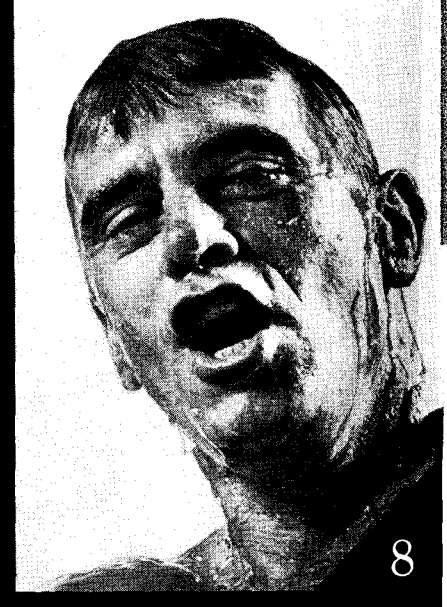
$5,000 BONUS FROM DIAL SHAMPOO!
Grand Prize winner gets extra $5,000 for including letters and numbers copied from bottom of any bottle of Dial shampoo, with prize winning entry.

Most likely to be caged



7

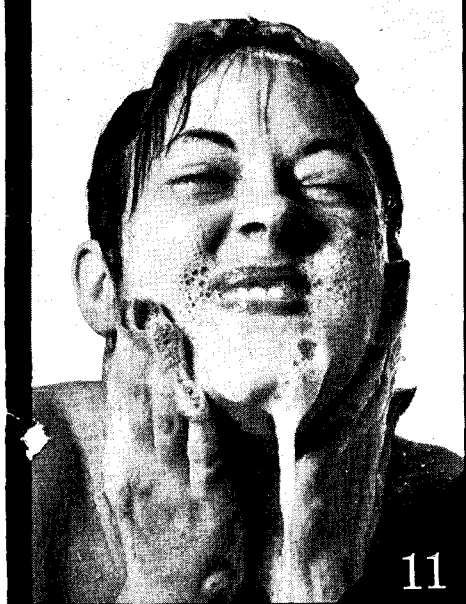
Must have a good girth to function well



8

Just match the people at left with their real jobs in list on entry blank. Check clues with each picture. All are from Dial ads—but none are regular models! Their jobs include airline pilot, dancer, lawyer, and the like.

Executes brushes



11

Decides among borders

12

RULES

1. Correctly match people in the pictures at left with their regular jobs. Write numbers from the people's pictures in space next to their correct jobs in list on entry blank. *Study clues above each person's picture.* Each clue applies only to job of person above whose picture it is located. If you need help check Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, copyright 1950. Entry blanks available from advertisements or at store; or use list copied on plain paper.

2. Send as many entries as you wish to Dial, P.O. Box 727, Hinsdale, Illinois. Accompany *each with Dial soap wrapper and your name* and address. Entries must be received by November 15, 1961. Entries will be judged *according to number of correct answers.*

3. In case of *ties*, which are probable, tying contestants will be asked to submit a statement of 25 words or less on the subject of "Why I Like Dial Soap." No proof of purchase required with tie-breaking entry. Judges' decisions final. Entries and contents *become property of Armour and Company.*

4. Armour and Company reserves the right to disqualify any entry not personally composed by contestant or members of his household. Only one winner per family. Winners notified by mail. List of winners will be mailed approximately three months after close of contest to anyone sending stamped, self-addressed envelope.

5. All persons in the U.S., its territories and possessions, and Canada, may enter except employees of Armour and Company, Canada Packers Ltd., their advertising agencies, the photographers' organizations, modeling agencies, the judging organization, the people pictured in the contest advertisement, and their families. Contest void wherever prohibited or restricted by law.

© 1961, Armour and Company

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

T

DIAL SOAP'S $50,000 *WHO'S WHICH* GAME

To match people shown here with their real jobs, write numbers from their pictures in spaces next to their jobs. The clues with the pictures will help you.

____Magazine editorial assistant	____Lawyer	____Majorette	____Polo player
____Retail buyer of women's clothes	____Dancer	____Airline Pilot	____Disc jockey
____Building contractor	____Importer	____Bank teller	____Advertising artist

DIAL, P.O. BOX 727, Hinsdale, Illinois
Here is my entry. I enclose Dial soap wrapper. To qualify myself for $5,000 bonus prize, here are letters and numbers copied from bottom of bottle of Dial shampoo: _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **ZONE** _____ **STATE** _____

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for the "glue-it-yourself" family

FREE FOR DAD - *Elmer's Wood-Gluing Handbook!* 12 fact-filled pages on gluing for heavy construction, home improvements, furniture models and toys. Sports equipment, too. Fully illustrated.

FREE FOR KIDS - *Elmer's Wonderful World of Paper Fun!* 14 gaily illustrated pages show 30 easy-to-make projects with paper and Elmer's Glue-All. Wonderful fun-things to make!

FREE FOR MOM - *Elmer's Party and Home Decoration!* Festive ideas for hostess and homemaker. Colorful decorations for entertaining during every season. Finishing touches for home decor.

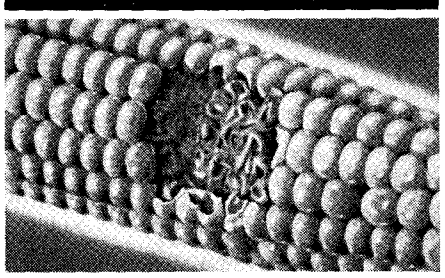
Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope—for each booklet—to ELMER, The Borden Co., Dept. S-91, 350 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y. (Available in Canada.)

THERE'S AN ELMER'S GLUE FOR EVERY JOB YOU DO!

©T.B.C.

DENTURE WEARERS

EAT ANYTHING!



ORA-FIX®

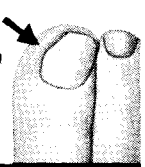
Holds dentures fast . . . all day!

ORAFix

Use Ora Denture Cleanser, too!

AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Ingrown NAIL



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Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

Home Appliances Now Run Smoothly

Clean · Lubricate · Prevent Rust

3-IN-ONE® OIL

REGULAR — OIL SPRAY — ELECTRIC MOTOR

"WHERE'LL I GET THE CASH?"

HOW many times have you asked yourself that question when you are faced with household expenses that have to be met? We would like to suggest an answer that can mean increased income for you.

By selling magazine subscriptions, you can earn generous commissions. Many of our representatives earn more than $1.50 an hour in their spare time—and you can do the same! Just send us your name and address on a postal, and you will receive our offer and easy-to-follow instructions.

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You have a use for **SPRAY PAINT**

In Ready-to-Use Aerosol

IF YOU PRIZE IT...KRYLON-IZE IT!

HIJACK

Continued from page 33

through more brush around the bonnet of the diesel, found the sleeping-compartment door ajar, but only the usual thrown-back blankets and soiled pillow in it.

As he stepped down, McGregor said, "I'd be pleased to hear your ideas."

"Somebody shot the driver from the seat beside him."

"You're judging from the blood?"

Colvin nodded.

"I wonder about the second man. Couldn't he have done something?"

Colvin said, "Such as what? I tried to get the boys permits to carry a pistol, but your people turned me down. The man in the sleeping compartment was trapped, Mr. McGregor, even if he knew what was happening in the cab. He'd have to get out the side door while the truck was rolling to a stop—and before the killer in front got him too."

McGregor said, "There's no blood in the sleeper. Perhaps he did get out."

"I think he did," Colvin admitted, "and walked right into another gun."

"You seem to have it reconstructed."

"Not too difficult. Somewhere up the line in the night the boy driving—as a guess, I'll say it was Big Mike Orem—saw a car stalled and somebody signaling. They all know the rules—no riders. But this is a big, lonesome country and they're small-town boys. They trust people and want to help. If it just happened to be a pretty woman, Mike would hit the brakes without even thinking about the orders—or the gold."

McGregor rubbed his chin. "I know. They'll all do it."

"So she gave him some cock-and-bull story: a breakdown, a mired car, even that she'd missed a bus. Johnny Gill, riding the bunk, might have slept through it or wouldn't want to make a big thing about a little bend in the company rules. Mike was in charge."

"So he takes a passenger aboard, and five minutes later ——"

Colvin said, "He may never have started moving. Somebody climbed up in the cab; Mike looked away long enough to start running through the gears—and got a bullet before he had time to know what was happening."

"And the other chap—Gill?"

"If I know him, I'd say he came out of the sleeper fast, looking for trouble. And trouble was right there in the road with another pistol—some nice fellow who didn't have any doubt about what he was going to do, because none of them could afford a surviving witness. Somebody shot Gill; they hid the bodies; and a new driver takes over my rig, running it on down the highway as if everything were normal—until they got here. A couple of murders, but no evidence except a little blood in the truck, and nobody even warned that a crime's been committed. In here, in the trees, they switched the gold to another vehicle and took off."

At the station wagon McGregor told the Indian, "Stay with it, Joe. I'll send relief soon." Then he sat for a moment frowning through the dusty windshield. "It all makes sense," he admitted, "and those bodies could be anywhere off a hundred miles of wilderness road. But what would anybody do with twelve hundred pounds of gold in this country?"

Colvin said, "That, my friend, is what I intend to find out."

Two more police cars flanked Colvin's sedan when McGregor swung back into the Fort Brucker street. The constable swore quietly. "They'll be coming in platoons," he said. "Customs types as well as our own. They get upset when anybody breaks a seal."

Colvin grinned in spite of himself. "I found that out," he said, "when we had a refrigerator breakdown last year and had to transfer the load to another van. I spent a month writing explanations."

But his grin froze at the door of the office. Nancy Orem was tiny between the bulk of another constable and a customs officer, her dark eyes begging him to say something, but not hopeful that he could. When she came to him, her hands were icy in his own, and he could see a little film of dust on her black hair. She said, "I had to come, Bruce. There was a plane to Watson Lake, and this officer"—indicating the customs agent—"gave me a ride from there."

Unreasonably Colvin's mind took time to wonder once again how joint parentage, as firmly Dutch as the Zuider Zee, could have produced both Mike Orem's outsize strength and this girl's delicate, dark slenderness. But there was a strength in the older sister, too, a strength which now more than ever demanded certain special things. Although her eyes begged for help, he could not, must not comfort her now. So he made no move to touch her again when she dropped her hands, clenching them at her sides. Nor could he lie. He said, "We don't know anything new, Nan. There was some

blood in the cab, but no trace of either man."

The strength was there, holding her as Colvin could not.

Behind him McGregor cleared his throat. "Mr. Colvin," he said, "you haven't met Lieutenant Winn."

Mechanically Colvin shook hands and followed when Winn indicated a small office away from the front of the building. Winn scowled slightly when Colvin nodded to Nancy to come with them, but he made no protest. When all of them were seated Winn said, "We are a little methodical, Mr. Colvin, so I must ask you to go back over some details. Will you identify yourself?" Colvin repeated his own name, and Winn carefully wrote it down. Winn said, "Married?"

The word still was difficult after two years. "Widower," Colvin said.

"Age?"

"Thirty-two."

"And your business in Canada?"

"None in Canada, really. I have a small trucking firm at Pacific Center, near Seattle. Three years ago I bid in a contract to haul fresh meat and produce weekly to Fairbanks. There's a special corporation, Colvin-Alaska. We cross the Canadian border at Sumas, where the trailers are put under customs seal. The route under transit license is northeast through British Columbia to the Alaska Highway, then northwest through the Yukon Territory. At Snag, Canadian customs makes another inspection and clears us to cross into Alaska. Southbound we reverse the procedure, but carry general cargo."

Winn said, "Your employees, sir?"

Colvin glanced at Nancy. "Most of the men are home-town people."

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Without preliminaries Nancy said, "He hires every local boy who possibly can do a job."

Winn gave her a sudden, oddly boyish and vagrant grin, but quickly wiped it off, turning official again. He said, "About this particular trip, Mr. Colvin ——"

"Mike Orem and Johnny Gill left Seattle last Thursday and were on time into Fairbanks. They unloaded, picked up a small general cargo, then a shipment of gold bars. Understandably your customs people took longer than usual to admit them at the border. Orem's wire from Snag reported he would leave there Tuesday morning. That was the last word I had." Colvin's mouth was dry.

Winn tapped his scarred desk. "How many people in Fairbanks knew about this gold shipment?"

Colvin thought about the little town embracing Chena Slough, its multiple dark flowers of saloons, the tatter of night clubs and restaurants at its edge. He had been in them with drivers relaxing between the halves of a run. Slowly he said, "No real reason for anyone except the smelter people and our own to know, but it's a small town, and talkative. I'd guess quite a few did."

Surprise crossed Nancy Orem's eyes like a shadow. Then Winn's voice was thoughtful. "This is the trouble," he said, "with the whole business of sealed shipments crossing Canada. We're presented with a crime, Mr. Colvin, but we're not sure what kind of a crime, or whether it really belongs to us or to your people. All we know definitely is that our own laws have been broken by the rupture of the Canadian customs seal. We can presume this means larceny of some of the contents, but what else can we presume?"

Colvin said, "There was a lot of blood in that cab."

But Winn only nodded without conviction. "You knew your employees, Mr. Colvin, but how much did you really know about them?"

"I've known both boys since they fished for perch in a pond behind our terminal. Miss Orem raised Mike after their parents died. Mike Orem was a twenty-two-year-old bachelor, never in any trouble, and earning about $9000 a year. There was no reason—nor for Gill."

"Nevertheless ——"

Colvin saw the demand. "You're asking for definite proof, but of course I can't give it to you. Anybody can go sour."

Nancy Orem's sigh was something else as well, and Colvin chose not to look at her. But Winn said, "Precisely! We do not know what crime has been committed, with any accuracy, or for what criminal we're looking. Nevertheless, Mr. Colvin, the police will deal with the situation. Thank you very much."

The customs agent said, "Right," his one word of the conference.

Colvin said, "Can I presume you will alert people at the U.S. border as well as the highway officers?"

Winn's voice was sharp. "You can presume we are doing everything necessary. Border posts were given full information an hour after the crime was discovered. He hesitated, and his odd grin came once more. "For my part, can I presume that you are returning to your home? We may wish to reach you."

"No," Colvin said. "I won't be going home just yet. I'll be along the highway—but I'll keep in touch."

Now Winn was completely official again. "The police are not impressed by fiction about amateur detectives, Mr. Colvin. I must warn you against meddling."

Then he shrugged, with a brief grin. "Thunderation," he said. "If it were my rig and gold, I wouldn't go home either. Just don't get into trouble, Mr. Colvin."

Colvin said, "I'll be somewhere along the highway."

In the dusty little sedan Nancy Orem sat quietly, her hands folded, while they pounded north, drumfire of gravel thrown up against the running gear attesting their speed. As they caught up to a slow-moving oil truck, dust whipped back in a choking cloud punctuated by flying stones. Colvin swung to the left, waited for a temporary breeze to give him partial visibility, floor-boarded the throttle and passed in a hail of gravel. Nancy coughed, and Colvin tasted dust when he put a cigarette between his lips.

She said, "This is torture for a car."

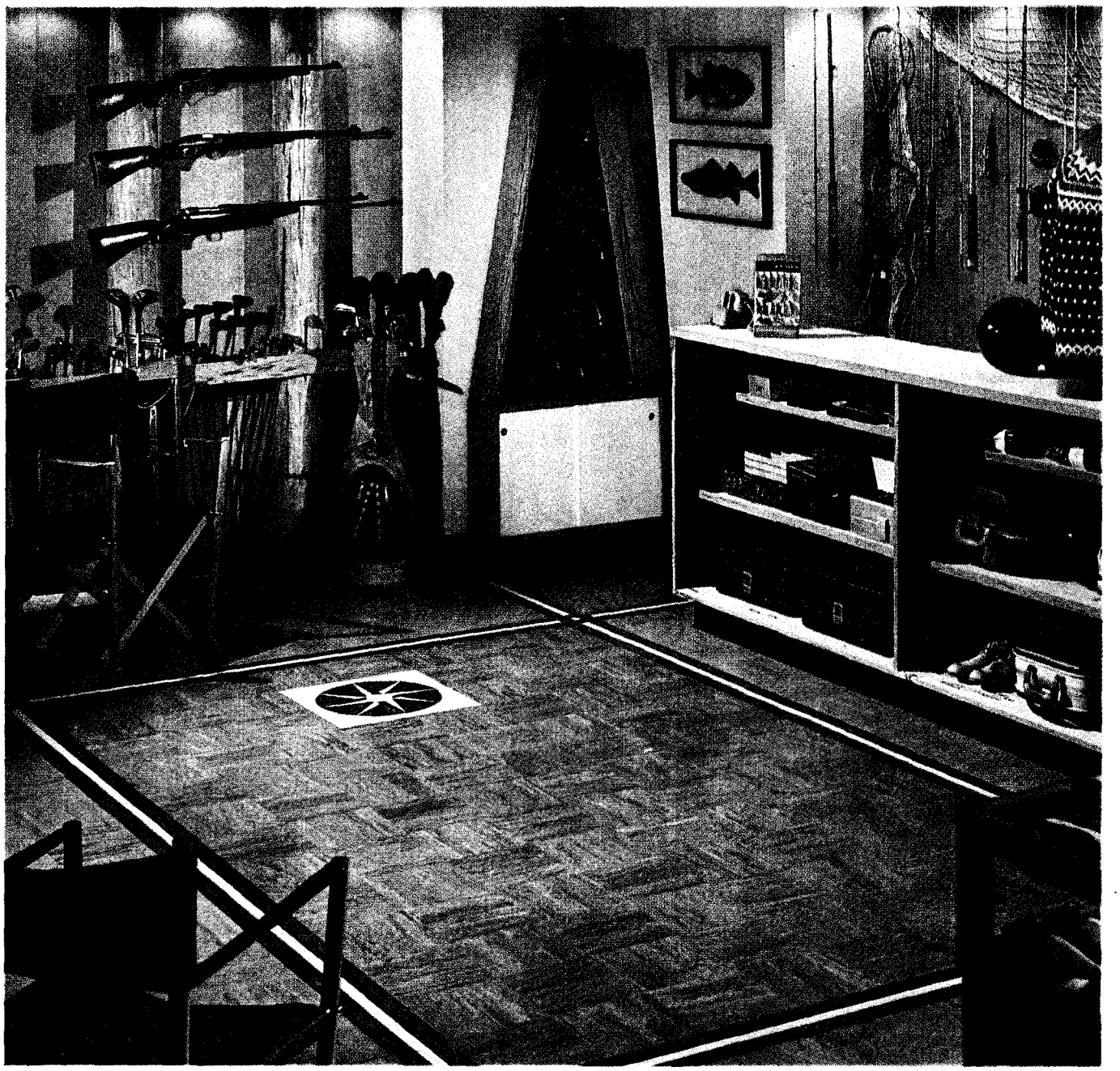
"The smart people," he said, "put masking tape on all the corners of the car, and some sort of mat underneath."

"Why underneath?"

"To protect the gas tank and the lines. A rubber mat or an old carpet fastened on the underside will stop most of the rocks. I'm afraid I just didn't have time to take care of it."

The girl was silent, but there was nothing companionable in the silence, nothing either of the friendship on which he had come to depend in the bleak months after his wife's death or of the consuming fire the two of them had discovered more recently. As in the police office he knew he must not touch her now.

When she did speak again, he knew he had been right. She said, "I still don't



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understand something, Bruce. You don't seriously think Mike could have been involved—some sort of party to this theft?"

"Of course not."

"But when that lieutenant was asking questions, you didn't make that clear. You said anybody could go sour, and that had to mean Mike, didn't it?"

The things in Colvin's tired mind were definite, the things which should be said. There was the obvious: *I love you, Nancy; I love you too much to argue. Of course Mike didn't do any stealing. He's important to you, and so he's important to me.* But what he did say was also necessary. He said, "This is police work, Nancy. Nobody in the world can be cleared automatically in advance. Winn suspects me and his own constable, McGregor—even you. I can't eliminate Mike and Johnny any more than Winn can eliminate me. I want to find the thief, whoever he is."

This time Nancy looked at her own hands a long time before answering. Then she said, "You'd best let me out at the first town, Bruce."

He said, "Now, look, Nancy ——"

But her quick, despairing gesture stopped him. "Mike is my brother," she said. "I'm not going to help anybody hunt him down for a crime. I don't want to talk to anyone who doesn't trust him. I don't want to talk any longer to you, Bruce." He would have ignored her request, but at Penington Junction Nancy took one look at a tiny inn and said, "This will do. Let me out here."

Reluctantly Colvin found a parking spot between a black sedan with Washington state license plates and a truck from Saskatchewan. On the inn porch half a dozen loungers looked up, then away again as Colvin delayed opening his car door. Once more he tried to talk to her. "Nancy," he said, "you'd do better to keep going with me—or to go home."

But she said only, "I have to think, Bruce. I can't help Mike unless I think—by myself. I'll be fine here."

He said, "Do one thing for me, Nan. Stay here, if that seems best, but don't run away. I need to know where you are."

Her eyes were enormous but steady. After a long time, she said, "I'll stay. I won't run." He had turned away in almost complete defeat when her barely audible voice added one thing more. She said, "Be careful, Bruce. Please be careful."

Twenty miles north a southbound sports car flipped a walnut-sized rock into the right side of Colvin's windshield. He admired impersonally the precision of the saucer-sized "star" and calculated that the impact had been at something over 100 miles an hour. But he did not slow down. Even so, it was well after the dinner hour when he swung onto an oiled apron between gasoline pumps and the door of the Yukon Inn. Beyond the low building the summer's late-evening sun lent shimmer to the surface of a small lake, the water blue, the surviving ice pans like emerald islands floating in it. Colvin parked beside an Alberta trailer rig as its carrot-haired driver climbed down from the cab-over-engine tractor, rubbing his back while the diesel engine continued to rattle behind him. Conversationally the driver said, "Man, that rough-ridin' clunker's goin' to kill me yet."

Colvin said, "You drive this road a lot?"

"Every week. I pull one of them boxes all the way from Edmonton."

"You usually take a break here?"

The driver's grin showed neglected teeth. "Every rig driver stops here," he said, "if he's awake. There's room to pull off, nobody yelps about leaving the engine running, and they got the prettiest waitress on the whole route." He stopped thoughtfully. "Even the food," he said, "ain't too bad."

Colvin waited until the trucker was seated at the restaurant counter, then chose a stool by himself. The only other customers were a United States Army family enmeshed in small children at a corner table. The trucker announced his undying love for the waitress and his hope that Jeannie really had saved him some cake. "This time," he said, "give me some with raisins that don't wiggle, beautiful."

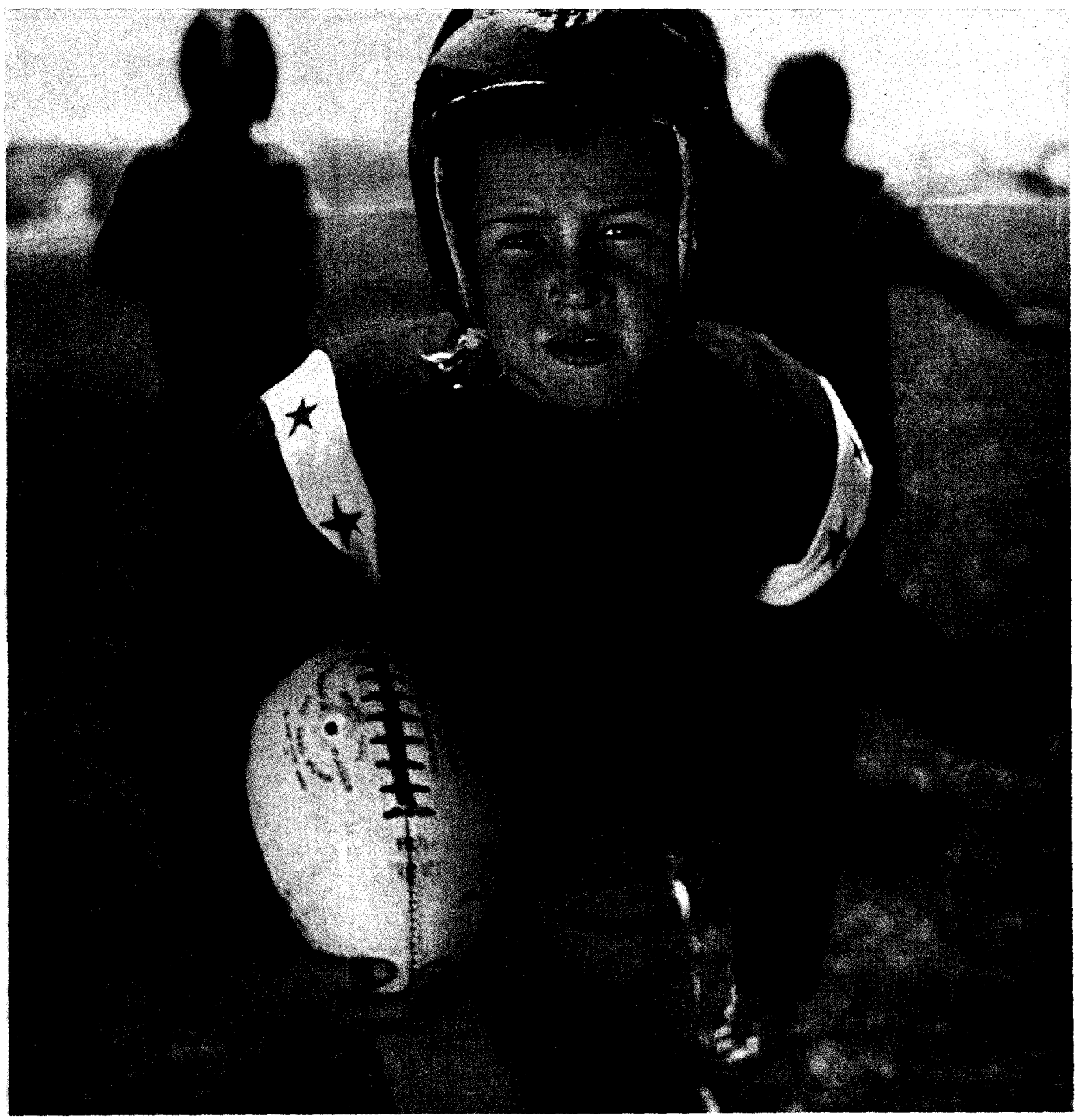
As the trucker had said, the girl was pretty enough to be exceptional on any highway; and when she presently came to Colvin, her smile was friendly. He took his time over dinner, while first the Army tribe and then the Edmonton trucker finished and departed. Only then did he ask the girl when she last had seen a Colvin-Alaska crew. The girl came around the counter and sat beside him, lighting a cigarette with unsteady fingers. "You want to know about Big Mike and Johnny?"

"Yes."

"You'd be a copper, then?" The noun surprised him and the surprise apparently showed. She said, "No offense. That's what we call policemen where I grew up in Montreal." There was a slight hesitation. "It wasn't a very good neighborhood."

Colvin said, "I'm not a copper. Mostly a friend of Mike and Johnny." Belatedly he showed her a business card.

Oddly the girl hesitated a little longer. "I heard about it," she admitted finally,



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"how they found the rig. I guess it wouldn't hurt to tell you: Mike and Johnny was in here Tuesday night. They usually stop. . . ." Her voice trailed away, then came back. "Mike and Johnny," she said, "aren't the stealing kind, mister."

He said, "I don't think so either, but how are you so sure?"

The girl's quick gaze was direct. "I knew some thieves," she said, "when I was a kid in the slums. Now I'm a hasher in a truckers' joint. I see a lot of different kinds—Red, the guy who was just in here, and his same old joke about the wiggly raisins, twice a week. I don't come around the counter where Red can reach—you know what I mean?"

"I can guess."

"Those two C-A boys were different, especially Mike. I used to wonder—was he married, mister?"

"No," Colvin said. "He isn't married, Jeannie."

Quite suddenly the girl was efficient, going for her handbag and returning with a scribbled scrap of paper. "I thought," she said, "somebody might be around asking questions, so when I heard about it, I tried to remember everything." She looked at her notes. "Mike and Johnny came in from the north kind of late. Maybe nine o'clock. I had steaks for them." She smiled quickly and almost shyly. "The cook hadn't wanted to save them, but I leaned on him." Colvin grinned himself, imagining a kitchen tableau. "I don't remember anything special they said," the girl added, then stopped. "That's not quite true. Mike said he liked the new way I'd fixed my hair. I remember that."

Colvin said, "They stayed about the usual time?"

"Maybe an hour."

"Who else was here, if you remember?"

"That's what I wrote down. I don't pay too much attention to the tourists. One family with youngsters, I think, all excited about going to Alaska and wondering when they'd start seeing bear in the road. The boss is going to have one stuffed and set out in the weeds below us, he says, so the tourists will have something to tell us about when they come in.

"Anyway, one family that I remember. A couple of other truckers: that fellow off the Royal Mail run, I think, and a little character that drives a tanker up to one of the mines. They're regulars.

"And one other group: two men and a woman. They'd been fishing near here for three or four days. I think they were here at the same time as the boys."

Colvin said, "Describe them."

"I'm not sure I can. Nothing much to describe. The woman was thirty, I'd guess, a dun blonde. Hard to tell what color the hair had been to start. Still a good-enough figure, but she hardly looked up when I was anywhere near. The two fellows were kind of heavy, dark and dressed like everybody else—woods tuxedos."

He said, "Whipcord pants and jackets?"

"That's right—and that's all I remember." She lighted another cigarette. "When a guy looks at a girl a certain way, the only thing I know to do is not to look at him at all. So I don't. But this time I wish I had. They'd been here two or three times before, and I'm fairly sure they were here Tuesday night. But I haven't seen them since. You're going to ask about their car, but I don't know."

He said, "There can't be too many places to stay around here. Could you tell me about them?"

She considered, briefly. "Nothing for a long way north of here," she said. "The boss here has a few rooms—and if you'll pardon me, Mr. Colvin, you'd be smart to get some sleep in one of them tonight. You've been driving too long."

Colvin shook his head to clear it and knew immediately that the girl was right. His brain was sluggish now and would get more so. He said, "I may just do that, but what about the other places?"

"Two tourist camps you passed about a mile or so back," she said, "and a hunting lodge—a bear guide's place—about five miles down the highway and off to the left. That's all for another fifty miles south. Things aren't crowded." She looked at her ringless fingers. "Mr. Colvin, how will I know when Mike's all right?"

Colvin thought about young girls along a thousand highways, nursing odd little dreams while they served meals and kept smiling and clung to the hope that someday. . . . He said, "I'll let you know, Jeannie, whatever happens."

In the early morning one sleepy motel owner was friendly and the other was not. But in both cases, the answers to Colvin's questions were the same: their customers had been tourists, they had paid little or no attention to appearances, but nobody in the past two weeks had stayed more than one night. At the hunting camp farther south no guests moved among the scattered log cabins, and a rawboned proprietor-guide at first was uncommunicative. "In this business," he said, "one of the first rules is to keep your mouth shut about your clients—what they shot, where they fished, anything about them. So you may as well mosey along, mister."

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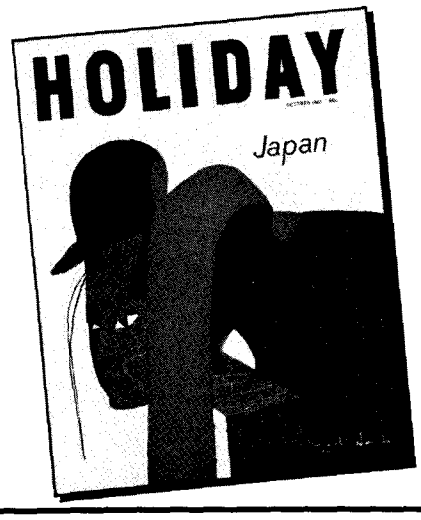

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Colvin's patience was not improving. "I could be more pleasant," he said, "but this is a case the rules don't fit. The people I want aren't nice folks. They're thieves and probably killers. So you can tell me what you know, or I can tell the Mounties you wouldn't."

The guide looked across the valley at his ranch spread, with pack horses grazing beside a stream. "Somehow," he admitted finally, "I'm beginning to remember a little better. All right, Mr. Colvin, there were three people staying here—kind of an odd lot, at that. Mr. and Mrs. Gillebo and Mr. Ragan. A fishing party—but I never see anybody around here catch less fish. Paid cash for a week in advance last Friday, but to tell you true I ain't seen any of them since Tuesday. Funny thing: they went out of here every day, asking me about fishing they could reach from their car; but they didn't eat here, and every day they took everything with them out of the cabin."

Colvin said, "You wouldn't have noticed the car?"

"A '59 Dodge, four-door sedan, blue paint," the guide said. "I got the numbers written down—Illinois plates."

The hunting-camp telephone was a crank job, but Lieutenant Winn's displeasure came through clearly. He listened to Colvin's recital of the auto licenses and the description of the three people and admitted he would have a border check made immediately to learn whether the car still was in Canada. Then he made his own point. "I've been trying to find you all morning. McGregor needs you twenty miles south of Penington Junction—immediately."

Colvin said, "All right, but why?"

"He needs you," Winn said, "to make an identification of a body."

McGregor's station wagon and a second police car at the side of the highway were visible for almost a mile before Colvin reached them, and an equally straight stretch of the road climbed a long hill to the south. The highway through the valley had been graded high, and summer swamp water rotted in the ditches on either side. There was no crossroad.

McGregor raised a hand as Colvin stopped, and two other uniformed men looked up from the right-hand ditch. McGregor said, "You're not easy to find, but you move fast. The lieutenant radioed me only about an hour back."

Colvin could not trust himself to answer. Instead he slid down the sharp incline to the two officers with a blanket covering something between them. One said, "Take it easy. We haven't finished checking the area—might find something or other." He glanced at Colvin's face and wordlessly lifted a corner of the blanket. Johnny Gill looked almost peaceful, but there was a bullet hole in his right temple.

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"One - two - cha - cha - cha . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On the highway McGregor spoke once more like a man making an official report from memory. "I was driving slowly," he said, "on a hunch—that is, hoping I might find some clue. I saw a leather driving gauntlet in the road. Then I walked along the shoulder. The body was in the ditch, half submerged. No real sign of a struggle, but a disturbed area of gravel, as if the body might have been pushed over the side of the road and allowed to slide down."

Colvin said, "Nothing else?"

"You can't be sure in gravel, but I think there are a lot of footprints. What I can't understand is why they ever picked this spot to dump the body. If they'd put it even fifty feet off the road, we might not have found it for months."

"A stupid mistake," Colvin agreed, "but suppose the people trying to get rid of Gill's body weren't in a small car, just the big tractor. They couldn't get that off the highway, and carrying a body into the bush isn't easy. Maybe it was a Hobson's choice. They had to be rid of the body, just in case somebody like you stopped the rig, but they couldn't go far. So they picked a spot on a long straight stretch of road. That way they could be sure of a few minutes, at least, without a surprise

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interruption, and then the water would cover the evidence for a while."

McGregor said, "Let's hope they make one more mistakes."

Colvin said, "What about the gauntlet?"

The constable frowned, then pulled a gauntlet from his pocket. Colvin's throat was tight as he turned back the cuff. The name, Mike Orem, had been inked inside. "It was 100 feet north, almost in the center of the road," McGregor said. "No blood on it, as you can see."

"Which means what?"

"I'm a constable," McGregor said. "A constable has to be tough enough to stand the weather up here and dumb enough to accept the pay. He doesn't have to answer riddles. I don't know."

From the Yukon Inn Colvin eventually got a dim telephone connection to the minister of the community church at Pacific Center, Washington. "I want you," he said, "to reach Johnny Gill's parents before they hear about it on the radio or read it in a newspaper. They're going to need a friend."

The disembodied voice on the other end of the line asked, "What about Mike, Mr. Colvin?"

Colvin said, "I still don't know anything." When he turned from the telephone the waitress, Jeannie, was behind him, biting her fingernails, and McGregor was just coming in the door. Oddly the girl's face showed none of the fear she had displayed at their previous meeting. She said, "Mr. Colvin, if those people—the ones who killed Johnny—had killed Mike, too, why wouldn't they have left his body at the same place? I don't see what they'd gain by anything else."

McGregor's heavy voice did the answering. "Face it, girl. What we've found proves only one thing: there's no evidence Mike's dead or that anybody else was ever near that rig. Just two people we know about, one dead and the other missing, along with the gold. Use your brain, Jeannie."

Very slowly the girl turned to face him. "Mac," she said, "you've always been a decent sort around here, but you think like a copper. Mike didn't steal anything or kill anybody. I don't have to use my brain. I know."

McGregor's grin was slow but present. "All right, Jeannie," he said. "Don't get hostile. I count on you to get me a good meal once in a while. Maybe I just wish I had two people with as much faith in me as the two of you have in that boy."

Colvin said, "Anything new?"

The constable leaned over a cup of coffee. "A couple of messages, but they don't add up to much. That blue Dodge crossed the border south out of Alberta last night. Our border people gave the car a shakedown just because they didn't much like the looks of the lot, but they didn't find anything. No guns, no gold. The laddies were real indignant, taking the customs inspectors' names so they could complain to their congressmen." He sipped his coffee. "The other half of the news came from your side of the line. Illinois says the plates on that car were issued to somebody named Jones, but Jones bought them for a 1950 Chevy and sold it for junk four months ago."

"So where Mr. and Mrs. Gillebo and Mr. Ragan may be heading is anybody's guess?"

"So right. And where are we?"

Colvin sipped coffee which Jeannie brought him unasked. "Maybe," he said, "we've been heading in the wrong direction ever since you asked me that question after we left the rig. You said, 'What would anybody do with twelve hundred pounds of gold?' Suppose you dug it up, quite legally?"

McGregor said, "Not much question about that. You darned well turn it over to the government—sell it for currency—or you're in trouble. The same here as in the States. Oh, you might get rid of a little some other way. I suppose there are fences who'd handle a few ounces, maybe even some jeweler who'd buy a bit and trust the law to be looking out to sea. But not twelve hundred pounds."

"And you'd have trouble shipping it out of the country," Colvin said.

"Bit of a problem. Where's that place in Asia where they do the trading?" the constable asked.

Colvin said, "Macao, I think; but I doubt you could get near it with any twelve hundred pounds."

McGregor said, "I'm with you, but I don't know where you're heading."

"We've been assuming that anybody would try to get the stolen gold south, right?"

"Well, whether it was your driver or those mugs in the Dodge, they were Yanks. I mean, no Canadians except the Snag customs people even knew what was in the van, so we assume that anybody from the States would head back that way with the loot."

Jeannie leaned across the counter, and Colvin realized with surprise that she had been listening throughout.

"I think I see what you mean," she said. "Are you saying that only a certain sort of a bloke could have any use for this gold? You said, 'Suppose you dug it up, legally.' What would stop a fellow who was digging for the stuff from selling what he'd stolen, too—selling it to the government, all neat and legal?"

"Salting a mine—a new twist, but salting just the same!" McGregor's voice was outraged. "You could grind it down to dust, and nobody'd be the wiser."

Colvin's brain was racing. He said, "So far as I know, the only mines in the Forty-eight—I mean, in the States south of here—which possibly could produce that much gold are big corporation affairs."

McGregor said, "You've lost me again."

"I mean that twelve hundred pounds of gold would be useless to anyone unless he owned a gold mine or a smelter or both. It couldn't very well be in Canada, because nobody here would have been sure about the shipment. Not likely to be headed for the Forty-eight, because the mines and smelters are not available to some thief. But back in Alaska —— I don't know about you, Mac, but I'm heading for Snag. Somebody has crossed that border—or soon will."

McGregor said, "Who will you be looking for?"

"I don't know. Not our friends with the Dodge, and I don't think it'll be Mike Orem. I think it will be somebody who wasn't anywhere near when Johnny Gill was killed."

McGregor rose thoughtfully. "I'll have to head south," he said, "but you just may be right. Winn may not like it, but I'll radio Snag and Poker Creek—that's the border crossing west of Dawson City—to comb every truck and the cars too. They might turn up something." He coughed. "I don't want to sound like the lieutenant," he said, "but he's right about one thing, Mr. Colvin. Don't try to do too much by yourself. If you turn up any clues, call for help."

Colvin said, "I'll be careful."

TO BE CONCLUDED

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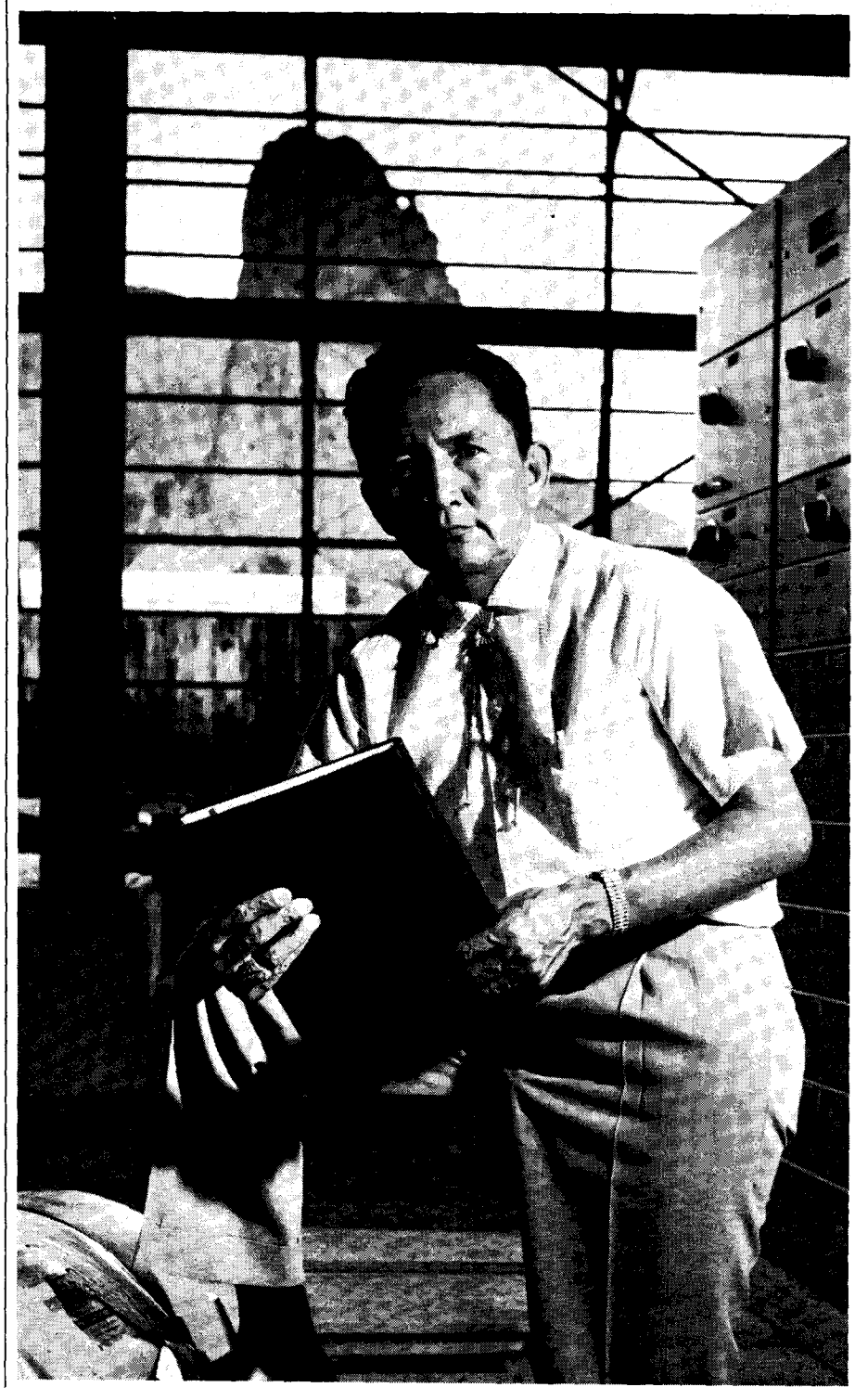

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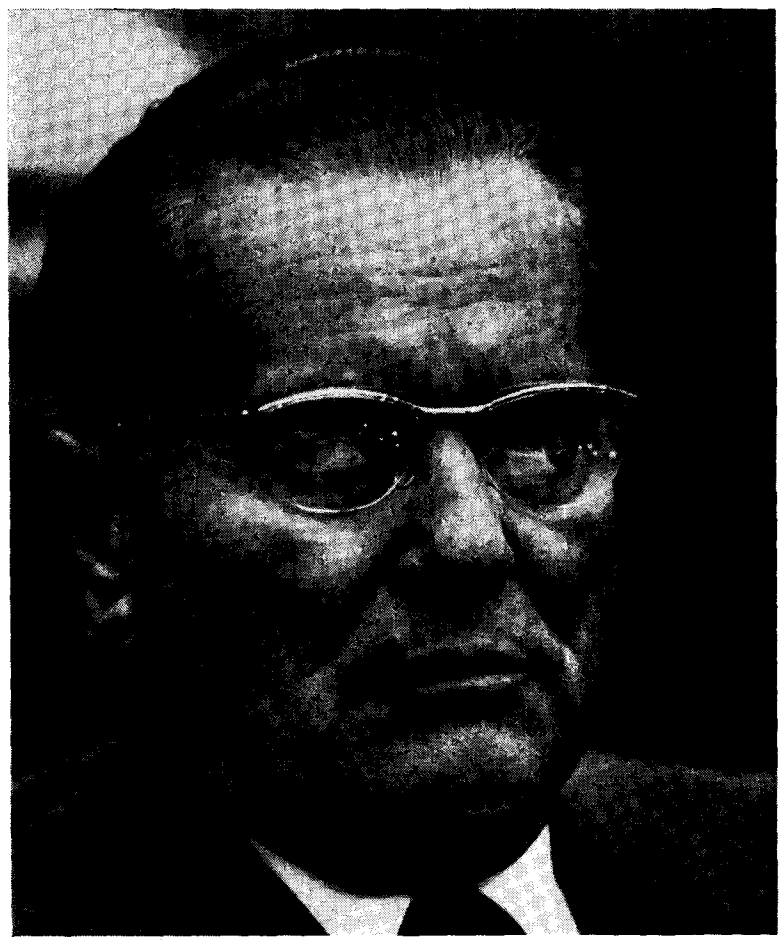
TITO: COLD WAR MIDDLE MAN



Communist Yugoslavia, neither Russian satellite nor friend of the West, has received over two billion dollars in American aid. What justifies this use of our money?

By Ernest O. Hauser

BELGRADE.

Josip Broz Tito—nonfriend, nonenemy of the United States—is a big man with a small country. In recognition of this fact we have sent him one of our own big men, career diplomat George Frost Kennan, as an ambassador. His mission: to take a new look at our thirteen-year-old Yugoslav adventure.

The question is: has Yugoslavia played us for a sucker, and if so, is there something we can do about it? Since Tito's break with Moscow in 1948, we have aided this independent Communist republic to the tune of $2,130,000,000, including some $700,000,000 in military aid. What have we got to show for this?

For one thing, an often bitingly hostile press. Yugoslav newspapers and magazines, all of them government-controlled, could not have been more critical of our policy had Titoland stayed in the Soviet orbit. We are maligned day in, day out as underhanded, devious schemers and "neocolonialists." Whether it's Laos, Cuba, the Congo or disarmament that is on the agenda, 19,000,000 Yugoslavs are told that we are the bad boys.

In the United Nations, Yugoslavia has lined up consistently with the Soviet bloc, voting against us on almost every major issue. That this is no mere accident was stressed by President Tito himself who last December told his parliament, "We have broadened our co-operation with the socialist countries. In the political field this year—and in particular in the United Nations—we saw eye to eye with them on the most crucial international issues of the day.... Identity of views exists on just the problems with which the world is most concerned today and which are in urgent need of a solution, for they are a constant danger to world peace."

Hence the saying, heard frequently in foreign circles here, that Yugoslavia's heart is in the East, her stomach in the West.

No wonder that when Ambassador Kennan took his post he found his American staff profoundly troubled. At least half of the embassy's dozen ranking officers, having succumbed to total disillusionment, were wondering out loud what was the good of our friendly presence here if we could not prevent the Yugoslavs from snapping at the hand that fed them. As for the Yugoslavs themselves, they welcomed Kennan with mixed feelings. Having already seen him in their midst during a private visit here in 1960 and having got to know him as a deeply learned fellow, they greeted him with the respect that Eastern Europe accords to intellectuals. At the same time, not a few Yugoslavs in prominent positions, their consciences disturbed by insults heaped on the United States, were privately predicting that Kennan would "get tough" with Yugoslavia.

Kennan himself approached his delicate assignment with Olympian calm. "I am determined to be patient and take the long view—the only way for a diplomat to succeed," he told me when I called on him in the apartment house on Kneza Milosa Street that serves as our embassy.

In matching wits with Marshal Tito, our new ambassador can draw on resources that make the 57-year-old descendant of Scotch-Irish settlers one of the leading lights of our foreign service. Ever since he accompanied Ambassador William C. Bullitt to Moscow in 1933 to reopen the long-closed American embassy there, he has studied Communism at close range. He speaks Russian fluently, is thoroughly at home in Marxian dialectics, and his books on Russia and American-Soviet relations are classics in their field.

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To all this Kennan adds an impressive personality. A tall and well-built man with ever-questioning blue eyes, he is imbued with an old-fashioned dignity that tempts the caller to visualize him in the high-collared getup of the late nineteenth century.

He is soft-spoken, and his thoughts are expressed in perfectly phrased English—ready to go to the printer's, as it were. His honesty can, on occasion, outweigh his diplomatic tact. It did in 1953 when, as ambassador to Moscow, he criticized the Soviet treatment of Western diplomats in such a way as to antagonize both Moscow and his boss, the late John Foster Dulles. Displeased, the latter let him quit the foreign service for the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey.

An intellectual in hot pursuit of truth, Kennan accepts no preconceived ideas. His constant search for new solutions becomes at times a self-inflicted torment. Although his approach to politics is basically scientific, his readiness to believe that people are as noble and well-meaning as himself is capable of blunting his sharp judgment. It was Kennan the hardheaded analyst, hiding behind his now-famous incognito of Mister X., who devised our policy of "containment" of the Soviet Union when serving as director of the State Department's policy-planning staff. It was Kennan the ever-hopeful idealist who, in a series of broadcasts he made in 1957, proposed our military disengagement from Europe—an attitude taunted as "rather mystical" by fellow-Democrat Dean Acheson.

Of his assignment to the Belgrade post, with which President Kennedy returned him to active duty, Kennan says that it is "just right" for him. Having devoted most of his adult life to the study of Marxism, he is fascinated by the complexities of its Yugoslav version, and Yugoslavs already jokingly predict that he will write a book that might explain them even to themselves.

That would be quite an accomplishment. The halfway house that Tito built between the Eastern and the Western stations has many rooms and passages. While Communism remains their official doctrine, the Yugoslavs claim that they are better Marxians than the Russians.

Tito himself, for all his quarrels with the Kremlin, has never renounced his own Communist patrimony. A former steel worker, reared under the authoritarian rule of Serbia's king, he entered into Marxian thought and action at an early age. The Russians took him prisoner in World War I, and at war's end he tarried in the Soviet Union to undergo the standard training of a revolutionary. Having done well as a Red recruiting agent during the Spanish Civil War, he went back to his own country in 1937 to reorganize the Marxist underground. The rest is history. Proving himself a brilliant and courageous leader of Yugoslavia's partisans in World War II, he emerged from the woods a symbol of the national resistance, a chief commanding the unquestioning loyalty of his people and an international figure to be reckoned with.

If such a man broke with the Kremlin, he hardly did so over questions of pure dogma. Tito did what he did because he was too big a fish to stay in Russia's net. Both East and West henceforth would have to treat him as an equal.

Today the Marshal is admired not only by the captive millions behind the Iron Curtain but also by the uncommitted nations of Africa and Asia. They see in the tough, green-eyed Croatian a standard-bearer around whom they can rally. The

At the recent Belgrade conference, Tito, above with U.A.R. President Nasser and other delegates, suffered a political setback.

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Among the colorful dignitaries at the parley was Prince Islam El Hassan of Yemen (right).

Tito embraced India's Nehru at the airport . . . .

fact that the "summit" conference of neutral states was held here this month with Tito as host, indicates the respect with which he is regarded by members of the "nonbloc bloc"—even though he suffered a prestige defeat when Nehru's views prevailed in the resolutions adopted. In his own country, where he wears the double crown of president of the republic and secretary general of the Communist Party, he rules as an absolute monarch. Now sixty-nine years old, he spends much of his time on the idyllic island of Brioni, off the Dalmatian coast, relaxing in the Mediterranean sunshine. He manages, nevertheless, to keep an eye on a surprising lot of detail. He insists on making even minor decisions himself.

If Tito is a Titoist, as Russia says he is, our first job in trying to appraise our Yugoslavian problem would be to find out how this new religion differs from the old party line. Luckily the Yugoslavs themselves have put it all on paper. The program of the Yugoslav Communist Party—or League of Yugoslav Communists, as it now styles itself—adopted by its seventh congress in 1958, is in effect the grand charter of Titoism.

This rather garrulous document, whose English version runs to 270 pages, is full of anti-Soviet terminology such as "revision," "deviation," "subjectivism" and "sectarianism" that only a good Marxian can appreciate. It pointedly attacks the Soviety-type bureaucracy as the "last offshoot of the old class system and the greatest obstacle to the advancement of socialism." At the same time it admits that a new society cannot be created "on the basis of blueprints laid out in advance" and postulates that the correctness of all Communist convictions must be "tested as a regular daily routine." There's a ringing passage about the "personal happiness of man," and in the end one finds the pledge that "nothing that has been created should be so sacred to us that it cannot be transcended and superseded by something still freer, more progressive and more humane."

Even assuming that these words are merely words, meant largely for local consumption, one gradually discovers that even the high priests of the doctrine are groping for some truth—that they, in fact, don't know where they are going themselves.

"Of course we are good Marxists," a ranking Yugoslav official told me. "But we do not believe that the Communist Party must poke its nose into everything that goes on in the country. Such centralized control is contrary to human nature. It only leads to the creation of a huge bureaucracy smothering all initiative. Just look at Russia!"

He gazed out the window at the green marshland through which the Danube wound its melancholy course. We were in the new mammoth office building of the Federal Executive Council, just outside Belgrade. Its massive architecture seemed to reflect postwar Italian taste rather than the "social realism" prescribed by Moscow.

"As you may know, we are about to give ourselves a new constitution, the third since World War II," my host went on. "Its major feature is the importance given to the individual. Henceforth the state will function only to protect the citizen, to help him develop, to see that he fulfills his duties to society.

"And you'll see," he added with relish, "how Moscow will rake us over the coals again once this new constitution becomes law."

Propaganda? To be sure. Yet coming to Belgrade after a four-year absence I was pleasantly struck by the near disappearance of the colossal, top-heavy administrative apparatus with which this capital used to be saddled. One has only to stroll through the streets and squares of this fast-growing city of 700,000 to capture the new flavor of Yugoslavian life. The shops are filled with goodies, from hams and sausages to fancy liquors, from cameras and television sets to stylish ladies' shoes. Some snappy-looking supermarkets have recently been added to the landscape. The people are well-dressed and there is something in their faces that wasn't there when I last visited this country in 1957.

You bump into gay troops of lively youngsters, taller than their elders and looking much like our own teen-agers, as they come romping home from school. The café tables along the Terazije, the animated hub of civic life, are occupied by men and women who evidently have long since forgotten that they are the proletariat, and who, over a plum brandy or coffee, talk business, sports or vacations. And what is the commotion on Marshal Tito Street? A handsome traffic cop, blushing to his ears, is lecturing two pretty girls who have crossed against the lights, while everybody stops and cheers.

It was this striking contrast to the drab, minutely regulated life behind the Iron Curtain that prompted Ambassador Kennan, on his first drive though Belgrade, to exclaim, "Here is a Communist regime that lets its people be people!"

Nor do the farmers one encounters in the countryside look like downtrodden drudges whipped on by cruel commissars to deliver the year's quota of potatoes. Their monumental disregard for Communism is no secret, and the regime no longer tries to ram collectivization down their throats. It's true that twenty-five acres is all the land a man may call his own, but it is also true that 90 per cent of the nation's farmland is privately owned. The horses pulling the farmer's cart to market are his own. So are his house, his cow, his chickens and his mind.

This atmosphere reflects sweeping changes that have come in the last few years. The citizen may not have recourse to the right of habeas corpus, but if he does not publicly oppose the Red regime, the secret police won't trouble him. Few political prisoners are in jail. Yugoslavs may travel abroad. They may associate with foreigners without being suspect.

Indeed, the structure of Marxian society itself is changing. Power has been dispersed. Most factories—although still owned by the state—by now have reached a point where the elected workers' councils wield some real power. Although the government still guarantees a minimum wage, which it makes up wherever there is a deficit, it is the workers' council that draws up the actual pay scale, deciding—after taxes—what portion of the profit to plow back and how much to pay out in salaries and wages.

This sounds utopian but isn't. The workers in well-managed plant A today are often better off than their comrades in plant B, which turns out the same product but is poorly managed. In one ball-bearing plant that I revisited, having first gone through it in 1957, the workers' council had embarked on a costly program of modernization which was at last beginning to pay off. Wages this year were 45 per cent above last year's.

Shades of capitalism! With no government bureau telling them what to produce or in what quantity, individual enterprises may switch to new products. They may, and often do, compete with one another. They are free to pick a chairman of the board, with the approval of the township, and workers' councils often advertise for a new director, offering high pay by local standards. There now exist some major plants whose chiefs are not card-carrying Communists—unthinkable inside the Soviet bloc where managers are named by government or party.

Even the old class enemy shows signs of getting into the spirit of the thing. The former owner of an exclusive pastry shop, expropriated after the war, now owns another pastry shop employing five assistants, the maximum he is legally permitted to "exploit." The son of the former owner of a large textile mill has been hired back by its workers' council as a technical director. And Tito's foreign office, run by Foreign Secretary Koca Popovic, himself a member of one of the country's former leading families, is packed with scions of the former upper class.

But why, we may ask at this point, did the regime loosen its grip? For one thing, Yugoslavia's rulers admit today that they had led their country into a dead end. Bureaucracy had deadened all initiative. Politically, economically and morally the nation was stultified. If Yugoslavia wanted to go forward, to catch up with

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But Nehru blocked anti-West[illegible] resolutions supported by Tito and Ghana's Nkrumah (right).

the tempo of Europe's economic growth, a dose of freedom had to be injected at the base.

Moreover, the young generation was becoming a problem. Most of the younger people, more interested in soccer, dates and movies than in politics, were sick of hearing their elders talking about the day when they ambushed a German train or captured a bazooka. Youth was looking ahead rather than backward. And its new mood did not escape the shrewd old Marxists at the top.

The "Old Guard," nevertheless, decided that the dose of freedom must not become an overdose. The citizen must be allowed no dreams involving free elections, a two-party system or civil rights. I spent an hour with a man who knows—Milovan Djilas, author of the best-seller, *The New Class*.

Once Tito's boon companion and one of the top men in Yugoslavia's government, Djilas was kicked out of the Communist party and sent to prison for criticizing the regime and advocating a two-party system. After serving four years and two months of his seven-year sentence, he was paroled early this year. Receiving me in his apartment the Montenegrin wolf proved that he could still growl. "What the regime needs is a critic," he told me over a cup of Turkish coffee. There was little evidence that he was taking kindly to the muzzle or that he was enjoying his present occupation—writing a novel about Montenegrin life.

And there you are. Take a hard look at Yugoslavia's new freedom, and you will find that it remains a scraggly weed. The party, far from "withering away," remains the final arbiter of all political and social forces. The checks and balances may be well hidden, but they are there. For example, while there no longer is a central bureau that tells each factory what to produce, the party still controls the state bank to which an enterprise must turn for credit—there being no private banks—and which may kill any initiative it does not like. By the same token, while no one "needs" a party card to get ahead, anybody who is anybody—in government, police, trade unions, army—happens to be a Communist. In workers' councils and communes the people who make all the noise and in the end take the decisions are trusted members of the party. Try to buck them and see how far you'll get.

The party never naps. And what it gives with one hand it takes away with the other. The "give hand" and the "take-away hand" are ably represented by the two most powerful figures in the regime, after Tito himself. Edvard Kardelj, a round-faced man with a mustache who, during Tito's trips abroad, serves as his stand-in, is the official guardian and protector of all autonomous forces now surging from below. Aleksandar Rankovic, the sharp-faced, high-strung boss of the police and secretary general of the Socialist Alliance—the mass organization fronting for the party—personifies the power flowing from the top. Both of these men, who may one day become Tito's joint successors, are members of the party's five-man secretariat headed by Tito himself. Both, in the last analysis, are but two aspects of the selfsame thing.

But Yogoslavia is not standing still. Its body politic is far from static. The more one probes beneath the surface here, the more one finds that things are on the move. There is a shoving, cracking, sprouting everywhere. Could it be that the Red regime, in carefully administering a grain of freedom, has set in motion forces too mighty to control?

Here is no doubt the real reason why such a man as Kennan jumped at the chance of representing the United States in Belgrade. We are playing for big stakes in Yugoslavia. The very fact that we moved in to help in 1948 has long since proved a major victory in the Cold War. What could have demonstrated more clearly to the world at large, and in particular to Moscow's captive peoples, that a Red satellite could fight free of the Soviet orbit and go on living happily thereafter?

At present our annual aid amounts to an average of some $80,000,000—a figure which includes shipments of surplus wheat and other agricultural commodities. When the Yugoslavs early this year proposed to liberalize their economic system, allowing for more foreign trade, we also put at their disposal, as an "extra," a credit line of $100,000,000 to keep their currency from breaking under the new strain. But not all our aid is measurable in cash. American experts in such fields as steelmaking and hybrid-corn work in this country. And 3635 young Yugoslavs have been trained under our technical-assistance program in various Western countries, most of them in the United States.

If Yugoslavia, on the receiving end of such a cornucopia, goes on maligning us, part of the explanation may be found in the psychology of a small headstrong nation that feels compelled to prove it has not sold its birthright for a mess of pottage. Part of the blame, however, must be laid to the United States, which has never indicated how far the Yugoslavs could go—short of returning to the Soviet fold—without making her angry.

It is in this direction that our man in Belgrade may be expected to assert himself. Kennan has no intention of threatening to cut off our aid every time the Yugoslavs act up. "Aid must be given cheerfully or not at all," he told me. But he hopes to open a dialogue with Tito which would allow him to explain what our foreign policy is all about—and that American-Yugoslav relations won't be improved by name calling.

In doing so, Kennan hardly expects the Marshal and his "old guard" or partisans to change their spots. But our aims are long-range aims, and our hopes rest on the rising generation. Who knows if our presence here has not been a decisive factor in its quest for freedom? If our purpose was the twofold one of keeping Yugoslavia independent and opening her gradually to the West, we have so far got our money's worth. The battle between man and the collective is now engaged in earnest here, and it may be a good idea for us to stick around and cheer for our side.

THE END

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ARE WE GOING TO SUBSIDIZE BRITISH GUIANA'S RED REGIME?

Will the United States now give many millions of dollars to help another Castro—or a pair of Castros—to entrench Communism in permanent control of a country in Latin America?

British Guiana is now in the hands of Janet Jagan and her husband Cheddi. About twenty years ago she was Janet Rosenberg of Chicago, a member of the youth section of the Communist Party. Then Cheddi Jagan, a Guianese of East Indian descent, arrived in Chicago to study dentistry at Northwestern University. When Janet met him and learned about conditions in British Guiana, she decided that here was her chance to achieve glory by leading a backward country to Communism. She married Cheddi, and they went to British Guiana, where he became a prosperous dentist and she started giving the colony the Lenin-Stalin treatment.

It was Janet, the real brains and leader, who did most of the scheming to establish the People's Progressive Party (or P.P.P.), the first real party in Britain's only colony in South America. British Guiana, situated on the northeastern coast of the continent, is distinctly un-Latin. Of the more than 500,000 people, 44 per cent are of East Indian ancestry, 34 per cent are classed as Africans and 10 per cent as mixed. There are very small numbers of native South American Indians and Europeans (whites). The people speak either British-colonial English or a contorted version of it.

About four fifths of the sugar workers are in the East Indian group, and they follow Cheddi, who was born on a sugar plantation. The Jagans's party also has many African-descended members. Thus it was able to win the recent election.

Janet edits the P.P.P.'s paper, *Thunder*, which praises Moscow and Red China and demands the destruction of our House Committee on Un-American Activities.

When the P.P.P. held its annual conference in March, 1953, Stalin had just died. Grieved by this heartbreaking calamity, the P.P.P. observed a two-minute silent period in honor of the "liberator of free Europe and acknowledged pathfinder of peace."

A month later the first election was held under a constitution granted by Britain. The P.P.P. won. Cheddi became chief minister, and Janet deputy speaker of the House of Assembly. In a broadcast, Cheddi predicted that British Guiana would in time move from capitalism to Communism. Later he said, "Lenin and the bolsheviks were correct."

Janet and Cheddi ordered a political strike of their sugar workers' union. The British ousted Cheddi as chief minister in October, 1953, saying: "Her Majesty's Government are not willing to allow a Communist state to be organized within the British Commonwealth."

Four years afterward the British allowed the Jagans to take office again, but with reduced authority. Now, after another election they are back with complete power except for defense and foreign affairs; and they are demanding full independence for the colony at once. Meanwhile they have learned caution about roaring their redness. They have seen how Castro, bold as he is, pretended not to be a Communist while he was leading a rebellion and later while he was getting a good grip on Cuba. So this time Janet and Cheddi refrain from openly proclaiming the coming of Communism.

The chairman of the P.P.P. said during the campaign that although a full Communist system cannot be established in British Guiana in the next few years, "It is easier to stop tomorrow than Communism." This is the old line: that Communism is inevitable. Of course it is inevitable if we make it so—if we give in—and especially if we really go to the fantastic extreme of financing it.

Yet this is what our State Department seems minded to do. Before the election Cheddi wrote to an important official in Washington that he planned to go there "to seek the assistance of President Kennedy" in getting "immediate" aid—a giveaway disguised as a loan—under the new Alliance for Progress program. And a Washington dispatch to *The New York Times* quoted State Department officials as saying that "the United States has nothing to lose by attempting to win Doctor Jagan to the side of democracy in Latin America and, possibly, much to win. They recommend caution, subtlety and good will."

Subtlety! Does "State" fancy it can be as subtle as Khrushchev? Does it dream of outfoxing the fox?

If Janet and Cheddi were Communists during World War II and the ensuing years, will they stop being Communists now that the Reds all through the world are convinced that victory is almost within their grasp? Seeing what Castro has been able to get away with in Cuba, is this the hour when Communist leaders like the Jagans will switch "to the side of democracy"?

Right after the election, the State Department leaked the news that it planned to allow Janet and Cheddi "every opportunity of proving" that they would co-operate with the inter-American system. It wished to work out "a formula" so that they could feed in the Alliance for Progress feast.

Castro has publicly told how, when he entered Havana as the "liberator," he laughed inwardly at the sight of the middle-class people cheering him, not knowing what sweet surprises he secretly planned for them. Shall we give Janet and Cheddi the chance to laugh themselves hoarse at us five years from now? By that time not only Cuba and British Guiana but a dozen other Latin-American countries may have gone bolshevik, if we venture into such "subtlety" as bankrolling the Jagans.

HERE'S HOW THE INCOME-TAX BOYS DRIVE PEOPLE CRAZY

A female stockholder in a large American company received notice recently that the company had suspended cash dividends for the present, but was handing out a small amount of preferred stock instead. The stockholder naturally thought that all she had to do was sell the preferred stock and enter the proceeds in her income-tax form among "dividends received."

But the company informs her that it isn't that easy. According to a ruling received from the Internal Revenue Service, "upon the disposition of either the Preferred Stock or the Common Stock, a new 'tax base' must be computed in order to determine the gain or loss resulting from the transaction." For this company the percentages "result in 1.6936 per cent of the cost of the Common Stock being attributable to the Preferred Stock and the remaining 98.3064 per cent becoming the adjusted base of the Common Stock."

It is easy to understand why the number of certified public accountants is growing and why this stockholder, whose interest in the whole proceeding is less than sixty-five dollars, decided to treat the dividend as if it were cash and take jail if necessary.

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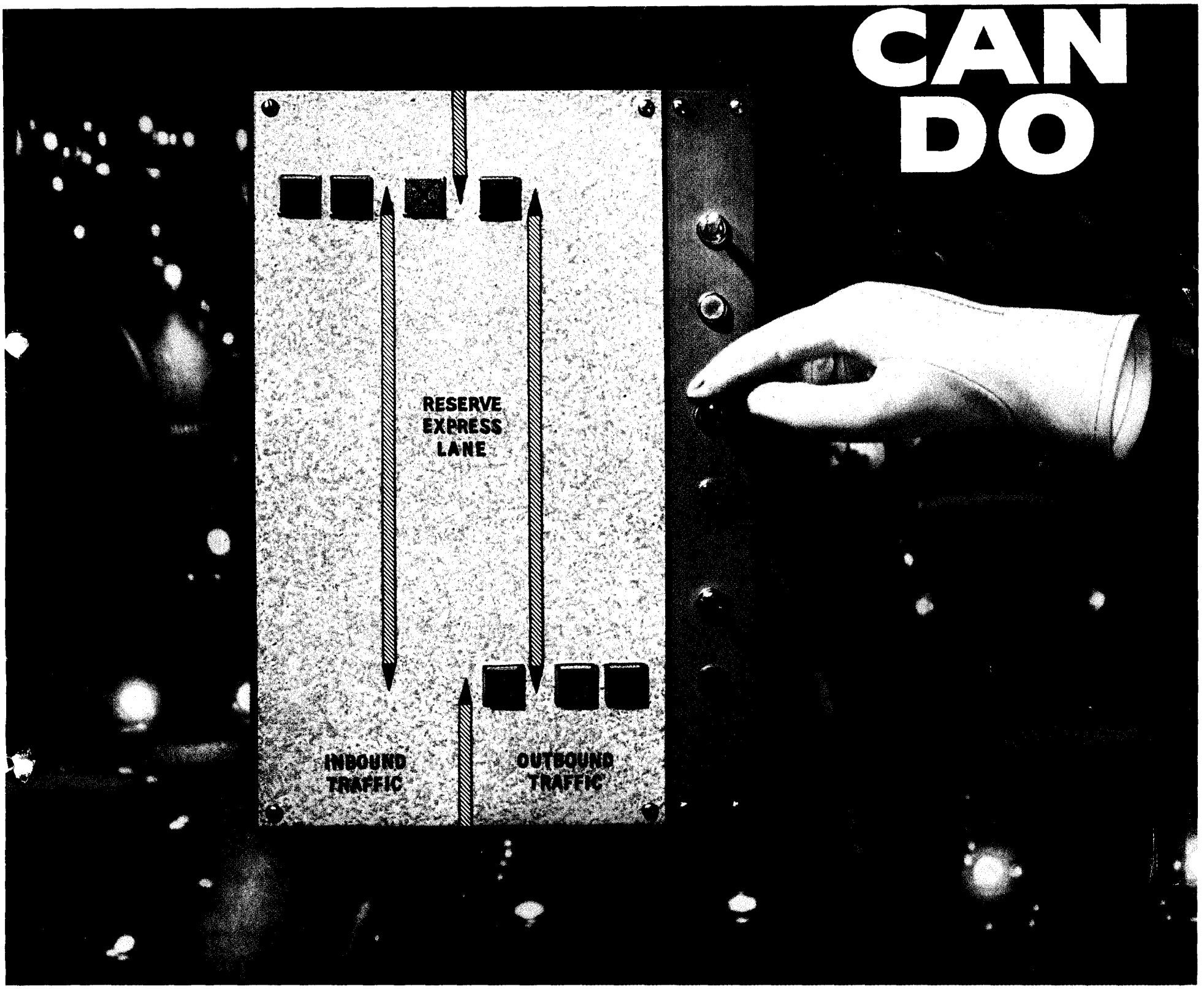

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